THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. I.

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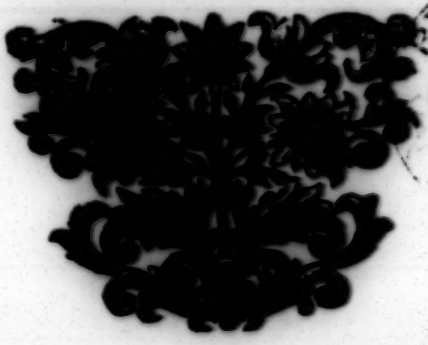
The Second Edition.



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To the Right Honourable

John Lord *Sommers*,

Baron of *Evesham*.

My LORD,

I Should not act the Part of an impartial Spectator, if I Dedicated the following Papers to one who is not

of the moſt conſummate and moſt acknowledged Merit.

None but a Perſon of a finiſhed Character can be the proper Patron of a Work, which endeavours to Cultivate and Poliſh Human Life, by promoting Virtue and Knowledge, and by recommending whatſoever may be either Uſeful or Ornamental to Society.

I know that the Homage I now pay You, is offering a kind of Violence to one who is as ſolicitous to ſhun

Ap-

Applauſe, as he is aſſiduous to deſerve it. But, my Lord, this is perhaps the only Particular in which your Prudence will be always diſappointed,

While Juſtice, Candor, Equanimity, a Zeal for the Good of your Country, and the moſt perſuaſive Eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable Diſtinctions, You are not to expect that the Publick will ſo far comply with your Inclinations, as to forbear celebrating ſuch extraordinary Qualities. It

is

is in vain that You have endeavoured to conceal your Share of Merit, in the many National Services which You have effected. Do what you will, the preſent Age will be talking of your Virtues, tho' Poſterity alone will do them Juſtice.

Other Men paſs through Oppoſitions and contending Intereſts in the Ways of Ambition, but Your Great Abilities have been invited to Power, and importuned to accept of Advancement. Nor is it ſtrange that this ſhould hap-

happen to your Lordſhip, who could bring into the Service of your Sovereign the Arts and Policies of Ancient *Greece* and *Rome*; as well as the moſt exact Knowledge of our own Conſtitution in particular, and of the Intereſts of *Europe* in general; to which I muſt alſo add, a certain Dignity in Your ſelf, that (to ſay the leaſt of it) has been always equal to thoſe great Honours which have been conferred upon You.

It is very well known how much the Church

owed

owed to you in the moſt dangerous Day it ever ſaw, that of the Arraignment of its Prelates; and how far the Civil Power, in the Late and Preſent Reign, has been indebted to your Counſels and Wiſdom.

But to enumerate the great Advantages which the Publick has received from your Adminiſtration, would be a more proper Work for an Hiſtory, than for an Addreſs of this Nature.

Your Lordſhip appears as great in your Private Life,

Life, as in the moſt Important Offices which You have born. I would therefore rather chuſe to ſpeak of the Pleaſure You afford all who are admitted into your Converſation, of Your Elegant Taſte in all the Polite Parts of Learning, of Your great Humanity and Complacency of Manners, and of the ſurpriſing Influence which is peculiar to You in making every one who Converſes with your Lordſhip prefer You to himſelf, without thinking the leſs meanly of his own

Talents. But if I ſhould take notice of all that might be obſerved in your Lordſhip, I ſhould have nothing new to ſay upon any other Character of Diſtinction.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt Obedient,

moſt Devoted,

Humble Servant,

The Spectator.

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. I.

N° 1. *Thurſday, March* 1. 17$^{10}_{11}$.

Non fumum ex fulgore, ſed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut ſpecioſa dehinc miracula promat. Hor.

I HAVE obſerved, that a Reader ſeldom peruſes a Book with Pleaſure, 'till he knows whether the Writer of it be a black or a fair Man, of a mild or cholerick Diſpoſition, Married or a Batchelor, with other Particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right underſtanding of an Author. To gratifie this Curioſity, which is ſo natural to a Reader, I deſign this Paper, and my next, as Prefatory Diſcourſes to my following Writings, and ſhall give ſome Account in them of the ſeveral Perſons that are engaged in this Work. As the chief Trouble of Compiling, Digeſting, and Correcting will fall to my Share, I muſt do my ſelf the Juſtice to open the Work with my own Hiſtory.

I was born to a ſmall Hereditary Eſtate, which, according to the Tradition of the Village where it lies, was bounded by the ſame Hedges and Ditches in *William* the Conqueror's Time that it is at preſent, and has been

delivered down from Father to Son whole and entire, without the Loſs or Acquiſition of a ſingle Field or Meadow, during the Space of ſix hundred Years. There runs a Story in the Family, that when my Mother was gone with Child of me about three Months, ſhe dreamt that ſhe was brought to Bed of a Judge: Whether this might proceed from a Law-Suit which was then depending in the Family, or my Father's being a Juſtice of the Peace, I cannot determine; for I am not ſo vain as to think it preſaged any Dignity that I ſhould arrive at in my future Life, though that was the Interpretation which the Neighbourhood put upon it. The Gravity of my Behaviour at my very firſt Appearance in the World, and all the Time that I ſucked, ſeemed to favour my Mother's Dream: For, as ſhe has often told me, I threw away my Rattle before I was two Months old, and would not make uſe of my Coral till they had taken away the Bells from it.

AS for the reſt of my Infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I ſhall paſs it over in Silence. I find, that, during my Nonage, I had the Reputation of a very ſullen Youth, but was always a Favourite of my School-maſter, who uſed to ſay, *that my Parts were ſolid and would wear well.* I had not been long at the Univerſity, before I diſtinguiſhed my ſelf by a moſt profound Silence: For during the Space of eight Years, excepting in the publick Exerciſes of the College, I ſcarce uttered the Quantity of an hundred Words; and indeed do not remember that I ever ſpoke three Sentences together in my whole Life. Whilſt I was in this Learned Body I applied my ſelf with ſo much Diligence to my Studies, that there are very few celebrated Books, either in the Learned or the Modern Tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

UPON the Death of my Father I was reſolved to travel into Foreign Countries, and therefore left the Univerſity, with the Character of an odd unaccountable Fellow, that had a great deal of Learning, if I would but ſhew it. An inſatiable Thirſt after Knowledge carried me into all the Countries of *Europe*, in which there was any thing new or ſtrange to be ſeen; nay to ſuch a Degree was my Curioſity raiſed, that having read the Controverſies of ſome great Men concerning the Antiquities of *Egypt*, I made a Voyage to *Grand Cairo*, on purpoſe to

to take the Measure of a Pyramid; and as soon as I had set my self right in that Particular, returned to my Native Country with great Satisfaction.

I have passed my latter Years in this City, where I am frequently seen in most publick Places, tho' there are not above half a dozen of my select Friends that know me; of whom my next Paper shall give a more particular Account. There is no Place of general Resort, wherein I do not often make my Appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my Head into a Round of Politicians at *Will's*, and listning with great Attention to the Narratives that are made in those little Circular Audiences. Sometimes I smoak a Pipe at *Child's*; and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the *Post-Man*, over-hear the Conversation of every Table in the Room. I appear on *Sunday* Nights at St. *James's* Coffee-house, and sometimes join the little Committee of Politicks in the Inner Room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My Face is likewise very well known at the *Grecian*, the *Cocoa-Tree*, and in the Theatres both of *Drury-Lane* and the *Hay-Market*. I have been taken for a Merchant upon the *Exchange* for above these ten Years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the Assembly of Stock-Jobbers at *Jonathan's*. In short, where-ever I see a Cluster of People I always mix with them, though I never open my Lips but in my own Club.

THUS I live in the World, rather as a Spectator of Mankind, than as one of the Species; by which Means I have made my self a Speculative Statesman, Soldier, Merchant and Artizan, without ever medling with any Practical Part in Life. I am very well versed in the Theory of an Husband, or a Father, and can discern the Errors in the Oeconomy, Business and Diversion of others better than those who are engaged in them; as Standers-by discover Blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the Game. I never espoused any Party with Violence, and am resolved to observe an exact Neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare my self by the Hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the Parts of my Life as a Looker-on, which is the Character I intend to preserve in this Paper.

I have given the Reader just so much of my History and Character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the Business I have undertaken. As for other Particulars in my Life and Adventures, I shall insert them in following Papers, as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read and heard, I begin to blame my own Taciturnity; and since I have neither Time nor Inclination to communicate the Fulness of my Heart in Speech, I am resolved to do it in Writing, and to Print my self out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my Friends, that it is Pity so many useful Discoveries which I have made, should be in the Possession of a Silent Man. For this Reason therefore, I shall publish a Sheet-full of Thoughts every Morning, for the Benefit of my Contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the Diversion or Improvement of the Country in which I live, I shall leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret Satisfaction of thinking that I have not Lived in vain.

THERE are three very material Points which I have not spoken to in this Paper, and which, for several important Reasons, I must keep to my self, at least for some Time: I mean, an Account of my Name, my Age, and my Lodgings. I must confess I would gratifie my Reader in any Thing that is reasonable; but as for these three Particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the Embellishment of my Paper, I cannot yet come to a Resolution of communicating them to the Publick. They would indeed draw me out of that Obscurity which I have enjoyed for many Years, and expose me in Publick Places to several Salutes and Civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest Pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this Reason likewise, that I keep my Complexion and Dress as very great Secrets; tho' it is not impossible, but I may make Discoveries of both in the Progress of the Work I have undertaken.

AFTER having been thus particular upon my self, I shall in to-Morrow's Paper give an Account of those Gentlemen who are concerned with me in this Work. For,

For, as I have before intimated, a Plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other Matters of Importance are) in a Club. However, as my Friends have engaged me to ſtand in the Front, thoſe who have a mind to correſpond with me, may direct their Letters to the SPECTATOR, at Mr. *Buckley*'s in *Little Britain*. For I muſt further acquaint the Reader, that tho' our Club meets only on *Tueſdays* and *Thurſdays*, we have appointed a Committee to ſit every Night, for the Inſpection of all ſuch Papers as may contribute to the Advancement of the Publick Weal. C

N° 2. *Friday, March* 2.

——Aſt Alii ſex
Et plures uno conclamant ore.—— Juv.

THE firſt of our Society is a Gentleman of *Worceſterſhire*, of antient Deſcent, a Baronet, his Name Sir ROGER DE COVERLY. His great Grandfather was Inventor of that famous Country-Dance which is called after him. All who know that Shire, are very well acquainted with the Parts and Merits of Sir ROGER. He is a Gentleman that is very ſingular in his Behaviour, but his Singularities proceed from his good Senſe, and are Contradictions to the Manners of the World, only as he thinks the World is in the wrong. However, this Humour creates him no Enemies, for he does nothing with Sourneſs or Obſtinacy; and his being unconfined to Modes and Forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to pleaſe and oblige all who know him. When he is in Town he lives in *Soho-ſquare*: It is ſaid he keeps himſelf a Batchelor by reaſon he was croſſed in Love, by a perverſe beautiful Widow of the next County to him. Before this Diſappointment, Sir ROGER was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often ſupped with my Lord *Rocheſter* and Sir *George Etherege*, fought a Duel upon his firſt coming to Town, and kick'd Bully *Dawſon* in a pub-

lick Coffee-houſe for calling him Youngſter. But being ill uſed by the above-mentioned Widow, he was very ſerious for a Year and a half; and though, his Temper being naturally jovial, he at laſt got over it, he grew careleſs of himſelf, and never dreſſed afterwards; he continues to wear a Coat and Doublet of the ſame Cut that were in Faſhion at the Time of his Repulſe, which, in his merry Humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve Times ſince he firſt wore it. 'Tis ſaid Sir ROGER grew humble in his Deſires after he had forgot this cruel Beauty, inſomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in Point of Chaſtity with Beggars and Gypſies: But this is looked upon by his Friends rather as Matter of Raillery than Truth. He is now in his Fifty ſixth Year, cheerful, gay, and hearty, keeps a good Houſe both in Town and Country; a great Lover of Mankind; but there is ſuch a mirthful Caſt in his Behaviour, that he is rather beloved than eſteemed: His Tenants grow rich, his Servants look ſatisfied, all the young Women profeſs Love to him, and the young Men are glad of his Company: When he comes into a Houſe he calls the Servants by their Names, and talks all the way up Stairs to a Viſit. I muſt not omit that Sir ROGER is a Juſtice of the *Quorum*; that he fills the Chair at a Quarter-Seſſion with great Abilities, and three Months ago gained univerſal Applauſe by explaining a Paſſage in the Game-Act.

THE Gentleman next in Eſteem and Authority among us, is another Batchelor, who is a Member of the *Inner-Temple*; a Man of great Probity, Wit, and Underſtanding; but he has choſen his Place of Reſidence rather to obey the Direction of an old humourſom Father, than in Purſuit of his own Inclinations. He was placed there to ſtudy the Laws of the Land, and is the moſt learned of any of the Houſe in thoſe of the Stage. *Ariſtotle* and *Longinus* are much better underſtood by him than *Littleton* or *Coke*. The Father ſends up every Poſt Queſtions relating to Marriage-Articles, Leaſes, and Tenures, in the Neighbourhood; all which Queſtions he agrees with an Attorney to anſwer and take care of in the Lump: He is ſtudying the Paſſions themſelves, when he ſhould be inquiring into the Debates among Men which ariſe from

from them. He knows the Argument of each of the Orations of *Demosthenes* and *Tully*, but not one Case in the Reports of our own Courts. No one ever took him for a Fool, but none, except his intimate Friends, know he has a great deal of Wit. This Turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: As few of his Thoughts are drawn from Business, they are most of them fit for Conversation. His Taste of Books is a little too just for the Age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His Familiarity with the Customs, Manners, Actions, and Writings of the Antients, makes him a very delicate Observer of what occurs to him in the present World. He is an excellent Critick, and the Time of the Play is his Hour of Business; exactly at five he passes thro' *New Inn*, crosses thro' *Russel-Court*, and takes a Turn at *Will's* till the Play begins; he has his Shooes rubbed and his Periwig powdered at the Barber's as you go into the *Rose*. It is for the Good of the Audience when he is at a Play, for the Actors have an Ambition to please him.

THE Person of next Consideration, is Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a Merchant of great Eminence in the City of *London*. A Person of indefatigable Industry, strong Reason, and great Experience. His Notions of Trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich Man has usually some sly Way of Jesting, which would make no great Figure were he not a rich Man) he calls the Sea the *British Common*. He is acquainted with Commerce in all its Parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous Way to extend Dominion by Arms; for true Power is to be got by Arts and Industry. He will often argue, that if this Part of our Trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one Nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that Diligence makes more lasting Acquisitions than Valour, and that Sloth has ruined more Nations than the Sword. He abounds in several frugal Maxims, among which the greatest Favourite is, 'A Penny saved is a Penny got. A general Trader of good Sense, is pleasanter Company than a general Scholar; and Sir ANDREW having a natural unaffected Eloquence, the Perspicuity of his Discourse gives the same

ſame Pleaſure that Wit would in another Man. He has made his Fortunes himſelf; and ſays that *England* may be richer than other Kingdoms, by as plain Methods as he himſelf is richer than other Men; though at the ſame Time I can ſay this of him, that there is not a Point in the Compaſs but blows home a Ship in which he is an Owner.

NEXT to Sir ANDREW in the Club-room ſits Captain SENTRY, a Gentleman of great Courage, good Underſtanding, but invincible Modeſty. He is one of thoſe that deſerve very well, but are very awkard at putting their Talents within the Obſervation of ſuch as ſhould take notice of them. He was ſome Years a Captain, and behaved himſelf with great Gallantry in ſeveral Engagements and at ſeveral Sieges; but having a ſmall Eſtate of his own, and being next Heir to Sir ROGER, he has quitted a Way of Life in which no Man can riſe ſuitably to his Merit, who is not ſomething of a Courtier as well as a Soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a Profeſſion where Merit is placed in ſo conſpicuous a View, Impudence ſhould get the Better of Modeſty. When he has talked to this Purpoſe I never heard him make a ſour Expreſſion, but frankly confeſs that he left the World, becauſe he was not fit for it. A ſtrict Honeſty and an even regular Behaviour, are in themſelves Obſtacles to him that muſt preſs through Crowds, who endeavour at the ſame End with himſelf, the Favour of a Commander. He will however in his way of Talk excuſe Generals, for not diſpoſing according to Mens Deſert, or enquiring into it: For, ſays he, that great Man who has a Mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: Therefore he will conclude, that the Man who would make a Figure, eſpecially in a military Way, muſt get over all falſe Modeſty, and aſſiſt his Patron againſt the Importunity of other Pretenders, by a proper Aſſurance in his own Vindication. He ſays it is a civil Cowardice to be backward in aſſerting what you ought to expect, as it is a military Fear to be ſlow in attacking when it is your Duty. With this Candor does the Gentleman ſpeak of himſelf and others. The ſame Frankneſs runs through all his Converſation. The military Part of

of his Life has furniſh'd him with many Adventures, in the Relation of which he is very agreeable to the Company; for he is never over-bearing, though accuſtomed to command Men in the utmoſt Degree below him; nor ever too obſequious, from an Habit of obeying Men highly above him.

BUT that our Society may not appear a Set of Humouriſts unacquainted with the Gallantries and Pleaſures of the Age, we have among us the Gallant WILL HONEYCOMB, a Gentleman who according to his Years ſhould be in the Decline of his Life, but having ever been very careful of his Perſon, and always had a very eaſie Fortune, Time has made but very little Impreſſion, either by Wrinkles on his Forehead, or Traces in his Brain. His Perſon is well turn'd. of a good Height. He is very ready at that ſort of Diſcourſe with which Men uſually entertain Women. He has all his Life dreſſed very well, and remembers Habits as others do Men. He can ſmile when one ſpeaks to him, and laughs eaſily. He knows the Hiſtory of every Mode, and can inform you from which of the *French* King's Wenches our Wives and Daughters had this Manner of curling their Hair, that Way of placing their Hoods; whoſe Frailty was covered by ſuch a Sort of Perticoat, and whoſe Vanity to ſhew her Foot made that part of the Dreſs ſo ſhort in ſuch a Year. In a word, all his Converſation and Knowledge has been in the female World: As other Men of his Age will take notice to you what ſuch a Miniſter ſaid upon ſuch and ſuch an Occaſion, he will tell you when the Duke of *Monmouth* danced at Court ſuch a Woman was then ſmitten, another was taken with him at the Head of his Troop in the *Park*. In all theſe important Relations, he has ever about the ſame time received a kind Glance or a Blow of a Fan from ſome celebrated Beauty, Mother of the preſent Lord ſuch-a-one. If you ſpeak of a young Commoner that ſaid a lively thing in the Houſe, he ſtarts up, 'He has good Blood in his Veins, *Tom Mirabell* begot him, 'the Rogue cheated me in that Affair; that young Fellow's Mother uſed me more like a Dog than any Wo'man I ever made Advances to. This way of Talking of his very much enlivens the Converſation among us of a

more sedate Turn; and I find there is not one of the Company, but my self, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that Sort of Man who is usually called a well-bred fine Gentleman. To conclude his Character, where Women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy Man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our Company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does it adds to every Man else a new Enjoyment of himself. He is a Clergyman, a very Philosophick Man, of general Learning, great Sanctity of Life, and the most exact good Breeding. He has the Misfortune to be of a very weak Constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such Cares and Business as Preferments in his Function would oblige him to: He is therefore among Divines what a Chamber-Counsellor is among Lawyers. The Probity of his Mind, and the Integrity of his Life, create him Followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the Subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in Years, that he observes, when he is among us, an Earnestness to have him fall on some divine Topick, which he always treats with much Authority, as one who has no Interests in this World, as one who is hastening to the Object of all his Wishes, and conceives Hope from his Decays and Infirmities. These are my ordinary Companions. R

N° 3. *Saturday, March* 3.

Qui quisque ferè studio devinctus adharet:
Aut quibus in rebus multùm sumus antè morati:
Atque in quâ ratione fuit contenta magis mens;
In somnis eadem plerumque videmur obire. Lucr. L. 4.

IN one of my late Rambles, or rather Speculations, I looked into the great Hall where the Bank is kept, and was not a little pleased to see the Directors, Secretaries, and Clerks, with all the other Members of that wealthy

wealthy Corporation, ranged in their ſeveral Stations, according to the Parts they act in that juſt and regular Oeconomy. This revived in my Memory the many Diſcourſes which I had both read and heard concerning the Decay of Publick Credit, with the Methods of reſtoring it, and which, in my Opinion, have always been defective, becauſe they have always been made with an Eye to ſeparate Intereſts, and Party Principles.

THE Thoughts of the Day gave my Mind Employment for the whole Night, ſo that I fell inſenſibly into a kind of Methodical Dream, which diſpoſed all my Contemplations into a Viſion or Allegory, or what elſe the Reader ſhall pleaſe to call it.

METHOUGHTS I returned to the Great Hall, where I had been the Morning before, but, to my Surprize, inſtead of the Company that I left there, I ſaw towards the upper end of the Hall, a beautiful Virgin, ſeated on a Throne of Gold. Her Name (as they told me) was *Publick Credit*. The Walls, inſtead of being adorned with Pictures and Maps, were hung with many Acts of Parliament written in Golden Letters. At the Upper end of the Hall was the *Magna Charta*, with the Act of Uniformity on the right Hand, and the Act of Toleration on the left. At the Lower end of the Hall was the Act of Settlement, which was placed full in the Eye of the Virgin that ſat upon the Throne. Both the Sides of the Hall were covered with ſuch Acts of Parliament as had been made for the Eſtabliſhment of Publick Funds. The Lady ſeemed to ſet an unſpeakable Value upon theſe ſeveral Pieces of Furniture, inſomuch that ſhe often refreſhed her Eye with them, and often ſmiled with a Secret Pleaſure, as ſhe looked upon them; but, at the ſame time, ſhowed a very particular Uneaſineſs, if ſhe ſaw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared indeed infinitely timorous in all her Behaviour: And, whether it was from the Delicacy of her Conſtitution, or that ſhe was troubled with Vapours, as I was afterwards told by one who I found was none of her Well-wiſhers, ſhe changed Colour, and ſtartled at every thing ſhe heard. She was likewiſe (as I afterwards found) a greater Valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own Sex, and ſub-

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ject to such Momentary Consumptions, that in the twinkling of an Eye, she would fall away from the most florid Complexion, and the most healthful State of Body, and whither into a Skeleton. Her Recoveries were often as sudden as her Decays, insomuch that she would revive in a Moment out of a wasting Distemper, into a Habit of the highest Health and Vigour.

I had very soon an Opportunity of observing these quick Turns and Changes in her Constitution. There sate at her Feet a Couple of Secretaries, who received every Hour Letters from all Parts of the World, which the one or the other of them was perpetually reading to her; and, according to the News she heard, to which she was exceedingly attentive, she changed Colour, and discovered many Symptoms of Health or Sickness. ——

BEHIND the Throne was a prodigious Heap of Bags of Mony, which were piled upon one another so high that they touched the Ceiling. The Floor, on her right Hand and on her left, was covered with vast Sums of Gold that rose up in Pyramids on either side of her: But this I did not so much wonder at, when I heard, upon Enquiry, that she had the same Virtue in her Touch, which the Poets tell us a *Lydian* King was formerly possess'd of; and that she could convert whatever she pleas'd into that precious Metal.

AFTER a little Dizziness, and confused Hurry of Thought, which a Man often meets with in a Dream, methoughts the Hall was alarmed, the Doors flew open, and there entered half a dozen of the most hideous Phantoms that I had ever seen (even in a Dream) before that Time. They came in two by two, though matched in the most dissociable Manner, and mingled together in a kind of Dance. It would be tedious to describe their Habits and Persons, for which Reason I shall only inform my Reader that the first Couple were Tyranny and Anarchy, the second were Bigotry and Atheism, the third the Genius of a Common-wealth and a young Man of about twenty two Years of Age, whose Name I could not learn. He had a Sword in his right Hand, which in the Dance he often brandished at the Act of Settlement; and a Citizen, who stood by me, whisper'd in my Ear, that he saw

a Spunge in his left Hand. The Dance of ſo many jarring Natures, put me in Mind of the Sun Moon and Earth, in the *Rehearſal*, that danced together for no other end but to eclipſe one another.

THE Reader will eaſily ſuppoſe, by what has been before ſaid, that the Lady on the Throne would have been almoſt frighted to Diſtraction, had ſhe ſeen but any one of theſe Spectres; what then muſt have been her Condition when ſhe ſaw them all in a Body? She fainted and dyed away at the Sight.

Et neque jam color eſt miſto candore rubori;
Nec Vigor, & Vires, & quæ modo viſa placebant;
Nec Corpus remanet —— Ov. Met. Lib. 3.

THERE was as great a Change in the Hill of Mony Bags, and the Heaps of Mony, the former ſhrinking, and falling into ſo many empty Bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with Mony. The reſt that took up the ſame Space, and made the ſame Figure as the Bags that were really filled with Mony, had been blown up with Air, and called into my Memory the Bags full of Wind, which *Homer* tells us his Hero received as a Preſent from *Æolus*. The great Heaps of Gold, on either ſide the Throne, now appeared to be only Heaps of Paper, or little Piles of notched Sticks, bound up together in Bundles, like *Bath*-Faggots.

WHILST I was lamenting this ſudden Deſolation that had been made before me, the whole Scene vaniſhed: In the Room of the frightful Spectres, there now entered a ſecond Dance of Apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable Phantoms. The firſt Pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right Hand: The ſecond was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third a Perſon whom I had never ſeen, with the Genius of *Great Britain*. At their firſt Entrance the Lady revived, the Bags ſwelled to their former Bulk, the Piles of Faggots and Heaps of Paper changed into Pyramids of Guineas: And for my own part I was ſo tranſported with Joy, that I awaked, though, I muſt confeſs, I would fain have fallen aſleep again to have cloſed my Viſion, if I could have done it.

Nº 4. *Monday, March* 5.

——*Egregii Mortalem, altique ſilenti!* Hor.

AN Author, when he firſt appears in the World, is very apt to believe it has nothing to think of but his Performances. With a good Share of this Vanity in my Heart, I made it my Buſineſs theſe three Days to liſten after my own Fame; and as I have ſometimes met with Circumſtances which did not diſpleaſe me, I have been encountered by others which gave me as much Mortification. It is incredible to think how empty I have in this Time obſerved ſome Part of the Species to be, what mere Blanks they are when they firſt come abroad in the Morning, how utterly they are at a Stand till they are ſet a going by ſome Paragraph in a News-Paper: Such Perſons are very acceptable to a young Author, for they deſire no more in any thing but to be new to be agreeable. If I found Conſolation among ſuch, I was as much diſquieted by the Incapacity of others. Theſe are Mortals who have a certain Curioſity without Power of Reflection, and peruſed my Papers like Spectators rather than Readers. But there is ſo little Pleaſure in Enquiries that ſo nearly concern our ſelves, (it being the worſt way in the World to Fame, to be too anxious about it) that upon the whole I reſolved for the future to go on in my ordinary Way; and without too much Fear or Hope about the Buſineſs of Reputation, to be very careful of the Deſign of my Actions, but very negligent of the Conſequences of them.

IT is an endleſs and frivolous Purſuit to act by any other Rule than the Care of ſatisfying our own Minds in what we do. One would think a ſilent Man, who concerned himſelf with no one breathing, ſhould be very little liable to Miſinterpretations; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a Jeſuit, for no other Reaſon but my profound Taciturnity. It is from this Misfortune, that to be

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out of Harm's Way, I have ever ſince affected Crowds. He who comes into Aſſemblies only to gratifie his Curioſity, and not to make a Figure, enjoys the Pleaſures of Retirement in a more exquiſite Degree, than he poſſibly could in his Cloſet; the Lover, the Ambitious, and the Miſer, are followed thither by a worſe Crowd than any they can withdraw from. To be exempt from the Paſſions with which others are tormented, is the only pleaſing Solitude. I can very juſtly ſay with the antient Sage, *I am never leſs alone than when alone.* As I am inſignificant to the Company in publick Places, and as it is viſible I do not come thither, as moſt do, to ſhew my ſelf; I gratifie the Vanity of all who pretend to make an Appearance, and have often as kind Looks from well dreſſed Gentlemen and Ladies, as a Poet would beſtow upon one of his Audience. There are ſo many Gratifications attend this publick ſort of Obſcurity, that ſome little Diſtaſtes I daily receive have loſt their Anguiſh; and I did the other Day, without the leaſt Diſpleaſure over-hear one ſay of me, *That ſtrange Fellow*; and another anſwer, *I have known the Fellow's Face theſe twelve Years, and ſo muſt you; but I believe you are the firſt ever aſked who he was.* There are, I muſt confeſs, many to whom my Perſon is as well known as that of their neareſt Relations, who give themſelves no further Trouble about calling me by my Name or Quality, but ſpeak of me very currently by Mr. *What-d'ye-call him.*

TO make up for theſe trivial Diſadvantages, I have the high Satisfaction of beholding all Nature with an unprejudiced Eye; and having nothing to do with Mens Paſſions or Intereſts, I can with the greater Sagacity conſider their Talents, Manners, Failings, and Merits.

IT is remarkable, that thoſe who want any one Senſe, poſſeſs the others with greater Force and Vivacity. Thus my Want of, or rather Reſignation of Speech, gives me all the Advantages of a dumb Man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary Penetration in Seeing; and flatter my ſelf that I have looked into the Higheſt and Loweſt of Mankind, and make ſhrewd Gueſſes, without being admitted to their Converſation, at the inmoſt Thoughts and Reflections of all whom I behold.

hold. It is from hence that good or ill Fortune has no manner of Force towards affecting my Judgment. I see Men flouriſhing in Courts, and languiſhing in Jayls, without being prejudiced from their Circumſtances to their Favour or Diſadvantage; but from their inward Manner of bearing their Condition, often pity the Proſperous, and admire the Unhappy.

THOSE who converſe with the Dumb, know from the Turn of their Eyes, and the Changes of their Countenance, their Sentiments of the Objects before them. I have indulged my Silence to ſuch an Extravagance, that the few who are intimate with me, anſwer my Smiles with concurrent Sentences, and argue to the very Point I ſhaked my Head at without my ſpeaking. WILL. HONEYCOMB was very entertaining the other Night at a Play to a Gentleman who ſat on his right Hand, while I was at his Left, The Gentleman believed WILL. was talking to himſelf, when upon my looking with great Approbation at a young thing in a Box before us, he ſaid, 'I am quite of another Opinion. She has, I will allow, 'a very pleaſing Aſpect, but methinks that Simplicity in 'her Countenance is rather childiſh than innocent. When I obſerved her a ſecond time, he ſaid, 'I grant her Dreſs 'is very becoming, but perhaps the Merit of that Choice 'is owing to her Mother; for though, continued he, I 'allow a Beauty to be as much to be commended for the 'Elegance of her Dreſs, as a Wit for that of his Language; yet if ſhe has ſtolen the Colour of her Ribbands 'from another, or had Advice about her Trimmings, I 'ſhall not allow her the Praiſe of Dreſs, any more than 'I would call a Plagiary an Author. When I threw my Eye towards the next Woman to her, WILL. ſpoke what I looked, acording to his Romantick Imagination, in the following Manner.

'BEHOLD, you who dare, that charming Virgin. 'Behold the Beauty of her Perſon chaſtiſed by the Innocence of her Thoughts. Chaſtity, Good-Nature, and 'Affability, are the Graces that play in her Countenance; 'ſhe knows ſhe is handſome, but ſhe knows ſhe is good. 'Conſcious Beauty adorned with conſcious Virtue! What 'a Spirit is there in thoſe Eyes! What a Bloom in that 'Perſon!

'Perſon! How is the whole Woman expreſſed in her Ap-
'pearance! Her Air has the Beauty of Motion, and her
'Look the Force of Language.

IT was Prudence to turn away my Eyes from this Object, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtleſs Creatures who make up the Lump of that Sex, and move a knowing Eye no more than the Portraitures of inſignificant People by ordinary Painters, which are but Pictures of Pictures.

THUS the working of my own Mind, is the general Entertainment of my Life; I never enter into the Commerce of Diſcourſe with any but my particular Friends, and not in Publick even with them. Such an Habit has perhaps raiſed in me uncommon Reflections; but this Effect I cannot communicate but by my Writings. As my Pleaſures are almoſt wholly confined to thoſe of the Sight, I take it for a peculiar Happineſs that I have always had an eaſie and familiar Admittance to the fair Sex. If I never praiſed or flattered, I never belyed or contradicted them. As theſe compoſe half the World, and are by the juſt Complaiſance and Gallantry of our Nation the more powerful Part of our People, I ſhall dedicate a conſiderable Share of theſe my Speculations to their Service, and ſhall lead the Young through all the becoming Duties of Virginity, Marriage, and Widowhood. When it is a Woman's Day in my Works, I ſhall endeavour at a Stile and Air ſuitable to their Underſtanding. When I ſay this, I muſt be underſtood to mean, that I ſhall not lower but exalt the Subjects I treat upon. Diſcourſe for their Entertainment, is not to be debaſed but refined. A Man may appear learned, without talking Sentences; as in his ordinary Geſture he diſcovers he can Dance, though he does not cut Capers. In a Word, I ſhall take it for the greateſt Glory of my Work, if among reaſonable Women this Paper may furniſh *Tea-Table Table*. In order to it, I ſhall treat on Matters which relate to Females, as they are concerned to approach or fly from the other Sex, or as they are tyed to them by Blood, Intereſt, or Affection. Upon this Occaſion I think it but reaſonable to declare, that whatever Skill I may have in Speculation, I ſhall never betray what the Eyes

of

of Lovers say to each other in my Presence. At the same Time I shall not think my self obliged, by this Promise, to conceal any false Protestations which I observe made by Glances in publick Assemblies; but endeavour to make both Sexes appear in their Conduct what they are in their Hearts. By this means Love, during the Time of my Speculations, shall be carryed on with the same Sincerity as any other Affair of less Consideration. As this is the greatest Concern, Men shall be from henceforth liable to the greatest Reproach for Misbehaviour in it. Falshood in Love shall hereafter bear a blacker Aspect, than Infidelity in Friendship, or Villany in Business. For this great and good End, all Breaches against that noble Passion, the Cement of Society, shall be severely examined. But this, and all other Matters loosely hinted at now, and in my former Papers, shall have their proper Place in my following Discourses: The present Writing is only to admonish the World, that they shall not find me an idle but a very busie Spectator. R.

N° 5. *Tuesday, March* 6.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis? —— Hor.

AN Opera may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish in its Decorations, as its only Design is to gratifie the Senses, and keep up an indolent Attention in the Audience. Common Sense however requires, that there should be nothing in the Scenes and Machines which may appear Childish and Absurd. How would the Wits of King *Charles*'s Time have laughed, to have seen *Nicolini* exposed to a Tempest in Robes of Ermin, and sailing in an open Boat upon a Sea of Paste-Board? What a Field of Raillery would they have been let into, had they been entertained with painted Dragons spitting Wild-fire, enchanted Chariots drawn by *Flanders* Mares, and real Cascades in artificial Land-skips? A little Skill in Criticism would

would inform us, that Shadows and Realities ought not to be mixed together in the same Piece; and that Scenes, which are designed as the Representations of Nature, should be filled with Resemblances, and not with the Things themselves. If one would represent a wide Champian Country filled with Herds and Flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the Country only upon the Scenes, and to crowd several Parts of the Stage with Sheep and Oxen. This is joining together Inconsistencies, and making the Decoration partly Real and partly Imaginary. I would recommend what I have here said, to the Directors, as well as to the Admirers of our Modern Opera.

AS I was walking in the Streets about a Fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary Fellow carrying a Cage full of little Birds upon his Shoulder; and, as I was wondering with my self what Use he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an Acquaintance, who had the same Curiosity. Upon his asking him what he had upon his Shoulder, he told him, that he had been buying Sparrows for the Opera. Sparrows for the Opera, says his Friend, licking his Lips, what are they to be roasted? No, no, says the other, they are to enter towards the End of the first Act, and to fly about the Stage.

THIS strange Dialogue awakened my Curiosity so far, that I immediately bought the Opera, by which means I perceived that the Sparrows were to act the part of Singing Birds in a delightful Grove; though upon a nearer Enquiry I found the Sparrows put the same Trick upon the Audience, that *Sir Martin Mar-all* practised upon his Mistress; for, though they flew in sight, the Musick proceeded from a Consort of Flagellets and Bird-calls which was planted behind the Scenes. At the same Time I made this Discovery, I found by the Discourse of the Actors, that there were great Designs on foot for the Improvement of the Opera; that it had been proposed to break down a part of the Wall, and to surprize the Audience with a Party of an hundred Horse, and that there was actually a Project of bringing the *New-River* into the House, to be employed in Jetteaus and Waterworks. This Project, as I have since heard, is post-poned 'till the Summer-season; when it is thought the Coolness that proceeds from Fountains

tains and Cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to People of Quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable Entertainment for the Winter-Season, the Opera of *Rinaldo* is filled with Thunder and Lightning, Illuminations and Fireworks; which the Audience may look upon without catching Cold, and indeed without much Danger of being burnt; for there are several Engines filled with Water, and ready to play at a Minute's warning, in case any such Accident should happen. However, as I have a very great Friendship for the Owner of this Theater, I hope that he has been wise enough to *insure* his House before he would let this Opera be acted in it.

IT is no wonder, that those Scenes should be very surprizing, which were contrived by two Poets of different Nations, and raised by two Magicians of different Sexes. *Armida* (as we are told in the Argument) was an *Amazonian* Enchantress, and poor Signior *Cassani* (as we learn from the *Persons represented*) a Christian Conjurer (*Mago Christiano.*) I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an *Amazon* should be versed in the Black Art, or how a good Christian, for such is the Part of the Magician, should deal with the Devil.

TO consider the Poets after the Conjurers. I shall give you a Taste of the *Italian*, from the first Lines of his Preface. *Eccoti, benigno Lettore, un Parto di poche Sere, che se ben nato di Notte, non è però aborto di Tenebre, mà si farà conoscere Figlio d' Apollo con qualche Raggio di Parnasso. Behold, gentle Reader, the Birth of a few Evenings, which tho' it be the Offspring of the Night, is not the Abortive of Darkness, but will make it self known to be the Son of* Apollo, *with a certain Ray of* Parnassus. He afterwards proceeds to call Minheer *Handel* the *Orpheus* of our Age, and to acquaint us, in the same Sublimity of Stile, that he composed this Opera in a Fortnight. Such are the Wits, to whose Tastes we so ambitiously conform our selves. The Truth of it is, the finest Writers among the Modern *Italians*, express themselves in such a florid Form of Words, and such tedious Circumlocutions, as are used by none but Pedants in our own Country; and at the same time fill their Writings with such poor Imaginations and Conceits, as our Youths are ashamed of before they have been two Years

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at the Univerſity. Some may be apt to think that it is the Difference of Genius which produces this Difference in the Works of the two Nations; but to ſhew there is nothing in this, if we look into the Writings of the old *Italians*, ſuch as *Cicero* and *Virgil*, we ſhall find that the *Engliſh* Writers, in their way of thinking and expreſſing themſelves, reſemble thoſe Authors much more than the Modern *Italians* pretend to do. And as for the Poet himſelf, from whom the Dreams of this Opera are taken, I muſt entirely agree with Monſieur *Boileau*, that one Verſe in *Virgil* is worth all the *Clincant* or Tinſel of *Taſſo*.

BUT to return to the Sparrows; there have been ſo many Flights of them let looſe in this Opera, that it is feared the Houſe will never get rid of them; and that in other Plays they may make their Entrance in very wrong and improper Scenes, ſo as to be ſeen flying in a Lady's Bed-Chamber, or pearching upon a King's Throne; beſides the Inconveniencies which the Heads of the Audience may ſometimes ſuffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a Deſign of caſting into an Opera the Story of *Whittington* and his Cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great Quantity of Mice; but Mr. *Rich*, the Proprietor of the Play-houſe, very prudently conſidered that it would be impoſſible for the Cat to kill them all, and that conſequently the Princes of his Stage might be as much infeſted with Mice, as the Prince of the Iſland was before the Cat's Arrival upon it; for which Reaſon he would not permit it to be Acted in his Houſe. And indeed I cannot blame him; for, as he ſaid very well upon that Occaſion, I do not hear that any of the Performers in our Opera pretend to equal the famous Pied Piper, who made all the Mice of a great Town in *Germany* follow his Muſick, and by that means cleared the Place of thoſe little Noxious Animals.

BEFORE I diſmiſs this Paper, I muſt inform my Reader, that I hear there is a Treaty on foot with *Lambe* and *Wiſe* (who will be appointed Gardeners of the Play-Houſe) to furniſh the Opera of *Rinaldo* and *Armida* with an Orange Grove; and that the next time it is Acted, the Singing Birds will be Perſonated by Tom-Tits: The Under-

takers

takers being resolved to spare neither Pains nor Mony for the Gratification of the Audience. C

N° 6. *Wednesday, March 7.*

Credebant hoc grande Nefas, & Morte piandum,
Si Juvenis Vetulo non assurrexerat —— Juv.

I Know no Evil under the Sun so great as the Abuse of the Understanding, and yet there is no one Vice more common. It has diffused it self through both Sexes and all Qualities of Mankind, and there is hardly that Person to be found, who is not more concerned for the Reputation of Wit and Sense, than Honesty and Virtue, But this unhappy Affectation of being Wise rather than Honest, Witty than Good-natured, is the Source of most of the ill Habits of Life. Such false Impressions are owing to the abandoned Writings of Men of Wit, and the awkard Imitation of the rest of Mankind.

FOR this Reason, Sir ROGER was saying last Night, That he was of Opinion none but Men of fine Parts deserve to be hanged. The Reflections of such Men are so delicate upon all Occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary Infamy and Punishment, for offending against such quick Admonitions as their own Souls give them, and blunting the fine Edge of their Minds in such a Manner, that they are no more shocked at Vice and Folly, than Men of slower Capacities. There is no greater Monster in Being, than a very ill Man of great Parts: He lives like a Man in a Palsy, with one Side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the Satisfaction of Luxury, of Wealth, of Ambition, he has lost the Taste of Good-will, of Friendship, of Innocence. *Scarecrow*, the Beggar in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, who disabled himself in his Right Leg, and asks Alms all Day to get himself a warm Supper and a Trull at Night, is not half so despicable a Wretch as such a Man of Sense. The Beggar has no Relish above Sensations;

ons; he finds Reſt more agreeable than Motion; and while he has a warm Fire and his Doxy, never reflects that he deſerves to be whipped. Every Man who terminates his Satisfactions and Enjoyments within the Supply of his own Neceſſities and Paſſions, is, ſays Sir ROGER, in my Eye as poor a Rogue as *Scarecrow*. But, continued he, for the Loſs of publick and private Virtue, we are beholden to your Men of Parts forſooth; it is with them no matter what is done, ſo it is done with an Air. But to me, who am ſo whimſical in a corrupt Age as to act according to Nature and Reaſon, a ſelfiſh Man, in the moſt ſhining Circumſtance and Equipage, appears in the ſame Condition with the Fellow above-mentioned, but more contemptible, in Proportion to what more he robs the Publick of and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a Rule, That the whole Man is to move together; that every Action of any Importance, is to have a Proſpect of publick Good; and that the general Tendency of our indifferent Actions, ought to be agreeable to the Dictates of Reaſon, of Religion, of good Breeding; without this, a Man, as I before have hinted, is hopping inſtead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper Motion.

WHILE the honeſt Knight was thus bewildering himſelf in good Starts, I looked intentively upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his Mind a little. What I aim at, ſays he, is, to repreſent, That I am of Opinion, to poliſh our Underſtandings and neglect our Manners, is of all things the moſt inexcuſable. Reaſon ſhould govern Paſſion, but inſtead of that, you ſee, it is often ſubſervient to it; and as unaccountable as one would think it, a wiſe Man is not always a good Man. This Degeneracy is not only the Guilt of particular Perſons, but alſo at ſome times of a whole People; and perhaps it may appear upon Examination, that the moſt polite Ages are the leaſt virtuous. This may be attributed to the Folly of admitting Wit and Learning as Merit in themſelves, without conſidering the Application of them. By this Means it becomes a Rule, not ſo much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this falſe Beauty will not paſs upon Men of honeſt Minds and true Taſte. Sir *Richard*

chard Blackmore says, with as much good Sense as Virtue, *It is a mighty Dishonour and Shame to employ excellent Faculties and abundance of Wit, to humour and please Men in their Vices and Follies. The great Enemy of Mankind, notwithstanding his Wit and Angelick Faculties, is the most odious Being in the whole Creation.* He goes on soon after to say very generously, That he undertook the writing of his Poem *to rescue the Muses out of the Hands of Ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste Mansions, and to engage them in an Employment suitable to their Dignity.* This certainly ought to be the Purpose of every Man who appears in Publick; and whoever does not proceed upon that Foundation, injures his Country as fast as he succeeds in his Studies. When Modesty ceases to be the chief Ornament of one Sex, and Integrity of the other, Society is upon a wrong Basis, and we shall be ever after without Rules to guide our Judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and Reason direct one thing, Passion and Humour another: To follow the Dictates of the two latter, is going into a Road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other, our Passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but *England* is at present as polite a Nation as any in the World; but any Man who thinks can easily see, that the Affectation of being Gay and in Fashion, has very near eaten up our good Sense and our Religion. Is there any thing so just, as that Mode and Gallantry should be built upon exerting our selves in what is proper and agreeable to the Institutions of Justice and Piety among us? And yet is there any thing more common, than that we run in perfect Contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other Pretension, than that it is done with what we call a good Grace.

NOTHING ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what Nature it self should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of Superiors is founded, methinks, upon Instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as Age? I make this abrupt Transition to the Mention of this Vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little Story, which I think a pretty Instance that the most polite Age is in danger of being the most vicious.

IT

'IT happened at *Athens*, during a publick Repreſentation 'of ſome Play exhibited in Honour of the Common-'wealth, that an old Gentleman came too late for a Place 'ſuitable to his Age and Quality. Many of the young 'Gentlemen who obſerved the Difficulty and Confuſion 'he was in, made Signs to him that they would accom-'modate him if he came where they ſate: The good 'Man buſtled through the Crowd accordingly; but when 'he came to the Seats to which he was invited; the Jeſt 'was to ſit cloſe, and expoſe him, as he ſtood out of 'Countenance, to the whole Audience. The Frolick 'went round all the *Athenian* Benches. But on thoſe 'Occaſions there were alſo particular Places aſſigned for 'Foreigners: When the good Man skulked towards the 'Boxes appointed for the *Lacedemonians*, that honeſt Peo-'ple, more virtuous than polite, roſe up all to a Man, 'and with the greateſt Reſpect received him among them. 'The *Athenians* being ſuddenly touched with a Senſe of 'the *Spartan* Virtue and their own Degeneracy, gave a 'Thunder of Applauſe; and the old Man cry'd out, *The* 'Athenians *underſtand what is good, but the* Lacedemonians '*practiſe it*. R

N° 7. *Thurſday, March* 8.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, Sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides? Hor.

GOING Yeſterday to Dine with an old Acquain-tance, I had the Misfortune to find his whole Fa-mily very much dejected. Upon asking him the Occaſion of it, he told me that his Wife had dreamt a very ſtrange Dream the Night before, which they were afraid portended ſome Misfortune to themſelves or to their Chil-dren. At her coming into the Room I obſerved a ſettled Melancholy in her Countenance, which I ſhould have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded.

We were no sooner sate down, but, after having looked upon me a little while, *My Dear*, says she, turning to her Husband, *you may now see the Stranger that was in the Candle last Night*. Soon after this, as they began to talk of Family Affairs, a little Boy at the lower end of the Table told her, that he was to go into Join-hand on *Thursday*: Thursday? says she, *no Child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon* Childermas-day; *tell your Writing-Master that Friday will be soon enough*. I was reflecting with my self on the Oddness of her Fancy, and wondering that any Body would establish it as a Rule to lose a Day in every Week. In the midst of these my Musings she desired me to reach her a little Salt upon the Point of my Knife, which I did in such a Trepidation and hurry of Obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, observing the Concern of the whole Table, began to consider my self, with some Confusion, as a Person that had brought a Disaster upon the Family. The Lady however recovering her self, after a little space, said to her Husband, with a Sigh, *My Dear, Misfortunes never come single*. My Friend, I found, acted but an Under-Part at his Table, and being a Man of more Good-nature than Understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the Passions and Humours of his Yoke-fellow: *Do not you remember, Child*, says she, *that the Pidgeon-House fell the very Afternoon that our careless Wench spilt the Salt upon the Table? Yes*, says he, *My Dear, and the next Post brought us an Account of the Battel of* Almanza. The Reader may guess at the Figure I made, after having done all this Mischief. I dispatched my Dinner as soon as I could, with my usual Taciturnity; when, to my utter Confusion, the Lady seeing me quitting my Knife and Fork, and laying them across one another upon my Plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that Figure, and place them side by side. What the Absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary Superstition in it; and therefore in Obedience to the Lady of the House, I disposed of my Knife and Fork in two parallel Lines, which

is

is the Figure I ſhall always lay them in for the future, tho' I do not know any Reaſon for it.

IT is not difficult for a Man to ſee that a Perſon has conceived an Averſion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the Lady's Looks, that ſhe regarded me as a very odd kind of Fellow, with an unfortunate Aſpect. For which Reaſon I took my leave immediately after Dinner, and withdrew to my own Lodgings. Upon my Return home, I fell into a profound Contemplation on the Evils that attend theſe ſuperſtitious Follies of Mankind; how they ſubject us to imaginary Afflictions, and additional Sorrows, that do not properly come within our Lot. As if the natural Calamities of Life were not ſufficient for it, we turn the moſt indifferent Circumſtances into Misfortunes, and ſuffer as much from trifling Accidents, as from real Evils. I have known the ſhooting of a Star ſpoil a Night's Reſt; and have ſeen a Man in Love grow pale and loſe his Appetite, upon the plucking of a Merry-thought. A Screech-Owl at Midnight has alarmed a Family more than a Band of Robbers; nay, the Voice of a Cricket hath ſtruck more Terror than the Roaring of a Lion. There is nothing ſo inconſiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an Imagination that is filled with Omens and Prognoſticks. A Ruſty Nail, or a crooked Pin, ſhoot up into Prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixt Aſſembly, that was full of Noiſe and Mirth, when on a ſudden an old Woman unluckily obſerved there were thirteen of us in Company. This Remark ſtruck a pannick Terror into ſeveral who were preſent, inſomuch that one or two of the Ladies were going to leave the Room; but a Friend of mine taking notice that one of our female Companions was big with Child, affirmed there were fourteen in the Room, and that inſtead of portending one of the Company ſhould die, it plainly foretold one of them ſhould be born. Had not my Friend found this Expedient to break the Omen, I queſtion not but half the Women in the Company would have fallen ſick that very Night.

AN Old Maid, that is troubled with the Vapours, produces infinite Diſturbances of this kind among her Friends and Neighbours. I know a Maiden Aunt, of a great Fa-

mily, who is one of these antiquated *Sybils*, that forebodes and prophesies from one End of the Year to the other. She is always seeing Apparitions, and hearing Death-Watches, and was the other Day almost frighted out of her wits by the great House-Dog, that howled in the Stable at a Time when she lay ill of the Tooth-ach. Such an extravagant Cast of Mind engages Multitudes of People, not only in impertinent Terrors, but in supernumerary Duties of Life; and arises from that Fear and Ignorance which are natural to the Soul of Man. The Horror with which we entertain the Thoughts of Death, (or indeed of any future Evil) and the Uncertainty of its Approach, fill a melancholy Mind with innumerable Apprehensions and Suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the Observation of such groundless Prodigies and Predictions. For as it is the chief Concern of Wise-Men, to retrench the Evils of Life by the Reasonings of Philosophy; it is the Employment of Fools, to multiply them by the Sentiments of Superstition.

FOR my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this Divining Quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befal me. I would not anticipate the Relish of any Happiness, nor feel the Weight of any Misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my Soul against these gloomy Presages and Terrors of Mind, and that is, by securing to my self the Friendship and Protection of that Being, who disposes of Events, and governs Futurity. He sees, at one View, the whole Thread of my Existence, not only that Part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the Depths of Eternity. When I lay me down to Sleep, I recommend my self to his Cares; when I awake, I give my self up to his Direction. Amidst all the Evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for Help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my Advantage. Though I know neither the Time nor the Manner of the Death I am to die, I am not at all sollicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them. C

Friday,

Nº. 8. *Friday, March* 9.

At Venus *obſcuro gradientes aere ſepſit,*
Et multo Nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos —— Virg.

I Shall here communicate to the World a couple of Letters, which I believe will give the Reader as good an Entertainment as any that I am able to furniſh him with, and therefore ſhall make no Apology for them.

To the SPECTATOR, &c.

SIR,

'I Am one of the Directors of the Society for the Reformation of Manners, and therefore think my ſelf a proper Perſon for your Correſpondence. I have thoroughly examined the preſent State of Religion in *Great Britain*, and am able to acquaint you with the predominant Vice of every Market-Town in the whole Iſland. I can tell you the Progreſs that Virtue has made in all our Cities, Boroughs, and Corporations; and know as well the evil Practices that are committed in *Berwick* or *Exeter*, as what is done in my own Family. In a word, Sir, I have my Correſpondents in the remoteſt Parts of the Nation, who ſend me up punctual Accounts from time to time of all the little Irregularities that fall under their Notice in their ſeveral Diſtricts and Diviſions,

'I am no leſs acquainted with the particular Quarters and Regions of this great Town, than with the different Parts and Diſtributions of the whole Nation. I can deſcribe every Pariſh by its Impieties, and can tell you in which of our Streets Lewdneſs prevails, which Gaming has taken the Poſſeſſion of, and where Drunkenneſs has got the better of them both. When I am diſpoſed to raiſe a Fine for the Poor, I know the Lanes

and Allies that are inhabited by common Swearers. When I would encourage the Hospital of *Bridewell* and improve the Hempen Manufacture, I am very well acquainted with all the Haunts and Resorts of Female Night-walkers.

AFTER this short Account of my self, I must let you know, that the Design of this Paper is to give you Information of a certain irregular Assembly which I think falls very properly under your Observation, especially since the Persons it is composed of are Criminals too considerable for the Animadversions of our Society. I mean, Sir, the Midnight Masque, which has of late been very frequently held in one of the most conspicuous Parts of the Town, and which I hear will be continued with Additions and Improvements. As all the Persons who compose this lawless Assembly are masqued, we dare not attack any of them in *our Way*, lest we should send a Woman of Quality to *Bridewell*, or a Peer of *Great Britain* to the *Counter*: Besides that, their Numbers are so very great, that I am afraid they would be able to rout our whole Fraternity, though we were accompanied with all our Guard of Constables. Both these Reasons, which secure them from our Authority, make them obnoxious to yours; As both their Disguise and their Numbers will give no particular Person Reason to think himself affronted by you.

IF we are rightly informed, the Rules that are observed by this new Society are wonderfully contrived for the Advancement of Cuckoldom. The Women either come by themselves, or are introduced by Friends, who are obliged to quit them, upon their first Entrance, to the Conversation of any Body that addresses himself to them. There are several Rooms where the Parties may retire, and, if they please, shew their Faces by Consent. Whispers, Squeezes, Nods, and Embraces, are the innocent Freedoms of the Place. In short, the whole Design of this libidinous Assembly, seems to terminate in Assignations and Intrigues; and I hope you will take effectual Methods, by your publick Advice and Admonitions, to prevent such a promiscuous Mul-

titude

'titude of both Sexes from meeting together in ſo clan-
'deſtine Manner. I am

Your humble Servant,

and Fellow-Labourer,

T. B.

Not long after the Peruſal of this Letter, I received another upon the ſame Subject; which, by the Date and Stile of it, I take to be written by ſome young Templer.

SIR, *Middle-Temple*, 1710-11.

'WHEN a Man has been guilty of any Vice or 'Folly, I think the beſt Attonement he can 'make for it, is to warn others not to fall into the like. 'In order to this I muſt acquaint you, that ſome time 'in *February* laſt I went to the *Tueſday*'s Maſquerade. 'Upon my firſt going in I was attacked by half a Dozen 'female Quakers, who ſeemed willing to adopt me for a 'Brother; but upon a nearer Examination I found they 'were a Siſterhood of Coquets diſguiſed in that preciſe 'Habit. I was ſoon after taken out to dance, and, as I 'fancied, by a Woman of the firſt Quality, for ſhe was 'very tall, and moved gracefully. As ſoon as the Minuet 'was over, we ogled one another through our Maſques; 'and as I am very well read in *Waller*, I repeated to her 'the four following Verſes out of his Poem to *Vandike*.

The heedleſs Lover does not know
Whoſe Eyes they are that wound him ſo;
But confounded with thy Art,
Enquires her Name that has his Heart.

'I pronounced theſe Words with ſuch a languiſhing Air, 'that I had ſome Reaſon to conclude I had made a Con-'queſt. She told me that ſhe hoped my Face was not 'akin to my Tongue; and looking upon her Watch, I 'accidentally diſcovered the Figure of a Coronet on the 'back Part of it. I was ſo tranſported with the Thought 'of ſuch an Amour, that I plied her from one Room to 'another with all the Gallantries I could invent; and at

'length brought things to ſo happy an Iſſue, that ſhe gave 'me a private Meeting the next Day, without Page or 'Footman, Coach or Equipage. My Heart danced in 'Raptures; but I had not lived in this golden Dream a-'bove three Days, before I found good Reaſon to wiſh 'that I had continued true to my Laundreſs. I have 'ſince heard, by a very great Accident, that this fine Lady 'does not live far from *Covent-Garden*, and that I am not 'the firſt Cully whom ſhe has paſſed her ſelf upon for a 'Counteſs.

'THUS, Sir, you ſee how I have miſtaken a *Cloud* 'for a *Juno*, and if you can make any uſe of this Adven-'ture, for the Benefit of thoſe who may poſſibly be as 'vain young Coxcombs as my ſelf, I do moſt heartily 'give you Leave. I am, *SIR*,

Your moſt humble Admirer,

B. L.

I deſign to viſit the next Maſquerade my ſelf, in the ſame Habit I wore at *Grand Cairo*; and till then ſhall ſuſpend my Judgment of this Midnight Entertainment. C

Nº 9. *Saturday, March* 10.

—— Tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam, ſævis inter ſe convenit urſis. Juv.

MAN is ſaid to be a Sociable Animal, and, as an In-ſtance of it, we may obſerve, that we take all Oc-caſions and Pretences of forming our ſelves into thoſe little Nocturnal Aſſemblies, which are commonly known by the Name of *Clubs*. When a Sett of Men find themſelves agree in any Particular, tho' never ſo trivial, they eſtabliſh themſelves into a kind of Fraternity, and meet once or twice a Week upon the Account of ſuch a Fantaſtick Reſemblance. I know a conſiderable Market-town, in which there was a Club of fat Men, that did not come together (as you may well ſuppoſe) to enter-tain one another with Sprightlineſs and Wit, but to keep one

one another in Countenance: The Room where the Club met was ſomething of the largeſt, and had two Entrances, the one by a Door of a moderate Size, and the other by a Pair of Folding-doors. If a Candidate for this Corpulent Club could make his Entrance through the firſt, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he ſtuck in the Paſſage, and could not force his Way through it, the Folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his Reception, and he was ſaluted as a Brother. I have heard that this Club, tho' it conſiſted but of fifteen Perſons, weighed above three Tun.

IN Oppoſition to this Society, there ſprung up another compoſed of Scare-crows and Skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the Deſigns of their Bulky Brethren, whom they repreſented as Men of Dangerous Principles; till at length they worked them out of the Favour of the People, and conſequently out of the Magiſtracy. Theſe Factions tore the Corporation in Pieces for ſeveral Years, till at length they came to this Accommodation; that the two Bailiffs of the Town ſhould be annually choſen out of the two Clubs; by which means the principal Magiſtrates are at this Day coupled like Rabbets, one fat and one lean.

EVERY one has heard of the Club, or rather the Confederacy, of the *Kings*. This grand Alliance was formed a little after the Return of King *Charles* the Second, and admitted into it Men of all Qualities and Profeſſions, provided they agreed in this Sir-name of *King*, which as they imagined, ſufficiently declared the Owners of it to be altogether untainted with Republican and Anti-monarchical Principles.

A Chriſtian Name has likewiſe been often uſed as a Badge of Diſtinction, and made the Occaſion of a Club. That of the *George's*, which uſed to meet at the Sign of the *George* on St. *George's* Day, and ſwear *Before George*, is ſtill freſh in every one's Memory.

THERE are at preſent in ſeveral Parts of this City what they call *Street-Clubs*, in which the chief Inhabitants of the Street converſe together every Night. I remember, upon my enquiring after Lodgings in *Ormond ſtreet*, the Landlord, to recommend that Quarter of the Town,

told me, there was at that time a very good Club in it; he alſo told me, upon further Diſcourſe with him, that two or three noiſie Country Squires, who were ſettled there the Year before, had conſiderably ſunk the Price of Houſe-Rent; and that the Club (to prevent the like Inconveniencies for the future) had Thoughts of taking every Houſe that became vacant into their own Hands, till they had found a Tenant for it, of a ſociable Nature and good Converſation.

THE *Hum-Drum* Club, of which I was formerly an unworthy Member, was made up of very honeſt Gentlemen, of peaceable Diſpoſitions, that uſed to ſit together, ſmoak their Pipes, and ſay nothing till Midnight. The *Hum* Club (as I am informed) is an Inſtitution of the ſame Nature, and as great an Enemy to Noiſe.

AFTER theſe two innocent Societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very miſchievous one, that was erected in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second: I mean, the *Club of Duelliſts*, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his Man. The Preſident of it was ſaid to have killed half a Dozen in ſingle Combat; and as for the other Members, they took their Seats according to the Number of their Slain. There was likewiſe a Side-Table, for ſuch as had only drawn Blood, and ſhewn a laudable Ambition of taking the firſt Opportunity to qualifie themſelves for the firſt Table. This Club, conſiſting only of Men of Honour, did not continue long, moſt of the Members of it being put to the Sword, or hanged, a little after its Inſtitution.

OUR Modern celebrated Clubs are founded upon Eating and Drinking, which are Points wherein moſt Men agree, and in which the Learned and Illiterate, the Dull and the Airy, the Philoſopher and the Buffoon, can all of them bear a Part. The *Kit-Cat* it ſelf is ſaid to have taken its Original from a Mutton-Pye. The *Beef-Steak*, and *October* Clubs, are neither of them averſe to Eating and Drinking, if we may form a Judgment of them from their reſpective Titles.

WHEN Men are thus knit together, by a Love of Society, not a Spirit of Faction, and don't meet to cenſure or anhoy thoſe that are abſent but to enjoy one another;

ther; When they are thus combined for their own Improvement, or for the Good of others, or at leaſt to relax themſelves from the Buſineſs of the Day, by an innocent and chearful Converſation, there may be ſomething very uſeful in theſe little Inſtitutions and Eſtabliſhments.

I cannot forbear concluding this Paper with a Scheme of Laws that I met with upon a Wall in a little Alehouſe: How I came thither I may inform my Reader at a more convenient Time. Theſe Laws were enacted by a Knot of Artizans and Mechanicks, who uſed to meet every Night; and as there is ſomething in them which gives us a pretty Picture of low Life, I ſhall tranſcribe them Word for Word.

RULES *to be obſerved in the* Two-penny Club, *erected in this Place for the Preſervation of Friendſhip and good Neighbourhood.*

I. EVERY Member at his firſt coming in ſhall lay down his Two-Pence.

II. EVERY Member ſhall fill his Pipe out of his own Box.

III. IF any Member abſents himſelf he ſhall forfeit a Penny for the Uſe of the Club, unleſs in caſe of Sickneſs or Impriſonment.

IV. IF any Member ſwears or curſes, his Neighbour may give him a Kick upon the Shins.

V. IF any Member tells Stories in the Club that are not true, he ſhall forfeit for every third Lie an Halfpenny.

VI. IF any Member ſtrikes another wrongfully, he ſhall pay his Club for him.

VII. IF any Member brings his Wife into the Club, he ſhall pay for whatever ſhe drinks or ſmokes.

VIII. IF any Member's Wife comes to fetch him home from the Club, ſhe ſhall ſpeak to him without the Door.

IX. IF any Member calls another Cuckold, he ſhall be turned out of the Club.

X. NONE ſhall be admitted into the Club that is of the ſame Trade with any Member of it.

XI. NONE

XI. NONE of the Club shall have his Cloaths or Shooes made or mended, but by a Brother-Member.

XII. NO Non-juror shall be capable of being a Member.

THE Morality of this little Club is guarded by such wholesome Laws and Penalties, that I question not but my Reader will be as well pleased with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of *Ben Johnson*, the Regulations of an old *Roman* Club cited by *Lipsius*, or the Rules of a *Symposium* in an ancient *Greek* Author. C

Nº 10. *Monday, March* 12.

Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum
Remigiis subigit: si brachia forte remisit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni. Virg.

IT is with much Satisfaction that I hear this great City inquiring Day by Day after these my Papers, and receiving my Morning Lectures with a becoming Seriousness and Attention. My Publisher tells me, that there are already Three Thousand of them distributed every Day: So that if I allow Twenty Readers to every Paper, which I look upon as a modest Computation, I may reckon about Threescore thousand Disciples in *London* and *Westminster*, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless Herd of their ignorant and unattentive Brethren. Since I have raised to my self so great an Audience, I shall spare no Pains to make their Instruction agreeable, and their Diversion useful. For which Reasons I shall endeavour to enliven Morality with Wit, and to temper Wit with Morality, that my Readers may, if possible, both Ways find their Account in the Speculation of the Day. And to the End that their Virtue and Discretion may not be short transient intermitting Starts of Thought, I have resolved to refresh their Memories

mories from Day to Day, till I have recovered them out of that deſperate State of Vice and Folly into which the Age is fallen. The Mind that lies fallow but a ſingle Day, ſprouts up in Follies that are only to be killed by a conſtant and aſſiduous Culture. It was ſaid of *Socrates*, that he brought Philoſophy down from Heaven, to inhabit among Men; and I ſhall be ambitious to have it ſaid of me, that I have brought Philoſophy out of Cloſets and Libraries, Schools and Colleges, to dwell in Clubs and Aſſemblies, at Tea-Tables and in Coffee-Houſes.

I would therefore in a very particular Manner recommend theſe my Speculations to all well regulated Families, that ſet apart an Hour in every Morning for Tea and Bread and Butter; and would earneſtly adviſe them for their Good to order this Paper to be punctually ſerved up, and to be looked upon as a Part of the Tea Equipage.

SIR *Francis Bacon* obſerves, that a well-written Book, compared with its Rivals and Antagoniſts, is like *Moſes*'s Serpent, that immediately ſwallowed up and devoured thoſe of the *Ægyptians*. I ſhall not be ſo vain as to think, that where the SPECTATOR appears, the other publick Prints will vaniſh; but ſhall leave it to my Reader's Conſideration, whether, Is it not much better to be let into the Knowledge of ones ſelf, than to hear what paſſes in *Muſcovy* or *Poland*; and to amuſe our ſelves with ſuch Writings as tend to the wearing out of Ignorance, Paſſion, and Prejudice, than ſuch as naturally conduce to inflame Hatreds, and make Enmities irreconcileable?

IN the next Place, I would recommend this Paper to the Daily Peruſal of thoſe Gentlemen whom I cannot but conſider as my good Brothers and Allies, I mean the Fraternity of Spectators who live in the World, without having any thing to do in it; and either by the Affluence of their Fortunes, or Lazineſs of their Diſpoſitions, have no other Buſineſs with the reſt of Mankind, but to look upon them. Under this Claſs of Men are comprehended all contemplative Tradeſmen, titular Phyſicians, Fellows of the Royal Society, Templers that are not given to be contentious, and Stateſmen that are out of Buſineſs; in ſhort, every one that conſiders the World as a Theat e, and

and desires to form a right Judgment of those who are the Actors on it.

THERE is another Set of Men that I must likewise lay a Claim to, whom I have lately called the Blanks of Society, as being altogether unfurnished with Ideas, till the Business and Conversation of the Day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor Souls with an Eye of great Commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first Man they have met with, whether there was any News stirring? and by that Means gathering together Materials for thinking. These needy Persons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve a Clock in the Morning; for by that Time they are pretty good Judges of the Weather, know which Way the Wind sits, and whether the *Dutch* Mail be come in. As they lye at the Mercy of the first Man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the Day long, according to the Notions which they have imbibed in the Morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their Chambers till they have read this Paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesom Sentiments, as shall have a good Effect on their Conversation for the ensuing twelve Hours.

BUT there are none to whom this Paper will be more useful, than to the Female World. I have often thought there has not been sufficient Pains taken in finding out proper Employments and Diversions for the Fair ones. Their Amusements seem contrived for them rather as they are Women, than as they are reasonable Creatures; and are more adapted to the Sex than to the Species. The Toilet is their great Scene of Business, and the right adjusting of their Hair the principal Employment of their Lives. The sorting of a Suit of Ribbons, is reckoned a very good Morning's Work; and if they make an Excursion to a Mercer's or a Toy-shop, so great a Fatigue makes them unfit for any thing else all the Day after. Their more serious Occupations are Sowing and Embroidery, and their greatest Drudgery the Preparation of Jellies and Sweet-meats. This, I say, is the State of ordinary Women; tho' I know there are Multitudes of those of a more elevated Life and Conversation, that move in an exalted

exalted Sphere of Knowledge and Virtue, that join all the Beauties of the Mind to the Ornaments of Dreſs, and inſpire a kind of Awe and Reſpect, as well as Love, into their Male Beholders. I hope to encreaſe the Number of theſe by Publiſhing this daily Paper, which I ſhall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving Entertainment, and by that Means at leaſt divert the Minds of my Female Readers from greater Trifles. At the ſame Time, as I would fain give ſome finiſhing Touches to thoſe which are already the moſt beautiful Pieces in human Nature, I ſhall endeavour to point out all thoſe Imperfections that are the Blemiſhes, as well as thoſe Virtues which are the Embelliſhments, of the Sex. In the mean while I hope theſe my gentle Readers, who have ſo much Time on their Hands, will not grudge throwing away a Quarter of an Hour in a Day on this Paper, ſince they may do it without any Hindrance to Buſineſs.

I know ſeveral of my Friends and Well-wiſhers are in great Pain for me, leſt I ſhould not be able to keep up the Spirit of a Paper which I oblige my ſelf to furniſh every Day: But to make them eaſie in this Particular, I will promiſe them faithfully to give it over as ſoon as I grow dull. This I know will be Matter of great Raillery to the ſmall Wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my Promiſe, deſire me to keep my Word, aſſure me that it is high Time to give over, with many other little Pleaſantries of the like Nature, which Men of a little ſmart Genius cannot forbear throwing out againſt their beſt Friends, when they have ſuch a Handle given them of being witty. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my Caveat againſt this Piece of Raillery.

C

Tueſday,

Nº 11. *Tuesday, March* 13.

Det veniam cervis, vexat censura columbas. Juv.

ARIETTA is visited by all Persons of both Sexes, who have any Pretence to Wit and Gallantry. She is in that time of Life which is neither affected with the Follies of Youth, or Infirmities of Age; and her Conversation is so mixed with Gaiety and Prudence, that she is agreeable both to the Young and the Old. Her Behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blameable; and as she is out of the Tract of any amorous or ambitious Pursuits of her own, her Visitants entertain her with Accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their Passions or their Interests. I made her a Visit this Afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the Honour of her Acquaintance, by my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMBE, who has prevailed upon her to admit me sometimes into her Assembly, as a civil inoffensive Man. I found her accompanied with one Person only, a Common-Place Talker, who, upon my Entrance arose, and after a very slight Civility sat down again; then turning to *Arietta*, pursued his Discourse, which I found was upon the old Topick of Constancy in Love. He went on with great Facility in repeating what he talks every Day of his Life; and, with the Ornaments of insignificant Laughs and Gestures, enforced his Arguments by Quotations out of Plays and Songs, which allude to the Perjuries of the Fair, and the general Levity of Women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinarily in his Talkative Way, that he might insult my Silence, and distinguish himself before a Woman of *Arietta*'s Taste and Understanding. She had often an Inclination to interrupt him, but could find no Opportunity till the Larum ceased of it self; which it did not till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated Story of the *Ephesian* Matron.

ARIETTA

ARIETTA ſeemed to regard this Piece of Raillery as an Outrage done to her Sex; as indeed I have always obſerved that Women, whether out of a nicer Regard to their Honour, or what other Reaſon I cannot tell, are more ſenſibly touched with thoſe general Aſperſions which are caſt upon their Sex, than Men are by what is ſaid of theirs.

WHEN ſhe had a little recovered her ſelf from the ſerious Anger ſhe was in, ſhe replied in the following manner.

SIR, When I conſider how perfectly new all you have ſaid on this Subject is, and that the Story you have given us is not quite Two thouſand Years old, I cannot but think it a Piece of Preſumption to diſpute with you: But your Quotations put me in Mind of the Fable of the Lion and the Man. The Man walking with that noble Animal, ſhewed him, in the Oſtentation of Human Superiority, a Sign of a Man killing a Lion. Upon which the Lion ſaid very juſtly, *We Lions are none of us Painters, elſe we could ſhew a hundred Men killed by Lions, for one Lion killed by a Man.* You Men are Writers, and can repreſent us Women as Unbecoming as you pleaſe in your Works, while we are unable to return the Injury. You have twice or thrice obſerved in your Diſcourſe, that Hypocriſie is the very Foundation of our Education; and that an Ability to diſſemble our Affections, is a profeſſed Part of our Breeding. Theſe, and ſuch other Reflections, are ſprinkled up and down the Writings of all Ages, by Authors, who leave behind them Memorials of their Reſentment againſt the Scorn of particular Women, in Invectives againſt the whole Sex. Such a Writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated *Petronius*, who invented the pleaſant Aggravations of the Frailty of the *Epheſian* Lady; but when we conſider this Queſtion between the Sexes, which has been either a Point of Diſpute or Raillery ever ſince there were Men and Women, let us take Facts from plain People, and from ſuch as have not either Ambition or Capacity to embelliſh their Narrations with any Beauties of Imagination. I was the other Day amuſing my ſelf with *Ligon's* Account of *Barbadoes*; and, in Anſwer to your well-wrought Tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon

on

on my Memory) out of that honeſt Traveller, in his fifty fifth Page, the Hiſtory of *Inkle* and *Yarico*.

Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, of *London*, aged twenty Years, embarked in the *Downs* on the good Ship called the *Achilles*, bound for the *Weſt-Indies*, on the 16th of *June*, 1647, in order to improve his Fortune by Trade and Merchandize. Our Adventurer was the third Son of an eminent Citizen, who had taken particular Care to inſtil into his Mind an early Love of Gain, by making him a perfect Maſter of Numbers, and conſequently giving him a quick View of Loſs and Advantage, and preventing the natural Impulſes of his Paſſions, by Prepoſſeſſion towards his Intereſts. With a Mind thus turned, young *Inkle* had a Perſon every way agreeable, a ruddy Vigour in his Countenance, Strength in his Limbs, with Ringlets of fair Hair looſely flowing on his Shoulders. It happened, in the Courſe of the Voyage, that the *Achilles*, in ſome Diſtreſs, put into a Creek on the Main of *America*, in Search of Proviſions: The Youth, who is the Hero of my Story, among others went aſhore on this Occaſion. From their firſt Landing they were obſerved by a Party of *Indians*, who hid themſelves in the Woods for that Purpoſe. The *Engliſh* unadviſedly marched a great diſtance from the Shore into the Country, and were intercepted by the Natives, who ſlew the greateſt Number of them. Our Adventurer eſcaped among others, by flying into a Foreſt. Upon his coming into a remote and pathleſs Part of the Wood, he threw himſelf, tired and breathleſs, on a little Hillock, when an *Indian* Maid ruſhed from a Thicket behind him: After the firſt Surprize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the *European* was highly Charmed with the Limbs, Features, and wild-Graces of the Naked *American*; the *American* was no leſs taken with the Dreſs, Complexion, and Shape of an *European*, covered from Head to Foot. The *Indian* grew immediately enamoured of him, and conſequently ſollicitous for his Preſervation: She therefore conveyed him to a Cave, where ſhe gave him a delicious Repaſt of Fruits, and led him to a Stream to ſlake his Thirſt. In the midſt of theſe good Offices, ſhe would ſometimes play with his Hair, and delight in the Oppoſition of its Colour to that of her Fingers: Then open his Boſom, then laugh at him for covering

vering it. She was, it seems, a Person of Distinction, for she every Day came to him in a different Dress, of the most beautiful Shells, Bugles, and Bredes. She likewise brought him a great many Spoils, which her other Lovers had presented to her; so that his Cave was richly adorned with all the spotted Skins of Beasts, and most Party-coloured Feathers of Fowls, which that World afforded. To make his Confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the Dusk of the Evening, or by the favour of Moon-light, to unfrequented Groves and Solitudes, and shew him where to lye down in Safety, and sleep amidst the Falls of Waters, and Melody of Nightingales. Her Part was to watch and hold him awake in her Arms, for fear of her Country-men, and wake him on Occasions to consult his Safety. In this manner did the Lovers pass away their Time, till they had learned a Language of their own, in which the Voyager communicated to his Mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his Country, where she should be cloathed in such Silks as his Wastecoat was made of, and be carried in Houses drawn by Horses, without being exposed to Wind or Weather. All this he promised her the Enjoyment of, without such Fears and Alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender Correspondence these Lovers lived for several Months, when *Yarico*, instructed by her Lover, discovered a Vessel on the Coast to which she made Signals; and in the Night, with the utmost Joy and Satisfaction, accompanied him to a Ship's-Crew of his Country-Men, bound for *Barbadoes*. When a Vessel from the Main arrives in that Island, it seems the Planters come down to the Shoar, where there is an immediate Market of the *Indians* and other Slaves, as with us of Horses and Oxen.

TO be short, Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, now coming into *English* Territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of Time, and to weigh with himself how many Days Interest of his Mony he had lost during his Stay with *Yarico*. This Thought made the young Man very pensive, and careful what Account he should be able to give his Friends of his Voyage. Upon which Considerations, the prudent and frugal young Man sold *Yarico* to a *Barbadian* Merchant; notwithstanding that the poor Girl, to incline

cline him to commiserate her Condition, told him that she was with Child by him: But he only made use of that Information, to rise in his Demands upon the Purchaser.

I was so touched with this Story, (which I think should be always a Counterpart to the *Ephesian* Matron) that I left the Room with Tears in my Eyes; which a Woman of *Aristia*'s good Sense, did, I am sure, take for greater Applause, than any Compliments I could make her. R.

N° 12. *Wednesday, March* 14.

——*Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.* Per.

AT my coming to *London*, it was some time before I could settle my self in a House to my liking. I was forced to quit my first Lodgings, by reason of an officious Landlady, that would be asking me every Morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest Family, and lived very happily for above a Week; when my Landlord, who was a jolly good-natured Man, took it into his Head that I wanted Company, and therefore would frequently come into my Chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three Days; but telling me one Day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new Lodgings that very Night. About a Week after, I found my jolly Landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest hearty Man, had put me into an Advertisement of the *Daily Courant*, in the following Words. *Whereas a melancholy Man left his Lodgings on* Thursday *last in the Afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards* Islington; *If any one can give Notice of him to* R. B. *Fishmonger in the* Strand, *he shall be very well rewarded for his Pains.* As I am the best Man in the World to keep my own Counsel, and my Landlord the Fishmonger not knowing my Name, this Accident of my Life was never discovered to this very Day.

I

I am now ſettled with a Widow-woman, who has a great many Children, and complies with my Humour in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a Word together theſe Five Years; my Coffee comes into my Chamber every Morning without asking for it; if I want Fire I point to my Chimney, if Water to my Baſon: Upon which my Landlady nods, as much as to ſay ſhe takes my Meaning, and immediately obeys my Signals. She has likewiſe modeled her Family ſo well, that when her little Boy offers to pull me by the Coat, or prattle in my Face, his eldeſt Siſter immediately calls him off, and bids him not diſturb the Gentleman. At my firſt entring into the Family, I was troubled with the Civility of their riſing up to me every time I came into the Room; but my Landlady obſerving that upon theſe Occaſions I always cried Piſh, and went out again, has forbidden any ſuch Ceremony to be uſed in the Houſe; ſo that at preſent I walk into the Kitchin or Parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any Interruption to the Buſineſs or Diſcourſe of the Family. The Maid will ask her Miſtreſs (tho' I am by) whether the Gentleman is ready to go to Dinner, as the Miſtreſs (who is indeed an excellent Houſewife) ſcolds at the Servants as heartily before my Face as behind my Back. In ſhort, I move up and down the Houſe and enter into all Companies, with the ſame Liberty as a Cat or any other Domeſtick Animal, and am as little ſuſpected of telling any thing that I hear or ſee.

I remember laſt Winter there were ſeveral young Girls of the Neighbourhood ſitting about the Fire with my Landlady's Daughters, and telling Stories of Spirits and Apparitions. Upon my opening the Door the young Women broke off their Diſcourſe, but my Landlady's Daughters telling them that it was no Body but the Gentleman (for that is the Name that I go by in the Neighbourhood as well as in the Family) they went on without minding me. I ſeated my ſelf by the Candle that ſtood on a Table at one end of the Room; and pretending to read a Book that I took out of my Pocket, heard ſeveral dreadful Stories of Ghoſts as pale as Aſhes that had ſtood at the Feet of a Bed, or walked over a Church-yard by Moonlight:

light: And of others that had been conjured into the *Red-Sea*, for disturbing People's Rest, and drawing their Curtains at Midnight; with many other old Womens Fables of the like nature. As one Spirit raised another, I observed that at the end of every Story the whole Company closed their Ranks, and crowded about the Fire: I took Notice in particular of a little Boy, who was so attentive to every Story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to Bed by himself this Twelvemonth. Indeed they talked so long, that the Imaginations of the whole Assembly were manifestly crazed, and I am sure will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the Girls, that had looked upon me over her Shoulder, asking the Company how long I had been in the Room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some Apprehensions that I should be forced to explain my self if I did not retire; for which Reason I took the Candle in my Hand, and went up into my Chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable Weakness in reasonable Creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrifie one another. Were I a Father, I should take a particular Care to preserve my Children from these little Horrors of Imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in Years. I have known a Soldier that has entered a Breach, affrighted at his own Shadow; and look pale upon a little scratching at his Door, who the Day before had marched up against a Battery of Cannon. There are Instances of Persons, who have been terrified, even to Distraction, at the Figure of a Tree, or the shaking of a Bull-rush. The Truth of it is, I look upon a sound Imagination as the greatest Blessing of Life, next to a clear Judgment and a good Conscience. In the mean time since there are very few whose Minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful Thoughts and Apprehensions, we ought to arm our selves against them by the Dictates of Reason and Religion, *to pull the old Woman out of our Hearts* (as *Persius* expresses it in the Motto of my Paper,) and extinguish those impertinent Notions which we imbibed at a Time that we were not able to judge of their Absurdity. Or if we believe, as many

many wise and good Men have done, that there are such Phantoms and Apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to our selves an Interest in him who holds the Reins of the whole Creation in his Hand, and moderates them after such a Manner, that it is impossible for one Being to break loose upon another without his Knowledge and Permission.

FOR my own Part, I am apt to join in Opinion with those who believe that all the Regions of Nature swarm with Spirits; and that we have Multitudes of Spectators on all our Actions, when we think our selves most alone: But instead of terrifying my self with such a Notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable Society, in searching out the Wonders of the Creation, and joining in the same Consort of Praise and Adoration.

MILTON has finely described this mixed Communion of Men and Spirits in Paradise; and had doubtless his Eye upon a Verse in old *Hesiod*, which is almost Word for Word the same with his third Line in the following Passage.

——Nor think, though Men were none
That Heav'n would want Spectators, God want Praise:
Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;
All these with ceaseless Praise his Works behold
Both Day and Night. How often from the Steep
Of echoing Hill or Thicket, have we heard
Celestial Voices to the midnight Air,
Sole, or responsive each to others Note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in Bands,
While they keep Watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly Touch of instrumental Sounds,
In full harmonick Number join'd, their Songs
Divide the Night, and lift our Thoughts to Heav'n.

C

Thursday,

N° 13. *Thurſday, March* 15.

Dic mihi ſi fueras tu Leo qualis eris? Mart.

THERE is nothing that of late Years has afforded Matter of greater Amuſement to the Town than Signior *Nicolini*'s Combat with a Lion in the *Hay-Market*, which has been very often exhibited to the general Satisfaction of moſt of the Nobility and Gentry in the Kingdom of *Great Britain*. Upon the firſt Rumour of this intended Combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is ſtill believed by many in both Galleries, that there would be a tame Lion ſent from the *Tower* every Opera Night, in order to be killed by *Hydaſpes*; this Report, though altogether groundleſs, ſo univerſally prevailed in the upper Regions of the Play-houſe, that ſome of the moſt refined Politicians in thoſe Parts of the Audience gave it out in Whiſper, that the Lion was a Couſin-German of the Tyger who made his Appearance in King *William*'s Days, and that the Stage would be ſupplied with Lions at the publick Expence, during the whole Seſſion. Many likewiſe were the Conjectures of the Treatment which this Lion was to meet with from the Hands of Signior *Nicolini*; ſome ſuppoſed that he was to ſubdue him in *Recitative*, as *Orpheus* uſed to ſerve the wild Beaſts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the Head; ſome fancied that the Lion would not pretend to lay his Paws upon the Hero, by reaſon of the received Opinion, that a Lion will not hurt a Virgin: Several, who pretended to have ſeen the Opera in *Italy*, had informed their Friends, that the Lion was to act a Part in *High-Dutch*, and roar twice or thrice to a *Thorough-Baſe*, before he fell at the Feet of *Hydaſpes*. To clear up a Matter that was ſo variouſly reported, I have made it my Buſineſs to examine whether this pretended Lion is really the Savage he appears to be, or only a Counterfeit.

BUT

BUT before I communicate my Diſcoveries, I muſt acquaint the Reader, that upon my walking behind the Scenes laſt Winter, as I was thinking on ſomething elſe, I accidentally juſtled againſt a monſtrous Animal that extreamly ſtartled me, and upon my nearer Survey of it, appeared to be a Lion Rampant. The Lion, ſeeing me very much ſurprized, told me, in a gentle Voice, that I might come by him if I pleaſed: *For* (ſays he) *I do not intend to hurt any body.* I thanked him very kindly, and paſſed by him. And in a little time after ſaw him leap upon the Stage, and act his part with very great Applauſe. It has been obſerved by ſeveral, that the Lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice ſince his firſt Appearance; which will not ſeem ſtrange, when I acquaint my Reader that the Lion has been changed upon the Audience three ſeveral times. The firſt Lion was a Candle-ſnuffer, who being a Fellow of a teſty cholerick Temper over-did his Part, and would not ſuffer himſelf to be killed ſo eaſily as he ought to have done; beſides, it was obſerved of him, that he grew more ſurly every time he came out of the Lion; and having dropt ſome Words in ordinary Converſation, as if he had not fought his beſt, and that he ſuffered himſelf to be thrown upon his Back in the Scuffle, and that he would wreſtle with Mr. *Nicolini* for what he pleaſed out of his Lion's Skin, it was thought proper to diſcard him: And it is verily believed to this Day, that had he been brought upon the Stage another time, he would certainly have done Miſchief. Beſides, it was objected againſt the firſt Lion, that he reared himſelf ſo high upon his hinder Paws, and walked in ſo erect a Poſture, that he looked more like an old Man than a Lion.

THE ſecond Lion was a Taylor by Trade, who belonged to the Play-houſe, and had the Character of a mild and peaceable Man in his Profeſſion. If the former was too furious, this was too ſheepiſh, for his Part; inſomuch that after a ſhort modeſt Walk upon the Stage, he would fall at the firſt Touch of *Hydaſpes*, without grapling with him, and giving him an Opportunity of ſhowing his Variety of *Italian* Tripps: It is ſaid indeed, that he once gave him a Ripp in his fleſh-colour Doublet, but this was

only to make Work for himself, in his private Character of a Taylor. I must not omit that it was this second Lion who treated me with so much Humanity behind the Scenes.

THE Acting Lion at present is, as I am informed, a Country Gentleman, who does it for his Diversion, but desires his Name may be concealed. He says very handsomely in his own Excuse, that he does not Act for Gain, that he indulges an innocent Pleasure in it, and that it is better to pass away an Evening in this manner, than in Gaming and Drinking: But at the same time says, with a very agreeable Raillery upon himself, that if his Name should be known, the ill-natured World might call him, *The Ass in the Lion's Skin*. This Gentleman's Temper is made out of such a happy Mixture of the Mild and the Cholerick, that he out-does both his Predecessors, and has drawn together, greater Audiences than have been known in the Memory of Man.

I must not conclude my Narrative, without taking Notice of a groundless Report that has been raised, to a Gentleman's Disadvantage, of whom I must declare my self an Admirer; namely, that Signior *Nicolini* and the Lion have been sitting peaceably by one another, and smoaking a Pipe together behind the Scenes; by which their common Enemies would insinuate, that it is but a sham Combat which they represent upon the Stage: But upon Enquiry I find, that if any such Correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the Combat was over, when the Lion was to be look'd upon as dead, according to the received Rules of the *Drama*. Besides, this is what is practised every Day in *Westminster-Hall*, where nothing is more usual than to see a Couple of Lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the Court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this Relation, to reflect upon Signior *Nicolini*, who in Acting this Part only complies with the wretched Taste of his Audience; he knows very well, that the Lion has many more Admirers than himself; as they say of the famous *Equestrian* Statue on the *Pont Neuf* at *Paris*, that more People go to see

ſee the Horſe, than the King who ſits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a juſt Indignation, to ſee a Perſon whoſe Action gives new Majeſty to Kings, Reſolution to Heroes, and Softneſs to Lovers, thus ſinking from the Greatneſs of his Behaviour, and degraded into the Character of *the* London *Prentice*. I have often wiſhed that our Tragœdians would copy after this great Maſter in Action. Could they make the ſame Uſe of their Arms and Legs, and inform their Faces with as ſignificant Looks and Paſſions, how glorious would an *Engliſh* Tragedy appear with that Action, which is capable of giving a Dignity to the forced Thoughts, cold Conceits, and unnatural Expreſſions of an *Italian* Opera. In the mean time, I have related this Combat of the Lion, to ſhew what are at preſent the reigning Entertainments of the Politer Part of *Great Britain*.

AUDIENCES have often been reproached by Writers for the Coarſeneſs of their Taſte, but our preſent Grievance does not ſeem to be the Want of a good Taſte, but of Common Senſe. C

No. 14. *Friday, March* 16.

——*Teque his, Infelix, exue monſtris.* Ovid.

I Was reflecting this Morning upon the Spirit and Humour of the publick Diverſions Five and twenty Years ago, and thoſe of the preſent Time; and lamented to my ſelf, that though in thoſe Days they neglected their Morality, they kept up their Good Senſe; but that the *beau Monde* at preſent, is only grown more childiſh, not more innocent, than the former. While I was in this Train of Thought, an odd Fellow, whoſe Face I have often ſeen at the Play-Houſe, gave me the following Letter with theſe Words, *Sir, the Lion preſents his humble Service to you, and deſired me to give this into your own Hands.*

From my Den in the Hay-Market, March 15.

SIR,

'I Have read all your Papers, and have ſtifled my Reſentment againſt your Reflections upon Opera's, till that of this Day, wherein you plainly inſinuate that Signior *Grimaldi* and my ſelf have a Correſpondence more friendly than is conſiſtent with the Valour of his Character, or the Fierceneſs of mine. I deſire you would for your own ſake forbear ſuch Intimations for the future; and muſt ſay it is a great Piece of Ill-nature in you, to ſhew ſo great an Eſteem for a Foreigner, and to diſcourage a *Lion* that is your own Countryman.

'I take notice of your Fable of the Lion and Man, but am ſo equally concerned in that Matter, that I ſhall not be offended to which ſoever of the Animals the Superiority is given. You have miſ-repreſented me, in ſaying that I am a Country Gentlemen who act only for my Diverſion; whereas, had I ſtill the ſame Woods to range in which I once had when I was a Fox-hunter, I ſhould not reſign my Manhood for a Maintenance; and aſſure you, as low as my Circumſtances are at preſent, I am ſo much a Man of Honour, that I would ſcorn to be any Beaſt for Bread but a Lion.

Yours, &c.

I no ſooner ended this, than one of my Landlady's Children brought me in ſeveral others, with ſome of which I ſhall make up my preſent Paper, they all having a Tendency to the ſame Subject, *viz.* the Elegance of our preſent Diverſions,

SIR, *Covent-Garden, March* 13.

'I Have been for twenty Years Under-Sexton of this Pariſh of St. *Paul's Covent-Garden*, and have not miſſed tolling in to Prayers ſix times in all thoſe Years; which Office I have performed to my great Satisfaction, till this Fortnight laſt paſt, during which Time I find my Congregation take the Warning of my Bell,

'Morning

'Morning and Evening, to go to a Puppet-Show ſet 'forth by one *Powell* under the *Piazzas*. By this Means 'I have not only loſt my two Cuſtomers, whom I uſed 'to place for Six-pence a-piece over-againſt Mrs. *Rachel* '*Eye-bright*, but Mrs. *Rachel* her ſelf is gone thither alſo. 'There now appear among us none but a few ordinary 'People, who come to Church only to ſay their Prayers, 'ſo that I have no Work worth ſpeaking of but on *Sun-* '*days*. I have placed by Son at the *Piazzas*, to acquaint 'the Ladies that the Bell rings for Church, and that it 'ſtands on the other Side of the *Garden*; but they only 'laugh at the Child.

'I deſire you would lay this before all the World, that 'I may not be made ſuch a Tool for the future, and 'that Punchinello may chuſe Hours leſs canonical. As 'things are now, Mr. *Powell* has a full Congregation, 'while we have a very thin Houſe; which if you can 'remedy, you will very much oblige,

SIR,

Your &c.

THE following Epiſtle I find is from the Undertaker of the Maſquerade.

SIR,

'I Have obſerved the Rules of my Maſque ſo carefully, (in not enquiring into Perſons) that I cannot 'tell whether you were one of the Company or not laſt '*Tueſday*; but if you were not, and ſtill deſign to come, 'I deſire you would, for your own Entertainment, pleaſe 'to admoniſh the Town, that all Perſons indifferently 'are not fit for this Sort of Diverſion. I could wiſh, Sir, 'you could make them underſtand, that it is a kind of 'acting to go in Maſquerade, and a Man ſhould be able 'to ſay or do things proper for the Dreſs in which he 'appears. We have now and then Rakes in the Habit 'of *Roman* Senators, and grave Politicians in the Dreſs 'of Rakes. The Misfortune of the thing is, that People 'dreſs themſelves in what they have a Mind to be, and 'not what they are fit for. There is not a Girl in the

'Town, but let her have her Will in going to a Maſque, 'and ſhe ſhall dreſs as a Shepherdeſs. But let me beg 'of them to read the *Arcadia*, or ſome other good Ro'mance, before they appear in any ſuch Character at 'my Houſe. The laſt Day we preſented, every Body 'was ſo raſhly habited, that when they came to ſpeak 'to each other, a Nymph with a Crook had not a Word 'to ſay but in the pert Stile of the Pit Bawdry; and a 'Man in the Habit of a Philoſopher was ſpeechleſs, till an 'Occaſion offered of expreſſing himſelf in the Refuſe of 'the Tyring-Rooms. We had a Judge that danced a 'Minuet, with a Quaker for his Partner, while half a 'dozen Harlequins ſtood by as Spectators: A *Turk* drank 'me off two Bottles of Wine, and a *Jew* eat me up half 'a Ham of Bacon. If I can bring my Deſign to bear, 'and make the Maſquers preſerve their Characters in my 'Aſſemblies, I hope you will allow there is a Foundation 'laid for more elegant and improving Gallantries than 'any the Town at preſent affords; and conſequently, 'that you will give your Approbation to the Endeavours 'of,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant.

I am very glad the following Epiſtle obliges me to mention Mr. *Powell* a ſecond Time in the ſame Paper; for indeed there cannot be too great Encouragement given to his Skill in Motions, provided he is under proper Reſtrictions.

SIR,

'THE Opera at the *Hay-Market*, and that under the 'little *Piazza* in *Covent-Garden*, being at preſent 'the two leading Diverſions of the Town, and Mr. *Powell* 'profeſſing in his Advertiſements to ſet up *Whittington and 'his Cat* againſt *Rinaldo and Armida*, my Curioſity led 'me the Beginning of laſt Week to view both theſe Per'formances, and make my Obſervations upon them.

'FIRST therefore, I cannot but obſerve thar Mr. 'Powell wiſely forbearing to give his Company a Bill of 'Fare before-hand, every Scene is new and unexpected;

'whereas

'whereas it is certain, that the Undertakers of the *Hay-*
'*Market*, having raiſed too great an Expectation in their
'printed Opera, very much diſappoint their Audience on
'the Stage.

'THE King of *Jeruſalem* is obliged to come from
'the City on foot, inſtead of being drawn in a trium-
'phant Chariot by white Horſes, as my Opera-Book had
'promiſed me; and thus while I expected *Armida*'s Dra-
'gons ſhould ruſh forward towards *Argantes*, I found the
'Hero was obliged to go to *Armida*, and hand her out
'of her Coach. We had alſo but a very ſhort Allowance
'of Thunder and Lightning; tho' I cannot in this Place
'omit doing Juſtice to the Boy who had the Direction
'of the Two painted Dragons, and made them ſpit Fire
'and Smoke: He flaſh'd out his Roſin in ſuch juſt Pro-
'portions and in ſuch due Time, that I could not forbear
'conceiving Hopes of his being one Day a moſt excellent
'Player. I ſaw indeed but Two things wanting to ren-
'der his whole Action compleat, I mean the keeping his
'Head a little lower, and hiding his Candle.

'I obſerve that Mr. *Powell* and the Undertakers had
'both the ſame Thought, and I think much about the
'ſame time, of introducing Animals on their ſeveral
'Stages, tho' indeed with very different Succeſs. The
'Sparrows and Chaffinches at the *Hay-Market* fly as yet
'very irregularly over the Stage; and inſtead of perch-
'ing on the Trees and performing their Parts, theſe
'young Actors either get into the Galleries or put out
'the Candles; whereas Mr. *Powell* has ſo well diſciplined
'his Pig, that in the firſt Scene he and Punch dance a
'Minuet together. I am informed however, that Mr.
'*Powell* reſolves to excell his Adverſaries in their own
'Way; and introduce Larks in his next Opera of *Suſanna*
'or *Innocence betrayed*, which will be exhibited next Week
'with a Pair of new Elders.

'THE Moral of Mr. *Powell*'s Drama is violated, I
'confeſs, by Punch's national Reflections on the *French*,
'and King *Harry*'s laying his Leg upon the Queen's
'Lap in too ludicrous a manner before ſo great an As-
'ſembly.

'AS to the Mechaniſm and Scenary, every thing in-
'deed was uniform and of a Piece, and the Scenes were
'managed very dexterouſly; which calls on me to take
'Notice, that at the *Hay-Market* the Undertakers forget-
'ting to change their Side-Scenes, we were preſented with
'a Proſpect of the Ocean in the midſt of a delightful
'Grove; and tho' the Gentlemen on the Stage had very
'much contributed to the Beauty of the Grove by walking
'up and down between the Trees, I muſt own I was not
'a little aſtoniſhed to ſee a well-dreſſed young Fellow, in
'a full-bottomed Wigg, appear in the midſt of the Sea,
'and without any viſible Concern taking Snuff.

'I ſhall only obſerve one thing further, in which both
'Dramas agree; which is, that by the Squeak of their
'Voices the Heroes of each are Eunuchs; and as the
'Wit in both Pieces are equal, I muſt prefer the Perform-
'ance of Mr. *Powell*, becauſe it is in our own Language.

R *I am*, &c.

N° 15. *Saturday, March* 17.

Parva leves capiunt animos—— Ovid.

WHEN I was in *France*, I uſed to gaze with great Aſtoniſhment at the Splendid Equipages, and Party-coloured Habits, of that Fantaſtick Nation. I was one Day in particular contemplating a Lady, that ſate in a Coach adorned with gilded *Cupids*, and finely painted with the Loves of *Venus* and *Adonis*. The Coach was drawn by ſix milk-white Horſes, and loaden behind with the ſame Number of powdered Footmen. Juſt before the Lady were a Couple of beautiful Pages, that were ſtuck among the Harneſs, and, by their gay Dreſſes and ſmiling Features, looked like the elder Brothers of the little Boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the Coach.

THE

THE Lady was the unfortunate *Cleanthe*, who afterwards gave an Occaſion to a pretty melancholy Novel. She had, for ſeveral Years, received the Addreſſes of a Gentleman, whom after a long and intimate Acquaintance ſhe forſook, upon the Account of this ſhining Equipage, which had been offered to her by one of Great Riches, but a crazy Conſtitution. The Circumſtances in which I ſaw her, were, it ſeems, the Diſguiſes only of a broken Heart, and a kind of Pageantry to cover Diſtreſs; for in two Months after ſhe was carried to her Grave with the ſame Pomp and Magnificence; being ſent thither partly by the Loſs of one Lover, and partly by the Poſſeſſion of another.

I have often reflected with my ſelf on this unaccountable Humour in Woman-kind, of being ſmitten with every thing that is ſhowy and ſuperficial; and on the numberleſs Evils that befal the Sex, from this light, fantaſtical Diſpoſition. I my ſelf remember a young Lady, that was very warmly ſollicited by a Couple of importunate Rivals, who for ſeveral Months together did all they could to recommend themſelves by Complacency of Behaviour, and Agreeableneſs of Converſation. At length, when the Competition was doubtful, and the Lady undetermined in her Choice, one of the young Lovers very luckily bethought himſelf of adding a ſupernumerary Lace to his Liveries, which had ſo good an Effect that he married her the very Week after.

THE uſual Converſation of ordinary Women very much cheriſhes this natural Weakneſs of being taken with Outſide and Appearance. Talk of a new-married Couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their Coach and ſix, or eat in Plate: Mention the Name of an abſent Lady, and it is ten to one but you learn ſomething of her Gown and Petticoat. A Ball is a great Help to Diſcourſe, and a Birth-Day furniſhes Converſation for a Twelvemonth after. A Furbelow of precious Stones, an Hat buttoned with a Diamond, a Brocade Waiſtcoat or Petticoat are ſtanding Topicks. In ſhort, they conſider only the Drapery of the Species, and never caſt away a Thought on thoſe Ornaments of the Mind, that make Perſons Illuſtrious in themſelves, and Uſeful to others. When

Women are thus perpetually dazling one anothers Imaginations, and filling their Heads with nothing but Colours, it is no Wonder that they are more attentive to the ſuperficial Parts of Life, than the ſolid and ſubſtantial Bleſſings of it. A Girl, who has been trained up in this kind of Converſation, is in danger of every Embroidered Coat that comes in her Way. A Pair of fringed Gloves may be her Ruin. In a word, Lace and Ribbons, Silver and Gold Galloons, with the like glittering Gew-gaws, are ſo many Lures to Women of weak Minds or low Educations, and, when artificially diſplayed, are able to fetch down the moſt airy Coquet from the wildeſt of her Flights and Rambles.

TRUE Happineſs is of a retired Nature, and an Enemy to Pomp and Noiſe; it ariſes, in the firſt Place, from the Enjoyment of ones ſelf; and, in the next, from the Friendſhip and Converſation of a few ſelect Companions. It loves Shade and Solitude, and naturally haunts Groves and Fountains, Fields and Meadows: In ſhort, it feels every thing it wants within it ſelf, and receives no Addition from Multitudes of Witneſſes and Spectators. On the contrary, falſe Happineſs loves to be in a Crowd, and to draw the Eyes of the World upon her. She does not receive any Satisfaction from the Applauſes which ſhe gives her ſelf, but from the Admiration which ſhe raiſes in others. She flouriſhes in Courts and Palaces, Theatres and Aſſemblies, and has no Exiſtence but when ſhe is looked upon.

AURELIA, though a Woman of Great Quality, delights in the Privacy of a Country Life, and paſſes away a great part of her Time in her own Walks and Gardens. Her Husband, who is her Boſom Friend, and Companion in her Solitudes, has been in Love with her ever ſince he knew her. They both abound with good Senſe, conſummate Virtue, and a mutual Eſteem; and are a perpetual Entertainment to one another. Their Family is under ſo regular an Oeconomy, in its Hours of Devotion and Repaſt, Employment and Diverſion, that it looks like a little Common-wealth within it ſelf. They often go into Company, that they may return with the greater Delight to one another; and ſometimes live in Town, not to enjoy it ſo properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themſelves

themſelves the Reliſh of a Country Life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their Children, adored by their Servants, and are become the Envy, or rather the Delight, of all that know them.

HOW different to this is the Life of *Fulvia!* ſhe conſiders her Husband as her Steward, and looks upon Diſcretion and good Houſewifry as little domeſtick Virtues unbecoming a Woman of Quality. She thinks Life loſt in her own Family, and fancies her ſelf out of the World when ſhe is not in the Ring, the Play-houſe, or the Drawing-Room: She lives in a perpetual Motion of Body, and Reſtleſneſs of Thought, and is never eaſie in any one Place when ſhe thinks there is more Company in another. The miſſing of an Opera the firſt Night, would be more afflicting to her than the Death of a Child. She pities all the valuable part of her own Sex, and calls every Woman of a prudent modeſt retired Life, a poor-ſpirited unpoliſhed Creature. What a Mortification would it be to *Fulvia*, if ſhe knew that her ſetting her ſelf to View is but expoſing her ſelf, and that ſhe grows Contemptible by being Conſpicuous.

I cannot conclude my Paper, without obſerving that *Virgil* has very finely touched upon this Female Paſſion for Dreſs and Show, in the Character of *Camilla*; who, though ſhe ſeems to have ſhaken off all the other Weakneſſes of her Sex, is ſtill deſcribed as a Woman in this Particular. The Poet tells us, that after having made a great Slaughter of the Enemy, ſhe unfortunately caſt her Eye on a *Trojan* who wore an embroidered Tunick, a Beautiful Coat of Mail, with a Mantle of the fineſt Purple. *A Golden Bow*, ſays he, *hung upon his Shoulder; his Garment was buckled with a Golden Claſp, and his Head covered with an Helmet of the ſame ſhining Metal.* The *Amazon* immediately ſingled out this well-dreſſed Warrior, being ſeized with a Woman's Longing for the pretty Trappings that he was adorned with.

——Totumque incauta per agmen
Fœmineo prædæ & ſpoliorum ardebat amore.

This heedleſs Purſuit after theſe glittering Trifles, the Poet (by a nice concealed Moral) repreſents to have been the Deſtruction of his Female Hero.

N° 16. *Monday, March* 19.

Quod verum atque decens curo & rogo, & omnis in hoc sum. Hor.

I Have received a Letter, deſiring me to be very ſatyrical upon the little Muff that is now in Faſhion; another informs me of a Pair of ſilver Garters buckled below the Knee, that have been lately ſeen at the *Rainbow* Coffee-houſe in *Fleetſtreet*; a third ſends me an heavy Complaint againſt fringed Gloves. To be brief, there is ſcarce an Ornament of either Sex which one or other of my Correſpondents has not inveighed againſt with ſome Bitterneſs, and recommended to my Obſervation. I muſt therefore, once for all, inform my Readers, that it is not my Intention to ſink the Dignity of this my Paper with Reflections upon Red-heels or Top-knots, but rather to enter into the Paſſions of Mankind, and to correct thoſe depraved Sentiments that give Birth to all thoſe little Extravagances which appear in their outward Dreſs and Behaviour. Foppiſh and fantaſtick Ornaments are only Indications of Vice, not criminal in themſelves. Extinguiſh Vanity in the Mind, and you naturally retrench the little Superfluities of Garniture and Equipage. The Bloſſoms will fall of themſelves, when the Root that nouriſhes them is deſtroyed.

I ſhall therefore, as I have ſaid, apply my Remedies to the firſt Seeds and Principles of an affected Dreſs, without deſcending to the Dreſs it ſelf; though at the ſame time I muſt own, that I have Thoughts of creating an Officer under me, to be entituled *The Cenſor of ſmall Wares*, and of allotting him one Day in a Week for the Execution of ſuch his Office. An Operator of this Nature might act under me, with the ſame Regard as a Surgeon to a Phyſician; the one might be employed in healing thoſe Blotches and Tumours which break out in the Body, while the other is ſweetning the Blood and rectify-

rectifying the Conſtitution. To ſpeak truly, the young People of both Sexes are ſo wonderfully apt to ſhoot out into long Swords or ſweeping Trains, buſhy Head-dreſſes or full-bottomed Perriwigs, with ſeveral other Incumbrances of Dreſs, that they ſtand in need of being pruned very frequently, leſt they ſhould be oppreſſed with Ornaments, and over-run with the Luxuriency of their Habits. I am much in doubt, whether I ſhould give the Preference to a Quaker that is trimmed cloſe and almoſt cut to the Quick, or to a Beau that is loaden with ſuch a Redundance of Excreſcences. I muſt therefore deſire my Correſpondents to let me know how they approve my Project, and whether they think the erecting of ſuch a petty Cenſorſhip may not turn to the Emolument of the Publick; for I would not do any thing of this Nature raſhly and without Advice.

THERE is another Set of Correſpondents to whom I muſt addreſs my ſelf in the ſecond Place; I mean, ſuch as fill their Letters with private Scandal, and black Accounts of particular Perſons and Families. The World is ſo full of Ill-nature, that I have Lampoons ſent me by People who cannot ſpell, and Satyrs compoſed by thoſe who ſcarce know how to write. By the laſt Poſt in particular I received a Packet of Scandal which is not legible; and have a whole Bundle of Letters in Womens Hands that are full of Blots and Calumnies, inſomuch that when I ſee the Name *Celia*, *Phillis*, *Paſtora*, or the like, at the Bottom of a Scrawl, I conclude on courſe that it brings me ſome Account of a fallen Virgin, a faithleſs Wife, or an amorous Widow. I muſt therefore inform theſe my Correſpondents, that it is not my Deſign to be a Publiſher of Intreagues and Cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous Stories out of their preſent lurking Holes into broad Day-light. If I attack the Vicious, I ſhall only ſet upon them in a Body; and will not be provoked by the worſt Uſage I can receive from others, to make an Example of any particular Criminal. In ſhort, I have ſo much of a *Drawcanſir* in me, that I ſhall paſs over a ſingle Foe to charge whole Armies. It is not *Lais* or *Silenus*, but the Harlot and the Drunkard, whom I ſhall endeavour to expoſe; and ſhall conſider the Crime

as

as it appears in a Species, nor as it is circumſtanced in an Individual. I think it was *Caligula* who wiſhed the whole City of *Rome* had but one Neck, that he might behead them at a Blow. I ſhall do out of Humanity, what that Emperor would have done in the Cruelty of his Temper, and aim every Stroak at a collective Body of Offenders. At the ſame time I am very ſenſible, that nothing ſpreads a Paper like private Calumny and Defamation; but as my Speculations are not under this Neceſſity, they are not expoſed to this Temptation.

IN the next Place I muſt apply my ſelf to my Party-Correſpondents, who are continually teazing me to take Notice of one another's Proceedings. How often am I asked by both Sides, if it is poſſible for me to be an unconcerned Spectator of the Rogueries that are committed by the Party which is oppoſite to him that writes the Letter. About two Days ſince I was reproached with an old *Grecian* Law, that forbids any Man to ſtand as a Neuter or a Looker-on in the Diviſions of his Country. However, as I am very ſenſible my Paper would loſe its whole Effect, ſhould it run into the Outrages of a Party, I ſhall take Care to keep clear of every thing which looks that Way. If I can any way aſſwage private Inflammations, or allay publick Ferments, I ſhall apply my ſelf to it with my utmoſt Endeavours; but will never let my Heart reproach me, with having done any thing towards encreaſing thoſe Feuds and Animoſities that extinguiſh Religion, deface Government, and make a Nation miſerable.

WHAT I have ſaid under the three foregoing Heads, will, I am afraid, very much retrench the Number of my Correſpondents: I ſhall therefore acquaint my Reader, that if he has ſtarted any Hint which he is not able to purſue, if he has met with any ſurprizing Story which he does not know how to tell, if he has diſcovered any Epidemical Vice which has eſcaped my Obſervation, or has heard of any uncommon Virtue which he would deſire to publiſh; in ſhort, if he has any Materials that can furniſh out an innocent Diverſion, I ſhall promiſe him my beſt Aſſiſtance in the working of them up for a publick Entertainment.

THIS

THIS Paper my Reader will find was intended for an Anſwer to a Multitude of Correſpondents; but I hope he will pardon me if I ſingle out one of them in particular, who has made me ſo very humble a Requeſt, that I cannot forbear complying with it.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR, *March* 15, 1710-11.

'I Am at preſent ſo unfortunate, as to have nothing to 'do but to mind my own Buſineſs; and therefore 'beg of you that you will be pleaſed to put me into 'ſome ſmall Poſt under you. I obſerve that you have 'appointed your Printer and Publiſher to receive Letters 'and Advertiſements for the City of *London*; and ſhall 'think my ſelf very much honoured by you, if you will 'appoint me to take in Letters and Advertiſements for 'the City of *Weſtminſter* and the Dutchy of *Lancaſter*. 'Though I cannot promiſe to fill ſuch an Employment 'with ſufficient Abilities, I will endeavour to make up 'with Induſtry and Fidelity what I want in Parts and 'Genius. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient Servant,

C Charles Lillie.

N° 17. *Tueſday, March* 20.

——*Tetrum ante Omnia vultum.* Juv.

SINCE our Perſons are not of our own Making, when they are ſuch as appear Defective or Uncomely, it is, methinks, an honeſt and laudable Fortitude to dare to be Ugly; at leaſt to keep our ſelves from being abaſhed with a Conſciouſneſs of Imperfections which we cannot help, and in which there is no Guilt. I would not

not defend an haggard Beau, for passing away much time at a Glass, and giving Softnesses and Languishing Graces to Deformity: All I intend is, that we ought to be contented with our Countenance and Shape, so far, as never to give our selves an uneasie Reflection on that Subject. It is to the ordinary People, who are not accustomed to make very proper Remarks on any Occasion, matter of great Jest, if a Man enters with a prominent Pair of Shoulders into an Assembly, or is distinguished by an Expansion of Mouth, or Obliquity of Aspect. It is happy for a Man, that has any of these Oddnesses about him, if he can be as merry upon himself, as others are apt to be upon that Occasion: When he can possess himself with such a Chearfulness, Women and Children, who were at first frighted at him, will afterwards be as much pleased with him. As it is barbarous in others to railly him for natural Defects, it is extreamly agreeable when he can Jest upon himself for them.

MADAM *Maintenon*'s first Husband was an Hero in this Kind, and has drawn many Pleasantries from the Irregularity of his Shape, which he describes as very much resembling the Letter Z. He diverts himself likewise by representing to his Reader the Make of an Engine and Pully, with which he used to take off his Hat. When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a Visage, and the Owner of it thinks it an Aspect of Dignity, he must be of very great Quality to be exempt from Raillery: The best Expedient therefore is to be pleasant upon himself. Prince *Harry* and *Falstaffe*, in *Shakespear*, have carried the Ridicule upon Fat and Lean as far as it will go. *Falstaffe* is humourously called *Woolsack*, *Bed-presser*, and *Hill of Flesh*; *Harry*, a *Starveling*, an *Elves-Skin*, *a Sheath*, a *Bow-case*, and a *Tuck*. There is, in several Incidents of the Conversation between them, the Jest still kept up upon the Person. Great Tenderness and Sensibility in this Point is one of the greatest Weaknesses of Self-love. For my own part, I am a little unhappy in the Mold of my Face, which is not quite so long as it is broad: Whether this might not partly arise from my opening my Mouth much seldomer than other People, and by Consequence not so much lengthning the Fibres of my Visage, I am not at leisure

leiſure to determine. However it be, I have been often put out of Countenance by the Shortneſs of my Face, and was formerly at great Pains in concealing it by wearing a Perriwig with an high Foretop, and letting my Beard grow. But now I have thoroughly got over this Delicacy, and could be contented it were much ſhorter, provied it might qualifie me for a Member of the Merry Club, which the following Letter gives me an Account of. I have received it from *Oxford*, and as it abounds with the Spirit of Mirth and good Humour which is natural to that Place, I ſhall ſet it down Word for Word as it came to me.

Moſt Profound Sir,

'HAVING been very well entertained, in the laſt 'of your Speculations that I have yet ſeen, by 'your Specimen upon Clubs, which I therefore hope you 'will continue, I ſhall take the Liberty to furniſh you 'with a brief Account of ſuch a one as perhaps you have 'not ſeen in all your Travels, unleſs it was your Fortune 'to touch upon ſome of the woody Parts of the *African* 'Continent, in your Voyage to or from *Grand Cairo*. 'There have aroſe in this Univerſity (long ſince you left 'us without ſaying any thing) ſeveral of theſe inferior 'Hebdomadal Societies, as *the Punning Club*, *the Witty* '*Club*, and amongſt the reſt *the Handſome Club*; as 'a Burleſque upon which, a certain merry Species, 'that ſeem to have come into the World in Maſquerade, 'for ſome Years laſt paſt have aſſociated themſelves to'gether, and aſſumed the Name of *the Ugly Club*: This 'ill-favoured Fraternity conſiſts of a Preſident and twelve 'Fellows; the Choice of which is not confined by Pa'tent to any particular Foundation, (as St. *John's* Men 'would have the World believe, and have therefore erect'ed a ſeparate Society within themſelves) but Liberty 'is left to elect from any School in *Great Britain*, pro'vided the Candidates be within the Rules of the 'Club, as ſet forth in a Table, entituled, *The Act of* '*Deformity*. A Clauſe or two of which I ſhall tranſmit 'to you.

'1. THAT

'I. THAT no Perſon whatſoever ſhall be admitted 'without a viſible Quearity in his Aſpect, or peculiar 'Caſt of Countenance; of which the Preſident and Offi-'cers for the time being are to determine, and the Pre-'ſident to have the caſting Voice.

'II. THAT a ſingular Regard be had, upon Exami-'nation, to the Gibboſity of the Gentlemen that offer 'themſelves, as Founders Kinſmen; or to the Obliquity 'of their Figure, in what ſort ſoever.

'III. THAT if the Quantity of any Man's Noſe be 'eminently miſcalculated, whether as to Length or 'Breadth, he ſhall have a juſt Pretence to be elected.

'*Laſtly*, THAT if there ſhall be two or more Com-'petitors for the ſame Vacancy, *ceteris paribus*, he that 'has the thickeſt Skin to have the Preference.

'EVERY freſh Member, upon his firſt Night, is to 'entertain the Company with a Diſh of Cod-fiſh, and a 'Speech in Praiſe of *Æſop*; whoſe Portraiture they have 'in full Proportion, or rather Diſproportion, over the 'Chimney; and their Deſign is, as ſoon as their Funds 'are ſufficient, to purchaſe the Heads of *Therſites*, *Duns 'Scotus*, *Searron*, *Hudibraſs*, and the old Gentleman in '*Oldham*, with all the celebrated ill Faces of Antiquity, as 'Furniture for the Club-Room.

'AS they have always been profeſſed Admirers of the 'other Sex, ſo they unanimouſly declare that they will 'give all poſſible Encouragement to ſuch as will take the 'Benefit of the Statute, though none yet have appeared 'to do it.

'THE worthy Preſident, who is their moſt devoted 'Champion, has lately ſhewn me two Copies of Verſes 'compoſed by a Gentleman of his Society; the firſt, a 'Congratulatory Ode inſcribed to Mrs. *Touchwood*, upon 'the loſs of her two Fore-teeth; the other, a Panegyrick 'upon Mrs. *Andiron*'s left Shoulder. Mrs. *Vizard* (he 'ſays) ſince the Small Pox, is grown tolerably ugly, and 'a top Toaſt in the Club; but I never hear him ſo laviſh 'of his fine Things, as upon old *Nell Trot*, who conſtant-'ly officiates at their Table; her he even adores and ex-'tols as the very Counterpart of Mother *Shipton*; in ſhort, '*Nell* (ſays he) is one of the Extraordinary Works of Na-

'ture;

'ture; but as for Complexion, Shape, and Features, ſo 'valued by others, they are all mere Outſide and Sym- 'metry, which is his Averſion. Give me leave to add, 'that the Preſident is a facetious pleaſant Gentleman, and 'never more ſo, than when he has got (as he calls 'em) 'his dear Mummers about him; and he often proteſts it 'does him good to meet a Fellow with a right genuine 'Grimace in his Air, (which is ſo agreeable in the gene- 'rality of the *French* Nation;) and, as an Inſtance of his 'Sincerity in this particular, he gave me a ſight of a Liſt 'in his Pocket-book of all of this Claſs, who for theſe 'five Years have fallen under his Obſervation, with him- 'ſelf at the Head of 'em, and in the Rear (as one of a 'promiſing and improving Aſpect)

SIR,

Oxford, March 12, 1710. *Your Obliged and Humble Servant*,

R Alexander Carbuncle.

N° 18. *Wedneſday, March* 21.

——Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos & gaudia vana. Hor.

IT is my Deſign in this Paper to deliver down to Poſterity a faithful Account of the *Italian* Opera, and of the gradual Progreſs which it has made upon the *Engliſh* Stage: For there is no Queſtion but our great Grand-children will be very curious to know the Reaſon why their Forefathers uſed to ſit together like an Audience of Foreigners in their own Country, and to hear whole Plays acted before them in a Tongue which they did not underſtand.

ARSINOE was the firſt Opera that gave us a Taſte of *Italian* Muſick. The great Succeſs this Opera met with,

with, produced ſome Attempts of forming Pieces upon *Italian* Plans, which ſhould give a more natural and reaſonable Entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate Trifles of that Nation. This alarmed the Poetaſters and Fidlers of the Town, who were uſed to deal in a more ordinary kind of Ware; and therefore laid down an eſtabliſhed Rule, which is received as ſuch to this Day, *That nothing is capable of being well ſet to Muſick that is not Nonſenſe.*

THIS Maxim was no ſooner received, but we immediately fell to tranſlating the *Italian* Opera's; and as there was no great Danger of hurting the Senſe of thoſe extraordinary Pieces, our Authors would often make Words of their own which were entirely foreign to the Meaning of the Paſſages they pretended to tranſlate; their chief Care being to make the Numbers of the *Engliſh* Verſe anſwer to thoſe of the *Italian*, that both of them might go to the ſame Tune. Thus the famous Song in *Camilla*,

Barbara ſi t' intendo, &c.

Barbarous Woman, yes, I know your Meaning,

which expreſſes the Reſentment of an angry Lover, was tranſlated into that *Engliſh* Lamentation,

Frail are a Lover's Hopes, &c.

And it was pleaſant enough to ſee the moſt refined Perſons of the *Britiſh* Nation dying away and languiſhing to Notes that were filled with a Spirit of Rage and Indignation. It happened alſo very frequently, where the Senſe was rightly tranſlated, the neceſſary Tranſpoſition of Words which were drawn out of the Phraſe of one Tongue into that of another, made the Muſick appear very abſurd in one Tongue that was very natural in the other. I remember an *Italian* Verſe that ran thus Word for Word,

And turn'd my Rage into Pity;

which the *Engliſh* for Rhime ſake tranſlated,

And into Pity turn'd my Rage.

By this means the ſoft Notes that were adapted to *Pity* in the *Italian*, fell upon the Word *Rage* in the *Engliſh*;

and

and the angry Sounds that were tuned to *Rage* in the Original, were made to expreſs *Pity* in the Tranſlation. It oftentimes happened likewiſe, that the fineſt Notes in the Air fell upon the moſt inſignificant Words in the Sentence. I have known the Word *And* purſued through the whole Gamut, have been entertained with many a melodious *The*, and have heard the moſt beautiful Graces, Quavers, and Diviſions beſtowed upon *The*, *For*, and *From*; to the eternal Honour of our *Engli*[illegible].

THE next Step to our Refin[illegible] was the introducing of *Italian* Actors into our Opera; who ſ[illegible] their Parts in their own Language, at the ſame time [illegible] our Country-men performed theirs in our native Tongue. The King or Hero of the Play generally ſpoke in *Italian*, and his Slaves anſwered him in *Engliſh*: The Lover frequently made his Court, and gained the Heart of his Princeſs, in a Language which ſhe did not underſtand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on Dialogues after this Manner, without an Interpreter between the Perſons that converſed together; but this was the State of the *Engliſh* Stage for about three Years.

AT length the Audience grew tired of underſtanding Half the Opera, and therefore to eaſe themſelves intirely of the Fatigue of Thinking, have ſo ordered it at preſent, that the whole Opera is performed in an unknown Tongue. We no longer underſtand the Language of our own Stage; inſomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have ſeen our *Italian* Performers chattering in the Vehemence of Action, that they have been calling us Names, and abuſing us among themſelves; but I hope, ſince we do put ſuch an entire Confidence in them, they will not talk againſt us before our Faces, though they may do it with the ſame Safety as if it were behind our Backs. In the mean time, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an Hiſtorian who writes two or three hundred Years hence, and does not know the Taſte of his wiſe Fore-fathers, will make the following Reflection, *In the Beginning of the Eighteenth Century the* Italian *Tongue was ſo well underſtood in* England, *that Opera's were acted on the publick Stage in that Language.*

ONE

ONE ſcarce knows how to be ſerious in the Confutation of an Abſurdity that ſhews itſelf at the firſt Sight. It does not want any great meaſure of Senſe to ſee the Ridicule of this monſtrous Practice; but what makes it the more aſtoniſhing, it is not the Taſte of the Rabble, but of Perſons of the greateſt Politeneſs, which has eſtabliſhed it.

IF the *Italians* have a Genius for Muſick above the *Engliſh*, the *Engliſh* have a Genius for other Performances of a much higher Nature, and capable of giving the Mind a much nobler Entertaiment. Would one think it was poſſible (at a Time when an Author lived that was able to write the *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*) for a People to be ſo ſtupidly fond of the *Italian* Opera, as ſcarce to give a third Day's Hearing to that admirable Tragedy? Muſick is certainly a very agreeable Entertainment, but if it would take the entire Poſſeſſion of our Ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing Senſe, if it would exclude Arts that have a much greater Tendency to the Refinement of human Nature; I muſt confeſs I would allow it no better Quarter than *Plato* has done, who baniſhes it out of his Common-wealth.

AT preſent, our Notions of Muſick are ſo very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only, in general, we are tranſported with any thing that is not *Engliſh*: So it be of a foreign Growth, let it be *Italian*, *French*, or *High-Dutch*, it is the ſame thing. In ſhort, the *Engliſh* Muſick is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its ſtead.

WHEN a Royal Palace is burnt to the Ground, every Man is at Liberty to preſent his Plan for a new one; and though it be but indifferently put together, it may furniſh ſeveral Hints that may be of Uſe to a good Architect. I ſhall take the ſame Liberty in a following Paper, of giving my Opinion upon the Subject of Muſick; which I ſhall lay down only in a problematical Manner, to be conſidered by thoſe who are Maſters in the Art. C

Thurſday,

№ 19. *Thurſday, March* 22.

Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque puſilli
Finxerunt animi, varò & perpauca loquentis. Hor.

OBSERVING one Perſon behold another, who was an utter Stranger to him, with a Caſt of his Eye, which, methought, expreſſed an Emotion of Heart very different from what could be raiſed by an Object ſo agreeable as the Gentleman he looked at, I began to conſider, not without ſome ſecret Sorrow, the Condition of an Envious Man. Some have fancied that Envy has a certain Magical Force in it, and that the Eyes of the Envious have by their Faſcination blaſted the Enjoyments of the Happy. Sir *Francis Bacon* ſays, Some have been ſo curious as to remark the Times and Seaſons when the Stroke of an Envious Eye is moſt effectually pernicious, and have obſerved that it has been when the Perſon envied has been in any Circumſtance of Glory and Triumph. At ſuch a time the Mind of the Proſperous Man goes, as it were, abroad, among things without him, and is more expoſed to the Malignity. But I ſhall not dwell upon Speculations ſo abſtracted as this, or repeat the many excellent Things which one might collect out of Authors upon this miſerable Affection; but keeping in the Road of common Life, conſider the Envious Man with relation to theſe three Heads, His Pains, His Reliefs, and His Happineſs.

THE Envious Man is in Pain upon all Occaſions which ought to give him Pleaſure. The Reliſh of his Life is inverted; and the Objects which adminiſter the higheſt Satisfaction to thoſe who are exempt from this Paſſion, give the quickeſt Pangs to Perſons who are ſubject to it. All the Perfections of their Fellow-Creatures are odious: Youth, Beauty, Valour and Wiſdom are Provocations of their Diſpleaſure. What a Wretched and Apoſtate State is this! To be offended with Excellence, and to have a Man

Man becauſe we approve him! The Condition of the Envious Man is the moſt emphatically miſerable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's Merit or Succeſs, but lives in a World wherein all Mankind are in a Plot againſt his Quiet, by ſtudying their own Happineſs and Advantage. *Will. Proſper* is an honeſt Tale-bearer, he makes it his buſineſs to join in Converſation with Envious Men. He points to ſuch an handſom young Fellow, and whiſpers that he is ſecretly married to a great Fortune: When they doubt, he adds Circumſtances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their Diſtreſs, by aſſuring 'em that to his Knowledge he has an Uncle will leave him ſome Thouſands. *Will.* has many Arts of this kind to torture this ſort of Temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change Colour, and ſay faintly they wiſh ſuch a piece of News is true, he has the Malice to ſpeak ſome good or other of every Man of their Acquaintance.

THE Reliefs of the Envious Man are thoſe little Blemiſhes and Imperfections that diſcover themſelves in an Illuſtrious Character. It is matter of great Conſolation to an Envious Perſon, when a Man of known Honour does a thing unworthy himſelf: Or when any Action which was well executed, upon better Information appears ſo altered in its Circumſtances, that the Fame of it is divided among Many, inſtead of being attributed to One. This is a ſecret Satisfaction to theſe Malignants; for the Perſon whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own Condition as ſoon as his Merit is ſhared among others. I remember ſome Years ago there came out an Excellent Poem without the Name of the Author. The little Wits, who were incapable of Writing it, began to pull in Pieces the ſuppoſed Writer. When that would not do, they took great Pains to ſuppreſs the Opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next Refuge was to ſay it was overlooked by one Man, and many Pages wholly written by another. An honeſt Fellow, who ſate among a Cluſter of them in debate on this Subject, cryed out, *Gentlemen, if you are ſure none of you your ſelves had an hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it.* But the moſt uſual Succour to the Envious,

BUT before I communicate my Diſcoveries, I muſt acquaint the Reader, that upon my walking behind the Scenes laſt Winter, as I was thinking on ſomething elſe, I accidentally juſtled againſt a monſtrous Animal that extreamly ſtartled me, and upon my nearer Survey of it, appeared to be a Lion Rampant. The Lion, ſeeing me very much ſurprized, told me, in a gentle Voice, that I might come by him if I pleaſed: *For* (ſays he) *I do not intend to hurt any body*. I thanked him very kindly, and paſſed by him. And in a little time after ſaw him leap upon the Stage, and act his part with very great Applauſe. It has been obſerved by ſeveral, that the Lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice ſince his firſt Appearance; which will not ſeem ſtrange, when I acquaint my Reader that the Lion has been changed upon the Audience three ſeveral times. The firſt Lion was a Candle-ſnuffer, who being a Fellow of a teſty cholerick Temper over-did his Part, and would not ſuffer himſelf to be killed ſo eaſily as he ought to have done; beſides, it was obſerved of him, that he grew more ſurly every time he came out of the Lion; and having dropt ſome Words in ordinary Converſation, as if he had not fought his beſt, and that he ſuffered himſelf to be thrown upon his Back in the Scuffle, and that he would wreſtle with Mr. *Nicolini* for what he pleaſed out of his Lion's Skin, it was thought proper to diſcard him: And it is verily believed to this Day, that had he been brought upon the Stage another time, he would certainly have done Miſchief. Beſides, it was objected againſt the firſt Lion, that he reared himſelf ſo high upon his hinder Paws, and walked in ſo erect a Poſture, that he looked more like an old Man than a Lion.

THE ſecond Lion was a Taylor by Trade, who belonged to the Play-houſe, and had the Character of a mild and peaceable Man in his Profeſſion. If the former was too furious, this was too ſheepiſh, for his Part; inſomuch that after a ſhort modeſt Walk upon the Stage, he would fall at the firſt Touch of *Hydaſpes*, without grapling with him, and giving him an Opportunity of ſhowing his Variety of *Italian* Tripps: It is ſaid indeed, that he once gave him a Ripp in his fleſh-colour Doublet, but this was

only to make Work for himself, in his private Character of a Taylor. I must not omit that it was this second Lion who treated me with so much Humanity behind the Scenes.

THE Acting Lion at present is, as I am informed, a Country Gentleman, who does it for his Diversion, but desires his Name may be concealed. He says very handsomely in his own Excuse, that he does not Act for Gain, that he indulges an innocent Pleasure in it, and that it is better to pass away an Evening in this manner, than in Gaming and Drinking: But at the same time says, with a very agreeable Raillery upon himself, that if his Name should be known, the ill-natured World might call him, *The Ass in the Lion's Skin.* This Gentleman's Temper is made out of such a happy Mixture of the Mild and the Cholerick, that he out-does both his Predecessors, and has drawn together, greater Audiences than have been known in the Memory of Man.

I must not conclude my Narrative, without taking Notice of a groundless Report that has been raised, to a Gentleman's Disadvantage, of whom I must declare my self an Admirer; namely, that Signior *Nicolini* and the Lion have been sitting peaceably by one another, and smoaking a Pipe together behind the Scenes; by which their common Enemies would insinuate, that it is but a sham Combat which they represent upon the Stage: But upon Enquiry I find, that if any such Correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the Combat was over, when the Lion was to be look'd upon as dead, according to the received Rules of the *Drama*. Besides, this is what is practised every Day in *Westminster-Hall*, where nothing is more usual than to see a Couple of Lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the Court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this Relation, to reflect upon Signior *Nicolini*, who in Acting this Part only complies with the wretched Taste of his Audience; he knows very well, that the Lion has many more Admirers than himself; as they say of the famous *Equestrian* Statue on the *Pont Neuf* at *Paris*, that more People go to

see the Horse, than the King who sits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a just Indignation, to see a Person whose Action gives new Majesty to Kings, Resolution to Heroes, and Softness to Lovers, thus sinking from the Greatness of his Behaviour, and degraded into the Character of *the* London *Prentice*. I have often wished that our Tragœdians would copy after this great Master in Action. Could they make the same Use of their Arms and Legs, and inform their Faces with as significant Looks and Passions, how glorious would an *English* Tragedy appear with that Action, which is capable of giving a Dignity to the forced Thoughts, cold Conceits, and unnatural Expressions of an *Italian* Opera. In the mean time, I have related this Combat of the Lion, to shew what are at present the reigning Entertainments of the Politer Part of *Great Britain*.

AUDIENCES have often been reproached by Writers for the Coarseness of their Taste, but our present Grievance does not seem to be the Want of a good Taste, but of Common Sense. C

No. 14. *Friday, March* 16.

——*Teque his, Infelix, exue monstris.* Ovid.

I Was reflecting this Morning upon the Spirit and Humour of the publick Diversions Five and twenty Years ago, and those of the present Time; and lamented to my self, that though in those Days they neglected their Morality, they kept up their Good Sense; but that the *busy Mondo* at present, is only grown more childish, not more innocent, than the former. While I was in this Train of Thought, an old Fellow, whose Face I have often seen at the Play-House, gave me the following Letter with these Words, *Sir, the Lion presents his humble Service to you, and desired me to give this into your own Hands.*

From my Den in the Hay-Market, March 15.

SIR,

'I Have read all your Papers, and have ſtifled my Reſentment againſt your Reflections upon Opera's, till that of this Day, wherein you plainly inſinuate that Signior *Grimaldi* and my ſelf have a Correſpondence more friendly than is conſiſtent with the Valour of his Character, or the Fierceneſs of mine. I deſire you would for your own ſake forbear ſuch Intimations for the future; and muſt ſay it is a great Piece of Ill-nature in you, to ſhew ſo great an Eſteem for a Foreigner, and to diſcourage a *Lion* that is your own Countryman.

'I take notice of your Fable of the Lion and Man, but am ſo equally concerned in that Matter, that I ſhall not be offended to which ſoever of the Animals the Superiority is given. You have miſ-repreſented me, in ſaying that I am a Country Gentlemen who act only for my Diverſion; whereas, had I ſtill the ſame Woods to range in which I once had when I was a Fox-hunter, I ſhould not reſign my Manhood for a Maintenance; and aſſure you, as low as my Circumſtances are at preſent, I am ſo much a Man of Honour, that I would ſcorn to be any Beaſt for Bread but a Lion.

Yours, &c.

I no ſooner ended this, than one of my Landlady's Children brought me in ſeveral others, with ſome of which I ſhall make up my preſent Paper, they all having a Tendency to the ſame Subject, *viz.* the Elegance of our preſent Diverſions,

SIR, *Covent-Garden*, *March* 13.

'I Have been for twenty Years Under-Sexton of this Pariſh of St. *Paul's Covent-Garden*, and have not miſſed tolling in to Prayers ſix times in all thoſe Years; which Office I have performed to my great Satisfaction, till this Fortnight laſt paſt, during which Time I find my Congregation take the Warning of my Bell,

Morning

'Morning and Evening, to go to a Puppet-Show set 'forth by one *Powell* under the *Piazzas*. By this Means 'I have not only loſt my two Cuſtomers, whom I uſed 'to place for Six-pence a-piece over-againſt Mrs. *Rachel* '*Eye-bright*, but Mrs. *Rachel* her ſelf is gone thither alſo. 'There now appear among us none but a few ordinary 'People, who come to Church only to ſay their Prayers, 'ſo that I have no Work worth ſpeaking of but on *Sun-* '*days*. I have placed by Son at the *Piazzas*, to acquaint 'the Ladies that the Bell rings for Church, and that it 'ſtands on the other Side of the *Garden*; but they only 'laugh at the Child.

'I deſire you would lay this before all the World, that 'I may not be made ſuch a Tool for the future, and 'that Punchinello may chuſe Hours leſs canonical. As 'things are now, Mr. *Powell* has a full Congregation, 'while we have a very thin Houſe; which if you can 'remedy, you will very much oblige,

SIR,

Your, &c.

THE following Epiſtle I find is from the Undertaker of the Maſquerade.

SIR,

'I Have obſerved the Rules of my Maſque ſo careful- 'ly, (in not enquiring into Perſons) that I cannot 'tell whether you were one of the Company or not laſt '*Tueſday*; but if you were not, and ſtill deſign to come, 'I deſire you would, for your own Entertainment, pleaſe 'to admoniſh the Town, that all Perſons indifferently 'are not fit for this Sort of Diverſion. I could wiſh, Sir, 'you could make them underſtand, that it is a kind of 'acting to go in Maſquerade, and a Man ſhould be able 'to ſay or do things proper for the Dreſs in which he 'appears. We have now and then Rakes in the Habit 'of *Roman* Senators, and grave Politicians in the Dreſs 'of Rakes. The Misfortune of the thing is, that People 'dreſs themſelves in what they have a Mind to be, and 'not what they are fit for. There is not a Girl in the 'Town,

'Town, but let her have her Will in going to a Maſque, 'and ſhe ſhall dreſs as a Shepherdeſs. But let me beg 'of them to read the *Arcadia*, or ſome other good Ro'mance, before they appear in any ſuch Character at 'my Houſe. The laſt Day we preſented, every Body 'was ſo raſhly habited, that when they came to ſpeak 'to each other, a Nymph with a Crook had not a Word 'to ſay but in the pert Stile of the Pit Bawdry; and a 'Man in the Habit of a Philoſopher was ſpeechleſs, till an 'Occaſion offered of expreſſing himſelf in the Refuſe of 'the Tyring-Rooms. We had a Judge that danced a 'Minuet, with a Quaker for his Partner, while half a 'dozen Harlequins ſtood by as Spectators: A *Turk* drank 'me off two Bottles of Wine, and a *Jew* eat me up half 'a Ham of Bacon. If I can bring my Deſign to bear, 'and make the Maſquers preſerve their Characters in my 'Aſſemblies, I hope you will allow there is a Foundation 'laid for more elegant and improving Gallantries than 'any the Town at preſent affords; and conſequently, 'that you will give your Approbation to the Endeavours 'of,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant.

I am very glad the following Epiſtle obliges me to mention Mr. *Powell* a ſecond Time in the ſame Paper; for indeed there cannot be too great Encouragement given to his Skill in Motions, provided he is under proper Reſtrictions.

SIR,

'THE Opera at the *Hay-Market*, and that under the 'little *Piazza* in *Coveni-Garden*, being at preſent 'the two leading Diverſions of the Town, and Mr. *Powell* 'profeſſing in his Advertiſements to ſet up *Whittington and his Cat* againſt *Rinaldo and Armida*, my Curioſity led 'me the Beginning of laſt Week to view both theſe Per'formances, and make my Obſervations upon them.

'FIRST therefore, I cannot but obſerve that Mr. 'Powell wiſely forbearing to give his Company a Bill of 'Fare before-hand, every Scene is new and unexpected; 'whereas

'whereas it is certain, that the Undertakers of the *Hay-*
'*Market*, having raiſed too great an Expectation in their
'printed Opera, very much diſappoint their Audience on
'the Stage.

'THE King of *Jeruſalem* is obliged to come from
'the City on foot, inſtead of being drawn in a trium-
'phant Chariot by white Horſes, as my Opera-Book had
'promiſed me; and thus while I expected *Armida*'s Dra-
'gons ſhould ruſh forward towards *Argantes*, I found the
'Hero was obliged to go to *Armida*, and hand her out
'of her Coach. We had alſo but a very ſhort Allowance
'of Thunder and Lightning; tho' I cannot in this Place
'omit doing Juſtice to the Boy who had the Direction
'of the Two painted Dragons, and made them ſpit Fire
'and Smoke: He flaſh'd out his Roſin in ſuch juſt Pro-
'portions and in ſuch due Time, that I could not forbear
'conceiving Hopes of his being one Day a moſt excellent
'Player. I ſaw indeed but Two things wanting to ren-
'der his whole Action compleat, I mean the keeping his
'Head a little lower, and hiding his Candle.

'I obſerve that Mr. *Powell* and the Undertakers had
'both the ſame Thought, and I think much about the
'ſame time, of introducing Animals on their ſeveral
'Stages, tho' indeed with very different Succeſs. The
'Sparrows and Chaffinches at the *Hay-Market* fly as yet
'very irregularly over the Stage; and inſtead of perch-
'ing on the Trees and performing their Parts, theſe
'young Actors either get into the Galleries or put out
'the Candles; whereas Mr. *Powell* has ſo well diſciplined
'his Pig, that in the firſt Scene he and Punch dance a
'Minuet together. I am informed however, that Mr.
'*Powell* reſolves to excell his Adverſaries in their own
'Way; and introduce Larks in his next Opera of *Suſanna*
'or *Innocence betrayed*, which will be exhibited next Week
'with a Pair of new Elders.

'THE Moral of Mr. *Powell*'s Drama is violated, I
'confeſs, by Punch's national Reflections on the *French*,
'and King *Harry*'s laying his Leg upon the Queen's
'Lap in too ludicrous a manner before ſo great an Aſ-
'ſembly.

'AS to the Mechaniſm and Scenary, every thing indeed was uniform and of a Piece, and the Scenes were managed very dexterouſly; which calls on me to take Notice, that at the *Hay-Market* the Undertakers forgetting to change their Side-Scenes, we were preſented with a Proſpect of the Ocean in the midſt of a delightful Grove; and tho' the Gentlemen on the Stage had very much contributed to the Beauty of the Grove by walking up and down between the Trees, I muſt own I was not a little aſtoniſhed to ſee a well-dreſſed young Fellow, in a full-bottomed Wigg, appear in the midſt of the Sea, and without any viſible Concern taking Snuff.

'I ſhall only obſerve one thing further, in which both Dramas agree; which is, that by the Squeak of their Voices the Heroes of each are Eunuchs; and as the Wit in both Pieces are equal, I muſt prefer the Performance of Mr. *Powell*, becauſe it is in our own Language.

R *I am*, &c.

N° 15. *Saturday, March* 17.

Parva leves capiunt animos —— Ovid.

WHEN I was in *France*, I uſed to gaze with great Aſtoniſhment at the Splendid Equipages, and Party-coloured Habits, of that Fantaſtick Nation. I was one Day in particular contemplating a Lady, that ſate in a Coach adorned with gilded *Cupids*, and finely painted with the Loves of *Venus* and *Adonis*. The Coach was drawn by ſix milk-white Horſes, and loaden behind with the ſame Number of powdered Footmen. Juſt before the Lady were a Couple of beautiful Pages, that were ſtuck among the Harneſs, and, by their gay Dreſſes and ſmiling Features, looked like the elder Brothers of the little Boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the Coach.

THE

THE Lady was the unfortunate *Cleanthe*, who afterwards gave an Occasion to a pretty melancholy Novel. She had, for several Years, received the Addresses of a Gentleman, whom after a long and intimate Acquaintance she forsook, upon the Account of this shining Equipage, which had been offered to her by one of Great Riches, but a crazy Constitution. The Circumstances in which I saw her, were, it seems, the Disguises only of a broken Heart, and a kind of Pageantry to cover Distress; for in two Months after she was carried to her Grave with the same Pomp and Magnificence; being sent thither partly by the Loss of one Lover, and partly by the Possession of another.

I have often reflected with my self on this unaccountable Humour in Woman-kind, of being smitten with every thing that is showy and superficial; and on the numberless Evils that befal the Sex, from this light, fantastical Disposition. I my self remember a young Lady, that was very warmly sollicited by a Couple of importunate Rivals, who for several Months together did all they could to recommend themselves by Complacency of Behaviour, and Agreeableness of Conversation. At length, when the Competition was doubtful, and the Lady undetermined in her Choice, one of the young Lovers very luckily bethought himself of adding a supernumerary Lace to his Liveries, which had so good an Effect that he married her the very Week after.

THE usual Conversation of ordinary Women very much cherishes this natural Weakness of being taken with Outside and Appearance. Talk of a new-married Couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their Coach and six, or eat in Plate: Mention the Name of an absent Lady, and it is ten to one but you learn something of her Gown and Petticoat. A Ball is a great Help to Discourse, and a Birth-Day furnishes Conversation for a Twelvemonth after. A Furbelow of precious Stones, an Hat buttoned with a Diamond, a Brocade Waistcoat or Petticoat are standing Topicks. In short, they consider only the Drapery of the Species, and never cast away a Thought on those Ornaments of the Mind, that make Persons Illustrious in themselves, and Useful to others. When

Women are thus perpetually dazling one anothers Imaginations, and filling their Heads with nothing but Colours, it is no Wonder that they are more attentive to the ſuperficial Parts of Life, than the ſolid and ſubſtantial Bleſſings of it. A Girl, who has been trained up in this kind of Converſation, is in danger of every Embroidered Coat that comes in her Way. A Pair of fringed Gloves may be her Ruin. In a word, Lace and Ribbons, Silver and Gold Galloons, with the like glittering Gew-gaws, are ſo many Lures to Women of weak Minds or low Educations, and, when artificially diſplayed, are able to fetch down the moſt airy Coquet from the wildeſt of her Flights and Rambles.

TRUE Happineſs is of a retired Nature, and an Enemy to Pomp and Noiſe; it ariſes, in the firſt Place, from the Enjoyment of ones ſelf; and, in the next, from the Friendſhip and Converſation of a few ſelect Companions. It loves Shade and Solitude, and naturally haunts Groves and Fountains, Fields and Meadows: In ſhort, it feels every thing it wants within it ſelf, and receives no Addition from Multitudes of Witneſſes and Spectators. On the contrary, falſe Happineſs loves to be in a Crowd, and to draw the Eyes of the World upon her. She does not receive any Satisfaction from the Applauſes which ſhe gives her ſelf, but from the Admiration which ſhe raiſes in others. She flouriſhes in Courts and Palaces, Theatres and Aſſemblies, and has no Exiſtence but when ſhe is looked upon.

AURELIA, though a Woman of Great Quality, delights in the Privacy of a Country Life, and paſſes away a great part of her Time in her own Walks and Gardens. Her Husband, who is her Boſom Friend, and Companion in her Solitudes, has been in Love with her ever ſince he knew her. They both abound with good Senſe, conſummate Virtue, and a mutual Eſteem; and are a perpetual Entertainment to one another. Their Family is under ſo regular an Oeconomy, in its Hours of Devotion and Repaſt, Employment and Diverſion, that it looks like a little Common-wealth within it ſelf. They often go into Company, that they may return with the greater Delight to one another; and ſometimes live in Town, not to enjoy it ſo properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themſelves

themſelves the Reliſh of a Country Life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their Children, adored by their Servants, and are become the Envy, or rather the Delight, of all that know them.

HOW different to this is the Life of *Fulvia!* ſhe conſiders her Husband as her Steward, and looks upon Diſcretion and good Houſewifry as little domeſtick Virtues unbecoming a Woman of Quality. She thinks Life loſt in her own Family, and fancies her ſelf out of the World when ſhe is not in the Ring, the Play-houſe, or the Drawing-Room: She lives in a perpetual Motion of Body, and Reſtleſneſs of Thought, and is never eaſie in any one Place when ſhe thinks there is more Company in another. The miſſing of an Opera the firſt Night, would be more afflicting to her than the Death of a Child. She pities all the valuable part of her own Sex, and calls every Woman of a prudent modeſt retired Life, a poor-ſpirited unpoliſhed Creature. What a Mortification would it be to *Fulvia*, if ſhe knew that her ſetting her ſelf to View is but expoſing her ſelf, and that ſhe grows Contemptible by being Conſpicuous.

I cannot conclude my Paper, without obſerving that *Virgil* has very finely touched upon this Female Paſſion for Dreſs and Show, in the Character of *Camilla*; who, though ſhe ſeems to have ſhaken off all the other Weakneſſes of her Sex, is ſtill deſcribed as a Woman in this Particular. The Poet tells us, that after having made a great Slaughter of the Enemy, ſhe unfortunately caſt her Eye on a *Trojan* who wore an embroidered Tunick, a Beautiful Coat of Mail, with a Mantle of the fineſt Purple. *A Golden Bow*, ſays he, *hung upon his Shoulder; his Garment was buckled with a Golden Claſp, and his Head covered with an Helmet of the ſame ſhining Metal.* The *Amazon* immediately fingled out this well-dreſſed Warrior, being ſeized with a Woman's Longing for the pretty Trappings that he was adorned with.

——*Totumque incauta per agmen*
Fœmineo prædæ & ſpoliorum ardebat amore.

This heedleſs Purſuit after theſe glittering Trifles, the Poet (by a nice concealed Moral) repreſents to have been the Deſtruction of his Female Hero.

N° 16. *Monday, March* 19.

Quod verum atque decens curo & rogo, & omnis in hoc sum. Hor.

I Have received a Letter, desiring me to be very satyrical upon the little Muff that is now in Fashion; another informs me of a Pair of silver Garters buckled below the Knee, that have been lately seen at the *Rainbow* Coffee-house in *Fleetstreet*; a third sends me an heavy Complaint against fringed Gloves. To be brief, there is scarce an Ornament of either Sex which one or other of my Correspondents has not inveighed against with some Bitterness, and recommended to my Observation. I must therefore, once for all, inform my Readers, that it is not my Intention to sink the Dignity of this my Paper with Reflections upon Red-heels or Top-knots, but rather to enter into the Passions of Mankind, and to correct those depraved Sentiments that give Birth to all those little Extravagances which appear in their outward Dress and Behaviour. Foppish and fantastick Ornaments are only Indications of Vice, not criminal in themselves. Extinguish Vanity in the Mind, and you naturally retrench the little Superfluities of Garniture and Equipage. The Blossoms will fall of themselves, when the Root that nourishes them is destroyed.

I shall therefore, as I have said, apply my Remedies to the first Seeds and Principles of an affected Dress, without descending to the Dress it self; though at the same time I must own, that I have Thoughts of creating an Officer under me, to be entituled *The Censor of small Wares*, and of allotting him one Day in a Week for the Execution of such his Office. An Operator of this Nature might act under me, with the same Regard as a Surgeon to a Physician; the one might be employed in healing those Blotches and Tumours which break out in the Body, while the other is sweetning the Blood and rectify-

rectifying the Conſtitution. To ſpeak truly, the young People of both Sexes are ſo wonderfully apt to ſhoot out into long Swords or ſweeping Trains, buſhy Head-dreſſes or full-bottomed Perriwigs, with ſeveral other Incumbrances of Dreſs, that they ſtand in need of being pruned very frequently, leſt they ſhould be oppreſſed with Ornaments, and over-run with the Luxuriency of their Habits. I am much in doubt, whether I ſhould give the Preference to a Quaker that is trimmed cloſe and almoſt cut to the Quick, or to a Beau that is loaden with ſuch a Redundance of Excreſcences. I muſt therefore deſire my Correſpondents to let me know how they approve my Project, and whether they think the erecting of ſuch a petty Cenſorſhip may not turn to the Emolument of the Publick; for I would not do any thing of this Nature raſhly and without Advice.

THERE is another Set of Correſpondents to whom I muſt addreſs my ſelf in the ſecond Place; I mean, ſuch as fill their Letters with private Scandal, and black Accounts of particular Perſons and Families. The World is ſo full of Ill-nature, that I have Lampoons ſent me by People who cannot ſpell, and Satyrs compoſed by thoſe who ſcarce know how to write. By the laſt Poſt in particular I received a Packet of Scandal which is not legible; and have a whole Bundle of Letters in Womens Hands that are full of Blots and Calumnies, inſomuch that when I ſee the Name *Celia*, *Phillis*, *Paſtora*, or the like, at the Bottom of a Scrawl, I conclude on courſe that it brings me ſome Account of a fallen Virgin, a faithleſs Wife, or an amorous Widow. I muſt therefore inform theſe my Correſpondents, that it is not my Deſign to be a Publiſher of Intreagues and Cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous Stories out of their preſent lurking Holes into broad Day-light. If I attack the Vicious, I ſhall only ſet upon them in a Body; and will not be provoked by the worſt Uſage I can receive from others, to make an Example of any particular Criminal. In ſhort, I have ſo much of a *Drawcanſir* in me, that I ſhall paſs over a ſingle Foe to charge whole Armies. It is not *Lais* or *Silenus*, but the Harlot and the Drunkard, whom I ſhall endeavour to expoſe; and ſhall conſider the Crime

as it appears in a Species, nor as it is circumſtanced in an Individual. I think it was *Caligula* who wiſhed the whole City of *Rome* had but one Neck, that he might behead them at a Blow. I ſhall do out of Humanity, what that Emperor would have done in the Cruelty of his Temper, and aim every Stroak at a collective Body of Offenders. At the ſame time I am very ſenſible, that nothing ſpreads a Paper like private Calumny and Defamation; but as my Speculations are not under this Neceſſity, they are not expoſed to this Temptation.

IN the next Place I muſt apply my ſelf to my Party-Correſpondents, who are continually teazing me to take Notice of one another's Proceedings. How often am I asked by both Sides, if it is poſſible for me to be an unconcerned Spectator of the Rogueries that are committed by the Party which is oppoſite to him that writes the Letter. About two Days ſince I was reproached with an old *Grecian* Law, that forbids any Man to ſtand as a Neuter or a Looker-on in the Diviſions of his Country. However, as I am very ſenſible my Paper would loſe its whole Effect, ſhould it run into the Outrages of a Party, I ſhall take Care to keep clear of every thing which looks that Way. If I can any way aſſwage private Inflammations, or allay publick Ferments, I ſhall apply my ſelf to it with my utmoſt Endeavours; but will never let my Heart reproach me, with having done any thing towards encreaſing thoſe Feuds and Animoſities that extinguiſh Religion, deface Government, and make a Nation miſerable.

WHAT I have ſaid under the three foregoing Heads, will, I am afraid, very much retrench the Number of my Correſpondents: I ſhall therefore acquaint my Reader, that if he has ſtarted any Hint which he is not able to purſue, if he has met with any ſurprizing Story which he does not know how to tell, if he has diſcovered any Epidemical Vice which has eſcaped my Obſervation, or has heard of any uncommon Virtue which he would deſire to publiſh; in ſhort, if he has any Materials that can furniſh out an innocent Diverſion, I ſhall promiſe him my beſt Aſſiſtance in the working of them up for a publick Entertainment.

THIS

THIS Paper my Reader will find was intended for an Anſwer to a Multitude of Correſpondents; but I hope he will pardon me if I ſingle out one of them in particular, who has made me ſo very humble a Requeſt, that I cannot forbear complying with it.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR, *March* 15, 1710-11.

'I Am at preſent ſo unfortunate, as to have nothing to 'do but to mind my own Buſineſs; and therefore 'beg of you that you will be pleaſed to put me into 'ſome ſmall Poſt under you. I obſerve that you have 'appointed your Printer and Publiſher to receive Letters 'and Advertiſements for the City of *London*; and ſhall 'think my ſelf very much honoured by you, if you will 'appoint me to take in Letters and Advertiſements for 'the City of *Weſtminſter* and the Dutchy of *Lancaſter*. 'Though I cannot promiſe to fill ſuch an Employment 'with ſufficient Abilities, I will endeavour to make up 'with Induſtry and Fidelity what I want in Parts and 'Genius. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient Servant,

C Charles Lillie.

N° 17. *Tueſday, March* 20.

——*Tetrum ante Omnia vultum.* Juv.

SINCE our Perſons are not of our own Making, when they are ſuch as appear Defective or Uncomely, it is, methinks, an honeſt and laudable Fortitude to dare to be Ugly; at leaſt to keep our ſelves from being abaſhed with a Conſciouſneſs of Imperfections which we cannot help, and in which there is no Guilt. I would not

not defend an haggard Beau, for passing away much time at a Glass, and giving Softnesses and Languishing Graces to Deformity: All I intend is, that we ought to be contented with our Countenance and Shape, so far, as never to give our selves an uneasie Reflection on that Subject. It is to the ordinary People, who are not accustomed to make very proper Remarks on any Occasion, matter of great Jest, if a Man enters with a prominent Pair of Shoulders into an Assembly, or is distinguished by an Expansion of Mouth, or Obliquity of Aspect. It is happy for a Man, that has any of these Oddnesses about him, if he can be as merry upon himself, as others are apt to be upon that Occasion: When he can possess himself with such a Chearfulness, Women and Children, who were at first frighted at him, will afterwards be as much pleased with him. As it is barbarous in others to railly him for natural Defects, it is extreamly agreeable when he can Jest upon himself for them.

MADAM *Maintenon*'s first Husband was an Hero in this Kind, and has drawn many Pleasantries from the Irregularity of his Shape, which he describes as very much resembling the Letter Z. He diverts himself likewise by representing to his Reader the Make of an Engine and Pully, with which he used to take off his Hat. When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a Visage, and the Owner of it thinks it an Aspect of Dignity, he must be of very great Quality to be exempt from Raillery: The best Expedient therefore is to be pleasant upon himself. Prince *Harry* and *Falstaffe*, in *Shakespear*, have carried the Ridicule upon Fat and Lean as far as it will go. *Falstaffe* is humourously called *Woolsack*, *Bed-presser*, and *Hill of Flesh*; *Harry*, a *Starveling*, an *Elves-Skin*, a *Sheath*, a *Bow-case*, and a *Tuck*. There is, in several Incidents of the Conversation between them, the Jest still kept up upon the Person. Great Tenderness and Sensibility in this Point is one of the greatest Weaknesses of Self-love. For my own part, I am a little unhappy in the Mold of my Face, which is not quite so long as it is broad: Whether this might not partly arise from my opening my Mouth much seldomer than other People, and by Consequence not so much lengthning the Fibres of my Visage, I am not at

leisure

leiſure to determine. However it be, I have been often put out of Countenance by the Shortneſs of my Face, and was formerly at great Pains in concealing it by wearing a Perriwig with an high Foretop, and letting my Beard grow. But now I have thoroughly got over this Delicacy, and could be contented it were much ſhorter, provied it might qualifie me for a Member of the Merry Club, which the following Letter gives me an Account of. I have received it from *Oxford*, and as it abounds with the Spirit of Mirth and good Humour which is natural to that Place, I ſhall ſet it down Word for Word as it came to me.

Moſt Profound Sir,

'HAVING been very well entertained, in the laſt 'of your Speculations that I have yet ſeen, by 'your Specimen upon Clubs, which I therefore hope you 'will continue, I ſhall take the Liberty to furniſh you 'with a brief Account of ſuch a one as perhaps you have 'not ſeen in all your Travels, unleſs it was your Fortune 'to touch upon ſome of the woody Parts of the *African* 'Continent, in your Voyage to or from *Grand Cairo*. 'There have aroſe in this Univerſity (long ſince you left 'us without ſaying any thing) ſeveral of theſe inferior 'Hebdomadal Societies, as *the Punning Club*, *the Witty 'Club*, and amongſt the reſt *the Handſome Club*; as 'a Burleſque upon which, a certain merry Species, 'that ſeem to have come into the World in Maſquerade, 'for ſome Years laſt paſt have aſſociated themſelves to'gether, and aſſumed the Name of *the Ugly Club*: This 'ill-favoured Fraternity conſiſts of a Preſident and twelve 'Fellows; the Choice of which is not confined by Pa'tent to any particular Foundation, (as St. *John's* Men 'would have the World believe, and have therefore erect'ed a ſeparate Society within themſelves) but Liberty 'is left to elect from any School in *Great Britain*, pro'vided the Candidates be within the Rules of the 'Club, as ſet forth in a Table, entituled, *The Act of 'Deformity*. A Clauſe or two of which I ſhall tranſmit 'to you.

'I. THAT

'I. THAT no Perſon whatſoever ſhall be admitted 'without a viſible Quearity in his Aſpect, or peculiar 'Caſt of Countenance; of which the Preſident and Offi- 'cers for the time being are to determine, and the Pre- 'ſident to have the caſting Voice.

'II. THAT a ſingular Regard be had, upon Exami- 'nation, to the Gibboſity of the Gentlemen that offer 'themſelves, as Founders Kinſmen; or to the Obliquity 'of their Figure, in what ſort ſoever.

'III. THAT if the Quantity of any Man's Noſe be 'eminently miſcalculated, whether as to Length or 'Breadth, he ſhall have a juſt Pretence to be elected.

'*Laſtly*, THAT if there ſhall be two or more Com- 'petitors for the ſame Vacancy, *cæteris paribus*, he that 'has the thickeſt Skin to have the Preference.

'EVERY freſh Member, upon his firſt Night, is to 'entertain the Company with a Diſh of Cod-fiſh, and a 'Speech in Praiſe of *Æſop*; whoſe Portraiture they have 'in full Proportion, or rather Diſproportion, over the 'Chimney; and their Deſign is, as ſoon as their Funds 'are ſufficient, to purchaſe the Heads of *Therſites*, *Duns 'Scotus*, *Scarron*, *Hudibraſs*, and the old Gentleman in 'Oldham, with all the celebrated ill Faces of Antiquity, as 'Furniture for the Club-Room.

'AS they have always been profeſſed Admirers of the 'other Sex, ſo they unanimouſly declare that they will 'give all poſſible Encouragement to ſuch as will take the 'Benefit of the Statute, though none yet have appeared 'to do it.

'THE worthy Preſident, who is their moſt devoted 'Champion, has lately ſhewn me two Copies of Verſes 'compoſed by a Gentleman of his Society; the firſt, a 'Congratulatory Ode inſcribed to Mrs. *Touchwood*, upon 'the loſs of her two Fore-teeth; the other, a Panegyrick 'upon Mrs. *Andiron*'s left Shoulder. Mrs. *Vizard* (he 'ſays) ſince the Small Pox, is grown tolerably ugly, and 'a top Toaſt in the Club; but I never hear him ſo laviſh 'of his fine Things, as upon old *Nell Trot*, who conſtant- 'ly officiates at their Table; her he even adores and ex- 'tols as the very Counterpart of Mother *Shipton*; in ſhort, '*Nell* (ſays he) is one of the Extraordinary Works of Na-

'ture;

ture; but as for Complexion, Shape, and Features, ſo valued by others, they are all mere Outſide and Symmetry, which is his Averſion. Give me leave to add, that the Preſident is a facetious pleaſant Gentleman, and never more ſo, than when he has got (as he calls 'em) his dear Mummers about him; and he often proteſts it does him good to meet a Fellow with a right genuine Grimace in his Air, (which is ſo agreeable in the generality of the *French* Nation;) and, as an Inſtance of his Sincerity in this particular, he gave me a ſight of a Liſt in his Pocket-book of all of this Claſs, who for theſe five Years have fallen under his Obſervation, with himſelf at the Head of 'em, and in the Rear (as one of a promiſing and improving Aſpect)

SIR,

Oxford, March 12, 1710.

Your Obliged and Humble Servant,

Alexander Carbuncle.

R

N° 18. *Wedneſday, March* 21.

——Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos & gaudia vana. Hor.

IT is my Deſign in this Paper to deliver down to Poſterity a faithful Account of the *Italian* Opera, and of the gradual Progreſs which it has made upon the *Engliſh* Stage: For there is no Queſtion but our great Grand-children will be very curious to know the Reaſon why their Forefathers uſed to ſit together like an Audience of Foreigners in their own Country, and to hear whole Plays acted before them in a Tongue which they did not underſtand.

ARSINOE was the firſt Opera that gave us a Taſte of *Italian* Muſick. The great Succeſs this Opera met with,

with, produced ſome Attempts of forming Pieces upon *Italian* Plans, which ſhould give a more natural and reaſonable Entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate Trifles of that Nation. This alarmed the Poetaſters and Fidlers of the Town, who were uſed to deal in a more ordinary kind of Ware; and therefore laid down an eſtabliſhed Rule, which is received as ſuch to this Day, *That nothing is capable of being well ſet to Muſick that is not Nonſenſe.*

THIS Maxim was no ſooner received, but we immediately fell to tranſlating the *Italian* Opera's; and as there was no great Danger of hurting the Senſe of thoſe extraordinary Pieces, our Authors would often make Words of their own which were entirely foreign to the Meaning of the Paſſages they pretended to tranſlate; their chief Care being to make the Numbers of the *Engliſh* Verſe anſwer to thoſe of the *Italian*, that both of them might go to the ſame Tune. Thus the famous Song in *Camilla*,

Barbara ſi t'intendo, &c.

Barbarous Woman, yes, I know your Meaning,

which expreſſes the Reſentment of an angry Lover, was tranſlated into that *Engliſh* Lamentation,

Frail are a Lover's Hopes, &c.

And it was pleaſant enough to ſee the moſt refined Perſons of the *Britiſh* Nation dying away and languiſhing to Notes that were filled with a Spirit of Rage and Indignation. It happened alſo very frequently, where the Senſe was rightly tranſlated, the neceſſary Tranſpoſition of Words which were drawn out of the Phraſe of one Tongue into that of another, made the Muſick appear very abſurd in one Tongue that was very natural in the other. I remember an *Italian* Verſe that ran thus Word for Word,

And turn'd my Rage into Pity;

which the *Engliſh* for Rhime ſake tranſlated,

And into Pity turn'd my Rage.

By this means the ſoft Notes that were adapted to Pity in the *Italian*, fell upon the Word *Rage* in the *Engliſh*; and

and the angry Sounds that were tuned to *Rage* in the Original, were made to expreſs *Pity* in the Tranſlation. It oftentimes happened likewiſe, that the fineſt Notes in the Air fell upon the moſt inſignificant Words in the Sentence. I have known the Word *And* purſued through the whole Gamut, have been entertained with many a melodious *The*, and have heard the moſt beautiful Graces, Quavers, and Diviſions beſtowed upon *Then*, *For*, and *From*; to the eternal Honour of our *Engliſh* Particles.

THE next Step to our Refinement, was the introducing of *Italian* Actors into our Opera; who ſung their Parts in their own Language, at the ſame time that our Country-men performed theirs in our native Tongue. The King or Hero of the Play generally ſpoke in *Italian*, and his Slaves anſwered him in *Engliſh*: The Lover frequently made his Court, and gained the Heart of his Princeſs, in a Language which ſhe did not underſtand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on Dialogues after this Manner, without an Interpreter between the Perſons that converſed together; but this was the State of the *Engliſh* Stage for about three Years.

AT length the Audience grew tired of underſtanding Half the Opera, and therefore to eaſe themſelves intirely of the Fatigue of Thinking, have ſo ordered it at preſent, that the whole Opera is performed in an unknown Tongue. We no longer underſtand the Language of our own Stage; inſomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have ſeen our *Italian* Performers chattering in the Vehemence of Action, that they have been calling us Names, and abuſing us among themſelves; but I hope, ſince we do put ſuch an entire Confidence in them, they will not talk againſt us before our Faces, though they may do it with the ſame Safety as if it were behind our Backs. In the mean time, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an Hiſtorian who writes two or three hundred Years hence, and does not know the Taſte of his wiſe Fore-fathers, will make the following Reflection, *In the Beginning of the Eighteenth Century the* Italian *Tongue was ſo well underſtood in* England, *that Opera's were acted on the publick Stage in that Language.*

ONE

ONE ſcarce knows how to be ſerious in the Confutation of an Abſurdity that ſhews itſelf at the firſt Sight. It does not want any great meaſure of Senſe to ſee the Ridicule of this monſtrous Practice; but what makes it the more aſtoniſhing, it is not the Taſte of the Rabble, but of Perſons of the greateſt Politeneſs, which has eſtabliſhed it.

IF the *Italians* have a Genius for Muſick above the *Engliſh*, the *Engliſh* have a Genius for other Performances of a much higher Nature, and capable of giving the Mind a much nobler Entertaiment. Would one think it was poſſible (at a Time when an Author lived that was able to write the *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*) for a People to be ſo ſtupidly fond of the *Italian* Opera, as ſcarce to give a third Day's Hearing to that admirable Tragedy? Muſick is certainly a very agreeable Entertainment, but if it would take the entire Poſſeſſion of our Ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing Senſe, if it would exclude Arts that have a much greater Tendency to the Refinement of human Nature; I muſt confeſs I would allow it no better Quarter than *Plato* has done, who baniſhes it out of his Common-wealth.

AT preſent, our Notions of Muſick are ſo very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only, in general, we are tranſported with any thing that is not *Engliſh*: So it be of a foreign Growth, let it be *Italian*, *French*, or *High-Dutch*, it is the ſame thing. In ſhort, the *Engliſh* Muſick is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its ſtead.

WHEN a Royal Palace is burnt to the Ground, every Man is at Liberty to preſent his Plan for a new one; and though it be but indifferently put together, it may furniſh ſeveral Hints that may be of Uſe to a good Architect. I ſhall take the ſame Liberty in a following Paper, of giving my Opinion upon the Subject of Muſick; which I ſhall lay down only in a problematical Manner, to be conſidered by thoſe who are Maſters in the Art. C

Thurſday,

N° 19. *Thurſday, March* 22.

Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque puſilli
Finxerunt animi, raro & perpauca loquentis. Hor.

OBSERVING one Perſon behold another, who was an utter Stranger to him, with a Caſt of his Eye, which, methought, expreſſed an Emotion of Heart very different from what could be raiſed by an Object ſo agreeable as the Gentleman he looked at, I began to conſider, not without ſome ſecret Sorrow, the Condition of an Envious Man. Some have fancied that Envy has a certain Magical Force in it, and that the Eyes of the Envious have by their Faſcination blaſted the Enjoyments of the Happy. Sir *Francis Bacon* ſays, Some have been ſo curious as to remark the Times and Seaſons when the Stroke of an Envious Eye is moſt effectually pernicious, and have obſerved that it has been when the Perſon envied has been in any Circumſtance of Glory and Triumph. At ſuch a time the Mind of the Proſperous Man goes, as it were, abroad, among things without him, and is more expoſed to the Malignity. But I ſhall not dwell upon Speculations ſo abſtracted as this, or repeat the many excellent Things which one might collect out of Authors upon this miſerable Affection; but keeping in the Road of common Life, conſider the Envious Man with relation to theſe three Heads, His Pains, His Reliefs, and His Happineſs.

THE Envious Man is in Pain upon all Occaſions which ought to give him Pleaſure. The Reliſh of his Life is inverted; and the Objects which adminiſter the higheſt Satisfaction to thoſe who are exempt from this Paſſion, give the quickeſt Pangs to Perſons who are ſubject to it. All the Perfections of their Fellow-Creatures are odious: Youth, Beauty, Valour and Wiſdom are Provocations of their Diſpleaſure. What a Wretched and Apoſtate State is this! To be offended with Excellence, and to hate a Man

Man becauſe we approve him! The Condition of the Envious Man is the moſt emphatically miſerable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's Merit or Succeſs, but lives in a World wherein all Mankind are in a Plot againſt his Quiet, by ſtudying their own Happineſs and Advantage. *Will. Proſper* is an honeſt Tale-bearer, he makes it his buſineſs to join in Converſation with Envious Men. He points to ſuch an handſom young Fellow, and whiſpers that he is ſecretly married to a great Fortune: When they doubt, he adds Circumſtances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their Diſtreſs, by aſſuring 'em that to his Knowledge he has an Uncle will leave him ſome Thouſands. *Will.* has many Arts of this kind to torture this ſort of Temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change Colour, and ſay faintly they wiſh ſuch a piece of News is true, he has the Malice to ſpeak ſome good or other of every Man of their Acquaintance.

THE Reliefs of the Envious Man are thoſe little Blemiſhes and Imperfections that diſcover themſelves in an Illuſtrious Character. It is matter of great Conſolation to an Envious Perſon, when a Man of known Honour does a thing unworthy himſelf: Or when any Action which was well executed, upon better Information appears ſo altered in its Circumſtances, that the Fame of it is divided among Many, inſtead of being attributed to One. This is a ſecret Satisfaction to theſe Malignants; for the Perſon whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own Condition as ſoon as his Merit is ſhared among others. I remember ſome Years ago there came out an Excellent Poem without the Name of the Author. The little Wits, who were incapable of Writing it, began to pull in Pieces the ſuppoſed Writer. When that would not do, they took great Pains to ſuppreſs the Opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next Refuge was to ſay it was overlooked by one Man, and many Pages wholly written by another. An honeſt Fellow, who ſate among a Cluſter of them in debate on this Subject, cryed out, *Gentlemen, if you are ſure none of you your ſelves had an hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it.* But the moſt uſual Succour to the Envious,

Envious, in cases of nameless Merit in this kind, is to keep the Property, if possible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the Reputation of it from falling upon any particular Person. You see an Envious Man clear up his Countenance, if in the Relation of any Man's Great Happiness in one Point, you mention his Uneasiness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich he turns Pale, but recovers when you add that he has many Children. In a Word, the only sure Way to an Envious Man's Favour, is not to deserve it.

BUT if we consider the Envious Man in Delight, it is like reading the Seat of a Giant in a Romance; the Magnificence of his House consists in the many Limbs of Men whom he has slain. If any who promised themselves Success in any Uncommon Undertaking miscarry in the Attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been Useful and Laudable, meets with Contempt and Derision, the Envious Man, under the Colour of hating Vain-glory, can smile with an inward Wantonness of Heart at the ill Effect it may have upon an honest Ambition for the future,

HAVING throughly considered the Nature of this Passion, I have made it my Study how to avoid the Envy that may accrue to me from these my Speculations; and if I am not mistaken in my self, I think I have a Genius to escape it. Upon hearing in a Coffee-house one of my Papers commended, I immediately apprehended the Envy that would spring from that Applause; and therefore gave a Description of my Face the next Day; being resolved as I grow in Reputation for Wit, to resign my Pretentions to Beauty. This, I hope, may give some Ease to those unhappy Gentlemen, who do me the Honour to torment themselves upon the Account of this my Paper. As their Case is very deplorable, and deserves Compassion, I shall sometimes be dull, in Pity to them, and will from time to time administer Consolations to them by further Discoveries of my Person. In the mean while, if any one says the SPECTATOR has Wit, it may be some Relief to them, to think that he does not shew it in Company. And if any one praises his Morality,

they may comfort themſelves by conſidering that his Face is none of the longeſt. R

N° 20. *Friday, March* 23.

——Κύνος ὄμμα᾽ ἔχων—— Hom.

AMONG the other hardy Undertakings which I have propoſed to my ſelf, that of the Correction of Impudence is what I have very much at Heart. This in a particular Manner is my Province as SPECTATOR; for it is generally an Offence committed by the Eyes, and that againſt ſuch as the Offenders would perhaps never have an Opportunity of injuring any other Way. The following Letter is a Complaint of a young Lady, who ſets forth a Treſpaſs of this Kind, with that Command of her ſelf as befits Beauty and Innocence, and yet with ſo much Spirit as ſufficiently expreſſes her Indignation. The whole Tranſaction is performed with the Eyes; and the Crime is no leſs than employing them in ſuch a Manner, as to divert the Eyes of others from the beſt Uſe they can make of them, even looking up to Heaven.

SIR,

'THERE never was (I believe) an acceptable Man, 'but had ſome awkard Imitators. Ever ſince the 'SPECTATOR appeared, have I remarked a kind of 'Men, whom I chuſe to call *Starers*; that without any 'regard to Time, Place, or Modeſty, diſturb a large 'Company with their impertinent Eyes. Spectators 'make up a proper Aſſembly for a Puppet-Show or a 'Bear-Garden; but devout Supplicants and attentive 'Hearers, are the Audience one ought to expect in 'Churches. I am, Sir, Member of a ſmall pious Con'gregation near one of the North Gates of this City; 'much the greater Part of us indeed are Females, and 'uſed to behave our ſelves in a regular attentive Manner, 'till

'till very lately one whole Isle has been disturbed with one 'of these monstrous Starers; He's the Head taller than any 'one in the Church; but for the greater Advantage of ex- 'posing himself, stands upon a Hassock, and commands 'the whole Congregation, to the great Annoyance of the 'devoutest Part of the Auditory; for what with Blushing, 'Confusion, and Vexation, we can neither mind the 'Prayers nor Sermon. Your Animadversion upon this 'Insolence, would be a great Favour to,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

S. C.

I have frequently seen of this Sort of Fellows; and do not think there can be a greater Aggravation of an Offence, than that it is committed where the Criminal is protected by the Sacredness of the Place which he violates. Many Reflections of this sort might be very justly made upon this kind of Behaviour, but a *Starer* is not usually a Person to be convinced by the Reason of the thing; and a Fellow that is capable of shewing an impudent Front before a whole Congregation, and can bear being a publick Spectacle, is not so easily rebuked as to amend by Admonitions. If therefore my Correspondent does not inform me, that within seven Days after this Date the Barbarian does not at least stand upon his own Legs only, without an Eminence, my Friend *Will. Prosper* has promised to take a Hassock opposite to him, and stare against him in Defence of the Ladies. I have given him Directions, according to the most exact Rules of Opticks, to place himself in such a manner that he shall meet his Eyes wherever he throws them: I have Hopes that when *Will.* confronts him, and all the Ladies, in whose Behalf he engages him, cast kind Looks and Wishes of Success at their Champion, he will have some Shame, and feel a little of the Pain he has so often put others to, of being out of Countenance.

IT has indeed been Time out of Mind generally remarked, and as often lamented, that this Family of Sta-

rers have infeſted publick Aſſemblies: And I know no other Way to obviate ſo great an Evil, except, in the Caſe of fixing their Eyes upon Women, ſome Male Friend will take the Part of ſuch as are under the Oppreſſion of Impudence, and encounter the Eyes of the Starers wherever they meet them. While we ſuffer our Women to be thus impudently attacked, they have no Defence, but in the End to caſt yielding Glances at the Starers: And in this Caſe, a Man who has no Senſe of Shame has the ſame Advantage over his Miſtreſs, as he who has no Regard for his own Life has over his Adverſary. While the Generality of the World are fettered by Rules, and move by proper and juſt Methods; he who has no Reſpect to any of them, carries away the Reward due to that Propriety of Behaviour, with no other Merit, but that of having neglected it.

I take an impudent Fellow to be a ſort of Outlaw in Good-breeding, and therefore what is ſaid of him no Nation or Perſon can be concerned for. For this Reaſon, one may be free upon him. I have put my ſelf to great Pains in conſidering this prevailing Quality which we call Impudence, and have taken notice that it exerts it ſelf in a different Manner, according to the different Soils wherein ſuch Subjects of theſe Dominions, as are Maſters of it, were born. Impudence in an *Engliſh-man* is ſullen and inſolent; in a *Scotch-man* it is untractable and rapacious; in an *Iriſh-man* abſurd and fawning: As the Courſe of the World now runs, the impudent *Engliſh-man* behaves like a ſurly Landlord, the *Scot* like an ill-received Gueſt, and the *Iriſh-man* like a Stranger who knows he is not welcome. There is ſeldom any thing entertaining either in the Impudence of a *South* or *North Briton*; but that of an *Iriſh-man* is always Comick: A true and genuine Impudence is ever the Effect of Ignorance, without the leaſt Senſe of it: The beſt and moſt ſucceſsful Starers now in this Town, are of that Nation; they have uſually the Advantage of the Stature mentioned in the above Letter of my Correſpondent, and generally take their Stands in the Eye of Women of Fortune: Inſomuch that I have known one of them, three Months after he came from Plough, with a tolerable good Air lead out a Woman from a Play, which

which one of our own Breed, after four Years at *Oxford*, and two at the *Temple*, would have been afraid to look at.

I cannot tell how to account for it, but theſe People have uſually the Preference to our own Fools, in the Opinion of the fillier Part of Womankind. Perhaps it is that an *Engliſh* Coxcomb is ſeldom ſo obſequious as an *Iriſh* one; and when the Deſign of pleaſing is viſible, an Abſurdity in the Way toward it is eaſily forgiven.

BUT thoſe who are downright impudent, and go on without Reflection that they are ſuch; are more to be tolerated, than a Set of Fellows among us who profeſs Impudence with an Air of Humour, and think to carry off the moſt inexcuſable of all Faults in the World, with no other Apology than ſaying in a gay Tone, *I put an impudent Face upon the Matter.* No; no Man ſhall be allowed the Advantages of Impudence, who is conſcious that he is ſuch: If he knows he is impudent, he may as well be otherwiſe; and it ſhall be expected that he bluſh, when he ſees he makes another do it. For nothing can attone for the Want of Modeſty; without which Beauty is ungraceful, and Wit deteſtable. R

N° 21. *Saturday, March* 24.

——*Locus eſt & pluribus Umbris.* Hor.

I Am ſometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great Profeſſions of Divinity, Law, and Phyſick; how they are each of them over-burdened with Practitioners, and filled with Multitudes of ingenious Gentlemen that ſtarve one another.

WE may divide the Clergy into Generals, Field-Officers, and Subalterns. Among the firſt we may reckon Biſhops, Deans and Arch-Deacons. Among the ſecond are Doctors of Divinity, Prebendaries, and all that wear Scarfs. The reſt are comprehended under the Subalterns. As for the firſt Claſs, our Conſtitution preſerves it from any Redun-

dancy of Incumbents, notwithſtanding Competitors are numberleſs. Upon a ſtrict Calculation, it is found that there has been a great Exceeding of late Years in the ſecond Diviſion, ſeveral Brevets having been granted for the converting of Subalterns into Scarf-Officers; inſomuch that within my Memory the price of Luteſtring is raiſed above two Pence in a Yard. As for the Subalterns, they are not to be numbred. Should our Clergy once enter into the corrupt Practice of the Laity, by the ſplitting of their Freeholds, they would be able to carry moſt of the Elections in *England*.

THE Body of the Law is no leſs encumbered with ſuperfluous Members, that are like *Virgil*'s Army, which he tells us was ſo crouded many of them had not Room to uſe their Weapons: This prodigious Society of Men may be divided into the Litigious and Peaceable. Under the firſt are comprehended all thoſe who are carried down in Coach-fulls to *Weſtminſter-Hall*, every Morning in Term-time. *Martial*'s Deſcription of this Species of Lawyers is full of Humour:

Iras & Verba locant.

Men that hire out their Words and Anger; that are more or leſs paſſionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their Client a quantity of Wrath proportionable to the Fee which they receive from him. I muſt however obſerve to the Reader, that above three Parts of thoſe whom I reckon among the Litigious, are ſuch as are only quarrelſome in their Hearts, and have no Opportunity of ſhewing their Paſſion at the Bar. Nevertheleſs, as they do not know what Strifes may ariſe, they appear at the Hall every Day, that they may ſhew themſelves in a Readineſs to enter the Liſts, whenever there ſhall be Occaſion for them.

THE Peaceable Lawyers are, in the firſt place, many of the Benchers of the ſeveral Inns of Court, who ſeem to be the Dignitaries of the Law, and are endowed with thoſe Qualifications of Mind that accompliſh a Man rather for a Ruler, than a Pleader. Theſe Men live peaceably in their Habitations, Eating once a Day, and Danc-

ing

ing once a Year, for the Honour of the reſpective Societies.

ANOTHER numberleſs Branch of Peaceable Lawyers, are thoſe young Men who being placed at the Inns of Court in order to ſtudy the Laws of their Country, frequent the Play-houſe more than *Weſtminſter-Hall*, and are ſeen in all publick Aſſemblies, except in a Court of Juſtice. I ſhall ſay nothing of thoſe Silent and Buſie Multitudes that are employed within Doors, in the drawing up of Writings and Conveyances; nor of thoſe greater Numbers that palliate their want of Buſineſs with a Pretence to ſuch Chamber-practice.

IF, in the third place, we look into the Profeſſion of Phyſick, we ſhall find a moſt formidable Body of Men: The Sight of them is enough to make a Man ſerious, for we may lay it down as a Maxim, that When a Nation abounds in Phyſicians it grows thin of People. Sir *William Temple* is very much puzzled to find out a Reaſon why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not ſend out ſuch prodigious Swarms, and over-run the World with *Goths* and *Vandals*, as it did formerly; but had that Excellent Author obſerved that there were no Students in Phyſick among the Subjects of *Thor* and *Woden*, and that this Science very much flouriſhes in the North at preſent, he might have found a better Solution for this Difficulty, than any of thoſe he has made uſe of. This Body of Men, in our own Country, may be deſcribed like the *Britiſh* Army in *Cæſar*'s time: Some of them fight in Chariots, and ſome on Foot. If the Infantry do leſs Execution than the Charioteers, it is becauſe they cannot be carried ſo ſoon into all Quarters of the Town, and diſpatch ſo much Buſineſs in ſo ſhort a Time. Beſides this Body of Regular Troops, there are Stragglers, who without being duly liſted and enrolled, do infinite Miſchief to thoſe who are ſo unlucky as to fall into their Hands.

THERE are, beſides the above-mentioned, innumerable Retainers to Phyſick, who, for want of other Patients, amuſe themſelves with the ſtifling of Cats in an Air Pump, cutting up Dogs alive, or impaling of Inſects upon the point of a Needle for Microſcopical Obſervations; beſides thoſe that are employed in the gathering of Weeds,

and the Chace of Butterflies: Not to mention the Cockle-shell-Merchants and Spider-catchers.

WHEN I consider how each of these Professions are crouded with Multitudes that seek their Livelihood in them, and how many Men of Merit there are in each of them, who may be rather said to be of the Science, than the Profession; I very much wonder at the Humour of Parents, who will not rather chuse to place their Sons in a way of Life where an honest Industry cannot but thrive, than in Stations where the greatest Probity Learning and good Sense may miscarry. How many Men are Country-Curates, that might have made themselves Aldermen of *London*, by a right Improvement of a smaller Sum of Money than what is usually laid out upon a learned Education? A sober frugal Person, of slender Parts and a slow Apprehension, might have thrived in Trade, though he starves upon Physick; as a Man would be well enough pleased to buy Silks of one, whom he would not venture to feel his Pulse. *Vagellius* is careful, studious and obliging, but withal a little thick-skull'd; he has not a single Client, but might have had abundance of Customers. The Misfortune is, that Parents take a Liking to a particular Profession, and therefore desire their Sons may be of it. Whereas, in so great an Affair of Life, they should consider the Genius and Abilities of their Children, more than their own Inclinations.

IT is the great Advantage of a trading Nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in Stations of Life which may give them an Opportunity of making their Fortunes. A well-regulated Commerce is not, like Law, Physick, or Divinity, to be over-stocked with Hands; but, on the contrary, flourishes by Multitudes, and gives Employment to all its Professors. Fleets of Merchantmen are so many Squadrons of floating Shops, that vend our Wares and Manufactures in all the Markets of the World, and find out Chapmen under both the Tropicks.

C

Monday,

N° 22. *Monday, March* 26.

Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic incredulus odi. Hor.

THE Word SPECTATOR being moſt uſually underſtood as one of the Audience at publick Repreſentations in our Theatres, I ſeldom fail of many Letters relating to Plays and Opera's. But indeed there are ſuch monſtrous Things done in both, that if one had not been an Eye-witneſs of them, one could not believe that ſuch Matters had really been exhibited. There is very little which concerns Human Life, or is a Picture of Nature, that is regarded by the greater Part of the Company. The Underſtanding is diſmiſſed from our Entertainments. Our Mirth is the Laughter of Fools, and our Admiration the Wonder of Idiots; elſe ſuch improbable, monſtrous, and incoherent Dreams could not go off as they do, not only without the utmoſt Scorn and Contempt, but even with the loudeſt Applauſe and Approbation. But the Letters of my Correſpondents will repreſent this Affair in a more lively Manner than any Diſcourſe of my own; I ſhall therefore give them to my Reader with only this Preparation, that they all come from Players, and that the Buſineſs of Playing is now ſo managed, that you are not to be ſurpriſed when I ſay one or two of them are rational, others ſenſitive and vegetative Actors, and others wholly inanimate. I ſhall not place theſe as I have named them, but as they have Precedence in the Opinion of their Audiences.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR having been ſo humble as to take Notice 'of the Epiſtles of other Animals, emboldens me, 'who am the wild Boar that was killed by Mrs. *Toſts*, 'to repreſent to you, That I think I was hardly uſed in 'not having the Part of the Lion in *Hydaſpes* given to 'me. It would have been but a natural Step for me to

'have personated that noble Creature, after having behaved my self to Satisfaction in the Part above-mentioned: But that of a Lion, is too great a Character for one that never trod the Stage before but upon two Legs. As for the little Resistance which I made, I hope it may be excused, when it is considered that the Dart was thrown at me by so fair an Hand. I must confess I had but just put on my Brutality; and *Camilla*'s Charms were such, that beholding her erect Mien, hearing her charming Voice, and astonished with her graceful Motion, I could not keep up to my assumed Fierceness, but died like a Man.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Thomas Prone.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THIS is to let you understand, that the Play-house 'is a Representation of the World in nothing so much as in this Particular, That no one rises in it according to his Merit. I have acted several Parts of Housholdstuff with great Applause for many Years: I am one of the Men in the Hangings in the *Emperor of the Moon*; I have twice performed the third Chair in an *English* Opera; and have rehearsed the Pump in the *Fortune Hunters*. I am now grown old, and hope you will recommend me so effectually, as that I may say something before I go off the Stage: In which you will do a great Act of Charity to

Your most humble Servant,

William Screne.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'UNDERSTANDING that Mr. *Screne* has writ 'to you, and desired to be raised from dumb and still Parts; I desire, if you give him Motion or Speech, that you would advance me in my Way, and let me keep on in what I humbly presume I am a Master, to wit, in representing human and still Life together. I have several times acted one of the finest Flower-pots

'in

' in the ſame Opera wherein Mr. *Screne* is a Chair; there-
' fore upon his Promotion, requeſt that I may ſucceed
' him in the Hangings, with my Hand in the Orange-
' Trees.

Your humble Servant,

Richard Simple.

SIR, *Drury-Lane, March* 24, 1710-11.

' I Saw your Friend the Templer this Evening in the
' Pit, and thought he looked very little pleaſed with
' the Repreſentation of the mad Scene of the *Pilgrim*. I
' wiſh, Sir, you would do us the Favour to animadvert
' frequently upon the falſe Taſte the Town is in, with
' Relation to Plays as well as Opera's. It certainly re-
' quires a Degree of Underſtanding to play juſtly; but
' ſuch is our Condition, that we are to ſuſpend our Rea-
' ſon to perform our Parts. As to Scenes of Madneſs,
' you know, Sir, there are noble Inſtances of this kind
' in *Shakeſpear*; but then it is the Diſturbance of a noble
' Mind, from generous and human Reſentments: It is
' like that Grief which we have for the Deceaſe of our
' Friends: It is no Diminution, but a Recommendation
' of human Nature, that in ſuch Incidents Paſſion gets
' the better of Reaſon; and all we can think to comfort
' our ſelves, is impotent againſt half what we feel. I
' will not mention that we had an Idiot in the Scene,
' and all the Senſe it is repreſented to have, is that of
' Luſt. As for my ſelf, who have long taken Pains in
' perſonating the Paſſions, I have to Night acted only an
' Appetite. The Part I play'd is Thirſt, but it is repre-
' ſented as written rather by a Dray-man than a Poet. I
' come in with a Tub about me, that Tub hung with
' Quart-pots, with a full Gallon at my Mouth. I am
' aſhamed to tell you that I pleaſed very much, and this
' was introduced as a Madneſs; but ſure it was not hu-
' man Madneſs, for a Mule or an Aſs may have been as
' dry as ever I was in my Life.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient and humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *From the* Savoy *in the* Strand.

'IF you can read it with dry Eyes, I give you this 'Trouble to acquaint you, that I am the unfortu-'nate King *Latinus*, and believe I am the firſt Prince that 'dated from this Palace ſince *John* of *Gaunt*. Such is 'the Uncertainty of all human Greatneſs, that I who 'lately never moved without a Guard, am now preſſed 'as a common Soldier, and am to ſail with the firſt fair 'Wind againſt my Brother *Lewis* of *France*. It is a very 'hard thing to put off a Character which one has appear-'ed in with Applauſe: This I experienced ſince the Loſ 'of my Diadem; for upon quarrelling with another Re-'cruit, I ſpoke my Indignation out of my Part in *recita-'tivo*;

——*Moſt audacious Slave,*
Dar'ſt thou an angry Monarch's Fury brave?

'The Words were no ſooner out of my Mouth, when 'a Serjeant knocked me down, and asked me if I had a 'Mind to mutiny, in talking things no body underſtood. 'You ſee, Sir, my unhappy Circumſtances; and if by 'your Mediation you can procure a Subſidy for a Prince '(who never failed to make all that beheld him merry at 'his Appearance) you will merit the Thanks of

Your Friend,

The King of *Latium.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the Good of the Publick.

WITHIN two Doors of the Maſquerade, lives an emi-nent Italian *Chirurgeon, arrived from the Carnaval at* Ve-nice, *of great Experience in Private Cures. Accommodations are provided, and Perſons admitted in their maſquing Ha-bits.*

HE has cured ſince his coming thither, in leſs than a Fortnight, Four Scaramouches, a Mountebank Doctor, Two Turkiſh *Baſſa's, Three Nuns, and a Morris Dancer.*

Venienti

Venienti occurrite Morbo.

N. B. *ANY Perſon may agree by the Great, and be kept in Repair by the Year. The Doctor draws Teeth without pulling off your Mask.* R

N° 23. *Tueſday, March* 27.

Sævit atrox Volſcens, nec teli conſpicit uſquam
Auctorem, nec quo ſe ardens immittere poſſit. Virg.

THERE is nothing that more betrays a baſe ungenerous Spirit, than the giving of ſecret Stabs to a Man's Reputation. Lampoons and Satyrs, that are written with Wit and Spirit, are like poiſoned Darts, which not only inflict a Wound, but make it incurable. For this Reaſon I am very much troubled when I ſee the Talents of Humour and Ridicule in the Poſſeſſion of an ill-natured Man. There cannot be a greater Gratification to a barbarous and inhuman Wit than to ſtir up Sorrow in the Heart of a private Perſon, to raiſe Uneaſineſs among near Relations, and to expoſe whole Families to Deriſion, at the ſame time that he remains unſeen and undiſcovered. If, beſides the Accompliſhments of being witty and ill-natured, a Man is vicious into the bargain; he is one of the moſt miſchievous Creatures than can enter into a Civil Society. His Satyr will then chiefly fall upon thoſe who ought to be the moſt exempt from it. Virtue, Merit, and every thing that is Praiſe-worthy, will be made the Subject of Ridicule and Buffoonry. It is impoſſible to enumerate the Evils which ariſe from theſe Arrows that fly in the Dark; and I know no other Excuſe that is or can be made for them, than that the Wounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nothing more than a ſecret Shame or Sorrow in the Mind of the ſuffering Perſon. It muſt indeed be confeſs'd, that a Lampoon or a Satyr do not carry in them Robbery or Murder; but at the ſame time, how many are there

there that would not rather loſe a conſiderable Sum of Money, or even Life it ſelf, than be ſet up as a Mark of Infamy and Deriſion? And in this caſe a Man ſhould conſider, that an Injury is not to be meaſured by the Notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

THOSE who can put the beſt Countenance upon the Outrages of this nature which are offered them, are not without their ſecret Anguiſh. I have often obſerved a Paſſage in *Socrates*'s Behaviour at his Death, in a Light wherein none of the Criticks have conſidered it. That excellent Man, entertaining his Friends a little before he drank the Bowl of Poiſon, with a Diſcourſe on the Immortality of the Soul, at his entering upon it ſays, that he does not believe any the moſt Comick Genius can cenſure him for talking upon ſuch a Subject at ſuch a time. This Paſſage, I think, evidently glances upon *Ariſtophanes*, who writ a Comedy on purpoſe to ridicule the Diſcourſes of that Divine Philoſopher. It has been obſerved by many Writers, that *Socrates* was ſo little moved at this piece of Buffoonry, that he was ſeveral times preſent at its being acted upon the Stage, and never expreſſed the leaſt Reſentment of it. But with Submiſſion, I think the Remark I have here made ſhews us that this unworthy Treatment made an Impreſſion upon his Mind, though he had been too wiſe to diſcover it.

WHEN *Julius Cæſar* was lampooned by *Catullus*, he invited him to a Supper, and treated him with ſuch a generous Civility, that he made the Poet his Friend ever after. Cardinal *Mazarine* gave the ſame kind of Treatment to the Learned *Quillet*, who had reflected upon his Eminence in a famous *Latin* Poem. The Cardinal ſent for him, and after ſome kind Expoſtulations upon what he had written, aſſured him of his Eſteem, and diſmiſſed him with a Promiſe of the next good Abby that ſhould fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few Months after. This had ſo good an Effect upon the Author, that he dedicated the ſecond Edition of his Book to the Cardinal, after having expunged the Paſſages which had given him Offence.

SEXTUS QUINTUS was not of ſo generous and forgiving a Temper. Upon his being made Pope, the

Statue

Statue of *Paſquin* was one Night dreſſed in a very dirty Shirt, with an Excuſe written under it, that he was forced to wear foul Linnen becauſe his Laundreſs was made a Princeſs. This was a Reflection upon the Pope's Siſter, who, before the Promotion of her Brother, was in thoſe mean Circumſtances that *Paſquin* repreſented her. As this Paſquinade made a great Noiſe in *Rome*, the Pope offered a conſiderable Sum of Mony to any Perſon that ſhould diſcover the Author of it. The Author relying upon his Holineſs's Generoſity, as alſo on ſome private Overtures which he had received from him, made the Diſcovery himſelf; upon which the Pope gave him the Reward he had promiſed, but at the ſame Time, to diſable the Satyriſt for the future, ordered his Tongue to be cut out, and both his Hands to be chopped off. *Aretine* is too trite an Inſtance. Every one knows that all the Kings of *Europe* were his Tributaries. Nay, there is a Letter of his extant, in which he makes his Boaſts that he had laid the Sophy of *Perſia* under Contribution.

THOUGH in the various Examples which I have here drawn together, theſe ſeveral great Men behaved themſelves very differently towards the Wits of the Age who had reproached them; they all of them plainly ſhewed that they were very ſenſible of their Reproaches, and conſequently that they received them as very great Injuries. For my own part, I would never truſt a Man that I thought was capable of giving theſe ſecret Wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the Perſon whoſe Reputation he thus aſſaults, in his Body or in his Fortune, could he do it with the ſame Security. There is indeed ſomething very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary Scriblers of Lampoons. An innocent young Lady ſhall be expoſed, for an unhappy Feature. A Father of a Family turned to Ridicule, for ſome domeſtick Calamity. A Wife be made uneaſie all her Life, for a miſinterpreted Word or Action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a juſt Man, ſhall be put out of Countenance, by the Repreſentation of thoſe Qualities that ſhould do him Honour. So pernicious a thing is Wit, when it is not tempered with Virtue and Humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedleſs inconſiderate Writers, that without any Malice have ſacrificed the Reputation of their Friends and Acquaintance, to a certain Levity of Temper, and a ſilly Ambition of diſtinguiſhing themſelves by a Spirit of Raillery and Satyr: As if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a good-natured Man, than a Wit. Where there is this little petulant Humour in an Author, he is often very miſchievous without deſigning to be ſo. For which Reaſon I always lay it down as a Rule, that an indiſcreet Man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as the former will only attack his Enemies, and thoſe he wiſhes ill to, the other injures indifferently both Friends and Foes. I cannot forbear, on this Occaſion, tranſcribing a Fable out of Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*, which accidentally lyes before me. 'A Company of waggiſh Boys were watching of Frogs at the ſide of a Pond, and ſtill as any of 'em put up their Heads, they'd be pelting them down again with Stones. *Children* (ſays one of the Frogs) *you never conſider that tho' this may be Play to you, 'tis Death to us.*

AS this Week is in a manner ſet apart and dedicated to ſerious Thoughts, I ſhall indulge my ſelf in ſuch Speculations as may not be altogether unſuitable to the Seaſon; and in the mean time, as the ſettling in our ſelves a Charitable Frame of Mind is a Work very proper for the Time, I have in this Paper endeavoured to expoſe that particular Breach of Charity which has been generally over-looked by Divines, becauſe they are but few who can be guilty of it.

C

Wedneſday,

N° 24. *Wednesday, March* 28.

Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum;
Arreptaque manu, Quid agis dulciſſime rerum? Hor.

THERE are in this Town a great Number of inſignificant People, who are by no Means fit for the better ſort of Converſation, and yet have an impertinent Ambition of appearing with thoſe to whom they are not welcome. If you walk in the *Park*, one of them will certainly join with you, tho' you are in Company with Ladies; if you drink a Bottle, they will find your Haunts. What makes ſuch Fellows the more burdenſome, is, that they neither offend or pleaſe ſo far as to be taken Notice of for either. It is, I preſume, for this Reaſon that my Correſpondents are willing by my Means to be rid of them. The two following Letters are writ by Perſons who ſuffer by ſuch Impertinence. A worthy old Batchelor, who ſets in for his Doſe of Claret every Night at ſuch an Hour, is teized by a Swarm of them; who becauſe they are ſure of Room and good Fire, have taken it in their Heads to keep a ſort of Club in his Company; tho' the ſober Gentleman himſelf is an utter Enemy to ſuch Meetings.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Averſion I for ſome Years have had to Clubs 'in general, gave me a perfect Reliſh for your 'Speculation on that Subject; but I have ſince been 'extremely mortified, by the malicious World's ranking me 'amongſt the Supporters of ſuch impertinent Aſſem-'blies. I beg leave to ſtate my Caſe fairly; and that done, 'I ſhall expect Redreſs from your judicious Pen.

'I am, Sir, a Batchelor of ſome ſtanding, and a Tra-'veller; my Buſineſs, to conſult my own Humour, which 'I gratifie without controuling other People's; I have a 'Room and a whole Bed to my ſelf; and I have a Dog,

'a

a Fiddle, and a Gun; they pleaſe me, and injure no Creature alive. My chief Meal is a Supper, which I always make at a Tavern. I am conſtant to an Hour, and not ill-humour'd; for which Reaſons, tho' I invite no Body, I have no ſooner ſupp'd, than I have a Crowd about me of that ſort of good Company that know not whither elſe to go. It is true every Man pays his Share, yet as they are Intruders, I have an undoubted Right to be the only Speaker, or at leaſt the loudeſt; which I maintain, and that to the great Emolument of my Audience. I ſometimes tell them their own in pretty free Language; and ſometimes divert them with merry Tales, according as I am in Humour. I am one of thoſe who live in Taverns to a great Age, by a ſort of regular Intemperance; I never go to Bed drunk, but always fluſter'd; I wear away very gently; am apt to be peeviſh, but never angry. Mr. SPECTATOR, If you have kept various Company, you know there is in every Tavern in Town ſome old Humouriſt or other, who is Maſter of the Houſe as much as he that keeps it. The Drawers are all in Awe of him; and all the Cuſtomers who frequent his Company, yield him a ſort of comical Obedience. I do not know but I may be ſuch a Fellow as this my ſelf. But I appeal to you, whether this is to be called a Club, becauſe ſo many Impertinents will break in upon me, and come without Appointment? *Clinch* of *Barnet* has a nightly Meeting, and ſhows to every one that will come in and pay; but then he is the only Actor. Why ſhould People miſcall things? If his is allow'd to be a Conſort, why mayn't mine be a Lecture? However, Sir, I ſubmit to you, and am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient, &c.

Tho. Kimbow.

Good Sir,

YOU and I were preſs'd againſt each other laſt Winter in a Crowd, in which uneaſie Poſture we ſuffer'd together for almoſt half an Hour. I thank you for all your Civilities ever ſince, in being of my Acquaintance

'tance where-ever you meet me. But the other Day 'you pull'd off your Hat to me in the *Park*, when I was 'walking with my Miſtreſs: She did not like your Air, 'and ſaid ſhe wondered what ſtrange Fellows I was ac-'quainted with. Dear Sir, conſider it is as much as my 'Life is worth, if ſhe ſhould think we were intimate; 'therefore I earneſtly intreat you for the future to take 'no manner of Notice of,

SIR,

Your obliged humble Servant,

Will. Faſhion.

A like Impertinence is alſo very troubleſome to the ſuperior and more intelligent Part of the fair Sex. It is, it ſeems, a great Inconvenience, that thoſe of the meaneſt Capacities will pretend to make Viſits, tho' indeed they are qualified rather to add to the Furniture of the Houſe (by filling an empty Chair) than to the Converſation they come into when they viſit. A Friend of mine hopes for Redreſs in this Caſe, by the Publication of her Letter in my Paper; which ſhe thinks thoſe ſhe would be rid of will take to themſelves. It ſeems to be written with an Eye to one of thoſe pert giddy unthinking Girls, who upon the Recommendation only of an agreeable Perſon and a faſhionable Air, take themſelves to be upon a Level with Women of the greateſt Merit.

MADAM,

'I Take this Way to acquaint you with what com-'mon Rules and Forms would never permit me to 'tell you otherwiſe; to wit, that you and I, tho' Equals 'in Quality and Fortune, are by no Means ſuitable Com-'panions. You are, 'tis true, very pretty, can dance, 'and make a very good Figure in a publick Aſſembly; 'but alas, Madam, you muſt go no further; Diſtance and 'Silence are your beſt Recommendations; therefore let 'me beg of you never to make me any more Viſits. You 'come in a literal Senſe to ſee one, for you have nothing 'to ſay. I do not ſay this, that I would by any Means 'loſe your Acquaintance; but I would keep it up with

'the

'the ſtricteſt Forms of good Breeding. Let us pay Vi-
'ſits, but never ſee one another: If you will be ſo good
'as to deny your ſelf always to me, I ſhall return the
'Obligation by giving the ſame Orders to my Servants.
'When Accident makes us meet at a third Place, we
'may mutually lament the Misfortune of never finding
'one another at home, go in the ſame Party to a Bene-
'fit-Play, and ſmile at each other and put down Glaſſes
'as we paſs in our Coaches. Thus we may enjoy as
'much of each others Friendſhip as we are capable: For
'there are ſome People who are to be known only by
'Sight, with which ſort of Friendſhip I hope you will
'always honour,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

Mary Tueſday.

P. S. 'I ſubſcribe my ſelf by the Name of the Day I
'keep, that my ſupernumerary Friends may know who
'I am.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To prevent all Miſtakes that may happen among Gentlemen of the other end of the Town, who come but once a Week to St. James's *Coffee-houſe, either by miſcalling the Servants, or requiring ſuch things from them as are not properly within their reſpective Provinces; this is to give Notice, that* Kidney, *Keeper of the Book-Debts of the outlying Cuſtomers, and Obſerver of thoſe who go off without paying, having reſigned that Employment, is ſucceeded by* John Sowton; *to which Place of Enterer of Meſſages and firſt Coffee-Grinder* William Bird *is promoted; and* Samuel Burdock *comes as Shoe-Cleaner in the Room of the ſaid* Bird. R

Thurſday,

N° 25. *Thurſday, March* 29.

——*Ægreſcitque medendo.* Virg.

THE following Letter will explain it ſelf, and needs no Apology.

SIR,

'I Am one of the ſickly Tribe who are commonly 'known by the Name of *Valetudinarians*, and do 'confeſs to you, that I firſt contracted this ill Habit of Body, or rather of Mind, by the Study of Phyſick. I no ſooner began to peruſe Books of this Nature, but I found my Pulſe was irregular; and ſcarce ever read the Account of any Diſeaſe that I did not fancy my ſelf afflicted with. Doctor *Sydenham*'s learned Treatiſe of Fevers threw me into a lingring Hectick, which hung upon me all the while I was reading that excellent Piece. I then applied my ſelf to the Study of ſeveral Authors, who have written upon Pthifical Diſtempers, and by that means fell into a Conſumption; till at length, growing very fat, I was in a manner ſhamed out of that Imagination. Not long after this I found in my ſelf all the Symptoms of the Gout, except Pain; but was cured of it by a Treatiſe upon the Gravel, written by a very Ingenious Author, who (as it is uſual for Phyſicians to convert one Diſtemper into another) eaſed me of the Gout by giving me the Stone. I at length ſtudied my ſelf into a Complication of Diſtempers; but, accidentally taking into my Hand that Ingenious Diſcourſe written by *Sanctorius*, I was reſolved to direct my ſelf by a Scheme of Rules, which I had collected from his Obſervations. The Learned World are very well acquainted with that Gentleman's Invention; who, for the better carrying on of his Experiments, contrived a certain Mathematical Chair, which was ſo Artificially hung upon Strings, that it would weigh

'weigh any thing as well as a Pair of Scales. By this 'means he diſcovered how many Ounces of his Food 'paſs'd by Perſpiration, what quantity of it was turned 'into Nouriſhment, and how much went away by the 'other Channels and Diſtributions of Nature.

'HAVING provided my ſelf with this Chair, I uſed 'to Study, Eat, Drink, and Sleep in it; inſomuch that I 'may be ſaid, for theſe three laſt Years, to have lived in 'a Pair of Scales. I compute my ſelf, when I am in full 'Health, to be preciſely Two hundred Weight, falling 'ſhort of it about a Pound after a Day's Faſt, and exceed-'ing it as much after a very full Meal; ſo that it is my 'continual Employment, to trim the Ballance between 'theſe two Volatile Pounds in my Conſtitution. In my or-'dinary Meals I fetch my ſelf up to Two hundred Weight 'and half a Pound; and if after having dined I find my 'ſelf fall ſhort of it, I drink juſt ſo much Small Beer, or 'eat ſuch a quantity of Bread, as is ſufficient to make me 'weight. In my greateſt Exceſſes I do not tranſgreſs 'more than the other half Pound; which, for my Health's 'ſake, I do the firſt *Monday* in every Month. As ſoon as 'I find my ſelf duely poiſed after Dinner, I walk till I 'have perſpired five Ounces and four Scruples; and when 'I diſcover, by my Chair, that I am ſo far reduced, I 'fall to my Books, and Study away three Ounces more. 'As for the remaining Parts of the Pound, I keep no ac-'compt of them. I do not dine and ſup by the Clock, 'but by my Chair; for when that informs me my Pound 'of Food is exhauſted I conclude my ſelf to be hungry, 'and lay in another with all Diligence. In my Days of 'Abſtinence I loſe a Pound and an half, and on ſolemn 'Faſts am two Pound lighter than on other Days in the 'Year.

'I allow my ſelf, one Night with another, a Quarter 'of a Pound of Sleep within a few Grains more or leſs; 'and if upon my riſing I find that I have not conſumed 'my whole quantity, I take out the reſt in my Chair. 'Upon an exact Calculation of what I expended and re-'ceived the laſt Year, which I always regiſter in a Book, I 'find the Medium to be Two hundred Weight, ſo that I can-'not diſcover that I am impaired one Ounce in my Health

'during

'during a whole Twelve-month. And yet, Sir, notwithſtanding this my great Care to ballaſt my ſelf equally every Day, and to keep my Body in its proper Poiſe, ſo it is that I find my ſelf in a ſick and languiſhing Condition. My Complexion is grown very ſallow, my Pulſe low, and my Body Hydropical. Let me therefore beg you, Sir, to conſider me as your Patient, and to give me more certain Rules to walk by than thoſe I have already obſerved, and you will very much oblige

Your humble Servant.

THIS Letter puts me in mind of an *Italian* Epitaph written on the Monument of a *Valetudinarian*; *Stavo ben, ma per ſtar Meglio, ſto qui*: Which it is impoſſible to tranſlate. The Fear of Death often proves Mortal, and ſets People on Methods to ſave their Lives, which infallibly deſtroy them. This is a Reflection made by ſome Hiſtorians, upon obſerving that there are many more thouſands killed in a Flight than in a Battel; and may be applied to thoſe Multitudes of Imaginary Sick Perſons that break their Conſtitutions by Phyſick, and throw themſelves into the Arms of Death, by endeavouring to eſcape it. This Method is not only dangerous, but below the Practice of a Reaſonable Creature. To conſult the Preſervation of Life, as the only End of it, To make our Health our Buſineſs, To engage in no Action that is not part of a Regimen, or courſe of Phyſick; are Purpoſes ſo abject, ſo mean, ſo unworthy human Nature, that a generous Soul would rather die than ſubmit to them. Beſides, that a continual Anxiety for Life vitiates all the Reliſhes of it, and caſts a Gloom over the whole Face of Nature; as it is impoſſible we ſhould take Delight in any thing that we are every Moment afraid of loſing.

I do not mean, by what I have here ſaid, that I think any one to blame for taking due Care of their Health. On the contrary, as Cheerfulneſs of Mind, and Capacity for Buſineſs, are in a great meaſure the Effects of a well-tempered Conſtitution, a Man cannot be at too much Pains to cultivate and preſerve it. But this Care, which we are prompted to, not only by common Senſe, but by Duty and Inſtinct, ſhould never engage us in groundleſs

leſs Fears, melancholy Apprehenſions, and imaginary Diſtempers, which are natural to every Man who is more anxious to live than how to live. In ſhort, the Preſervation of Life ſhould be only a ſecondary Concern, and the Direction of it our Principal. If we have this Frame of Mind, we ſhall take the beſt Means to preſerve Life, without being over-ſollicitous about the Event; and ſhall arrive at that Point of Felicity which *Martial* has mentioned as the Perfection of Happineſs, of neither fearing nor wiſhing for Death.

IN anſwer to the Gentleman, who tempers his Health by Ounces and by Scruples, and inſtead of complying with thoſe natural Sollicitations of Hunger and Thirſt, Drowſineſs or Love of Exerciſe, governs himſelf by the Preſcriptions of his Chair, I ſhall tell him a ſhort Fable. *Jupiter*, ſays the Mythologiſt, to reward the Piety of a certain Countryman, promiſed to give him whatever he would ask. The Countryman deſired that he might have the Management of the Weather in his own Eſtate: He obtained his Requeſt, and immediately diſtributed Rain, Snow, and Sunſhine among his ſeveral Fields, as he thought the nature of the Soil required. At the end of the Year, when he expected to ſee a more than ordinary Crop, his Harveſt fell infinitely ſhort of that of his Neighbour: Upon which (ſays the Fable) he deſired *Jupiter* to take the Weather again into his own Hands, or that otherwiſe he ſhould utterly ruin himſelf. C

Friday,

N° 26. *Friday, March* 30.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres, o beate Sexti.
Vita summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia—— Hor.

WHEN I am in a ſerious Humour, I very often walk by my ſelf in *Weſtminſter* Abby; where the Gloomineſs of the Place, and the Uſe to which it is applied, with the Solemnity of the Building, and the Condition of the People who lye in it, are apt to fill the Mind with a kind of Melancholy, or rather Thoughtfulneſs, that is not diſagreeable. I Yeſterday paſſed a whole Afternoon in the Church-yard, the Cloyſters, and the Church, amuſing my ſelf with the Tomb-ſtones and Inſcriptions that I met with in thoſe ſeveral Regions of the Dead. Moſt of them recorded nothing elſe of the buried Perſon, but that he was born upon one Day and died upon another: The whole Hiſtory of his Life being comprehended in thoſe two Circumſtances, that are common to all Mankind. I could not but look upon theſe Regiſters of Exiſtence, whether of Braſs or Marble, as a kind of Satyr upon the departed Perſons; who had left no other Memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of ſeveral Perſons mentioned in the Battels of Heroic Poems, who have ſounding Names given them, for no other Reaſon but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the Head.

Γλαῦκόν τε Μεδόντα τε Θερσιλόχόν τε. Hom.

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Therſilochumque. Vir.

The Life of theſe Men is finely deſcribed in Holy Writ

by *the Path of an Arrow*, which is immediately closed up and loſt.

UPON my going into the Church, I entertained my ſelf with the digging of a Grave; and ſaw in every Shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the Fragment of a Bone or Skull intermixt with a kind of freſh mouldering Earth that ſome time or other had a Place in the Compoſition of an human Body. Upon this, I began to conſider with my ſelf what innumerable Multitudes of People lay confuſed together under the Pavement of that ancient Cathedral; how Men and Women, Friends and Enemies, Prieſts and Soldiers, Monks and Prebendaries, were crumbled amongſt one another, and blended together in the ſame common Maſs; how Beauty, Strength, and Youth, with Old-age, Weakneſs, and Deformity, lay undiſtinguiſhed in the ſame promiſcuous Heap of Matter.

AFTER having thus ſurveyed this great Magazine of Mortality, as it were, in the Lump; I examined it more particularly by the Accounts which I found on ſeveral of the Monuments which are raiſed in every Quarter of that ancient Fabrick. Some of them were covered with ſuch extravagant Epitaphs, that, if it were poſſible for the dead Perſon to be acquainted with them, he would bluſh at the Praiſes which his Friends have beſtowed upon him. There are others ſo exceſſively modeſt, that they deliver the Character of the Perſon departed in *Greek* or *Hebrew*, and by that means are not underſtood once in a Twelvemonth. In the Poetical Quarter, I found there were Poets who had no Monuments, and Monuments which had no Poets. I obſerved indeed that the preſent War had filled the Church with many of theſe uninhabited Monuments, which had been erected to the Memory of Perſons whoſe Bodies were perhaps buried in the Plains of *Blenheim*, or in the Boſom of the Ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with ſeveral modern Epitaphs, which are written with great Elegance of Expreſſion and Juſtneſs of Thought, and therefore do Honour to the Living as well as to the Dead. As a Foreigner is very apt to conceive an Idea of the Ignorance or Politeneſs of a Nation from the Turn of their publick Monuments and Inſcriptions, they ſhould be ſubmitted to the

the Peruſal of Men of Learning and Genius before they are put in Execution. Sir *Cloudeſly Shovel*'s Monument has very often given me great Offence: Inſtead of the brave rough *Engliſh* Admiral, which was the diſtinguiſhing Character of that plain gallant Man, he is repreſented on his Tomb by the Figure of a Beau, dreſſed in a long Perriwig, and repoſing himſelf upon Velvet Cuſhions under a Canopy of State. The Inſcription is anſwerable to the Monument; for inſtead of celebrating the many remarkable Actions he had performed in the Service of his Country, it acquaints us only with the Manner of his Death, in which it was impoſſible for him to reap any Honour. The *Dutch*, whom we are apt to deſpiſe for want of Genius, ſhew an infinitely greater Taſte of Antiquity and Politeneſs in their Buildings and Works of this Nature, than what we meet with in thoſe of our own Country. The Monuments of their Admirals, which have been erected at the publick Expence, repreſent 'em like themſelves; and are adorned with roſtral Crowns and naval Ornaments, with beautiful Feſtoons of Seaweed, Shells, and Coral.

BUT to return to our Subject. I have left the Repoſitory of our *Engliſh* Kings for the Contemplation of another Day, when I ſhall find my Mind diſpoſed for ſo ſerious an Amuſement. I know that Entertainments of this nature are apt to raiſe dark and diſmal Thoughts in timorous Minds, and gloomy Imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always ſerious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a View of Nature in her deep and ſolemn Scenes, with the ſame Pleaſure as in her moſt gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve my ſelf with thoſe Objects, which others conſider with Terror. When I look upon the Tombs of the Great, every Emotion of Envy dies in me; when I read the Epitaphs of the Beautiful, every inordinate Deſire goes out; when I meet with the Grief of Parents upon a Tomb-ſtone, my Heart melts with Compaſſion; when I ſee the Tomb of the Parents themſelves, I conſider the Vanity of grieving for thoſe whom we muſt quickly follow: When I ſee Kings lying by thoſe who depoſed them, when I conſider rival Wits

placed Side by Side, or the holy Men that divided the World with their Conteſts and Diſputes, I reflect with Sorrow and Aſtoniſhment on the little Competitions, Factions, and Debates of Mankind. When I read the ſeveral Dates of the Tombs, of ſome that died Yeſterday, and ſome ſix hundred Years ago, I conſider that great Day when we ſhall all of us be Contemporaries, and make our Appearance together. C

No 27. *Saturday, March* 31.

Ut nox longa quibus Mentitur amica, dieſque
Longa videtur opus debentibus, ut piger Annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit Cuſtodia matrum;
Sic mihi Tarda fluunt ingrataque Tempora, quæ ſpem
Conſiliumque morantur agendi Gnaviter, id quod
Æquè pauperibus prodeſt, Locupletibus æquè,
Æquè neglectum pueris ſenibuſque nocebit. Hor.

THERE is ſcarce a thinking Man in the World, who is involved in the Buſineſs of it, but lives under a ſecret Impatience of the Hurry and Fatigue he ſuffers, and has formed a Reſolution to fix himſelf, one time or other, in ſuch a State as is ſuitable to the End of his Being. You hear Men every Day in Converſation profeſs, that all the Honour, Power and Riches which they propoſe to themſelves, cannot give Satisfaction enough to reward them for half the Anxiety they undergo in the Purſuit, or Poſſeſſion of them. While Men are in this Temper, (which happens very frequently) how inconſiſtent are they with themſelves? They are wearied with the Toil they bear, but cannot find in their Hearts to relinquiſh it; Retirement is what they want, but they cannot betake themſelves to it: While they pant after Shade and Covert, they ſtill affect to appear in the moſt glittering Scenes of Life: But ſure this is but juſt as reaſonable

able as if a Man ſhould call for more Lights, when he has a mind to go to Sleep.

SINCE then it is certain that our own Hearts deceive us in the Love of the World, and that we cannot command our ſelves enough to reſign it, though we every Day wiſh our ſelves diſengaged from its Allurements; let us not ſtand upon a Formal taking of Leave, but wean our ſelves from them, while we are in the midſt of them.

IT is certainly the general Intention of the greater Part of Mankind to accompliſh this Work, and live according to their own Approbation, as ſoon as they poſſibly can: But ſince the Duration of Life is ſo uncertain, and that has been a common Topick of Diſcourſe ever ſince there was ſuch a thing as Life it ſelf, how is it poſſible that we ſhould defer a Moment the beginning to Live according to the Rules of Reaſon?

THE Man of Buſineſs has ever ſome one Point to carry, and then he tells himſelf he'll bid adieu to all the Vanity of Ambition: The Man of Pleaſure reſolves to take his Leave at leaſt, and part civilly with his Miſtreſs: But the Ambitious Man is entangled every Moment in a freſh Purſuit, and the Lover ſees new Charms in the Object he fancied he could abandon. It is therefore a fantaſtical way of thinking, when we promiſe our ſelves an Alteration in our Conduct from change of Place, and difference of Circumſtances; the ſame Paſſions will attend us where-ever we are, 'till they are Conquer'd; and we can never live to our Satisfaction in the deepeſt Retirement, unleſs we are capable of living ſo in ſome meaſure amidſt the Noiſe and Buſineſs of the World.

I have ever thought Men were better known, by what could be obſerved of them from a Peruſal of their private Letters, than any other way. My Friend, the Clergyman, the other Day, upon ſerious Diſcourſe with him concerning the Danger of Procraſtination, gave me the following Letters from Perſons with whom he lives in great Friendſhip and Intimacy, according to the good Breeding and good Senſe of his Character. The firſt is from a Man of Buſineſs, who is his Convert; The ſecond from one of whom he conceives good Hopes; The third from one who is in no State at all, but carried one way and another by ſtarts.

SIR,

'I Know not with what Words to expreſs to you the 'Senſe I have of the high Obligation you have laid 'upon me, in the Penance you enjoined me of doing 'ſome Good or other, to a Perſon of Worth, every Day 'I live. The Station I am in, furniſhes me with daily 'Opportunities of this kind: And the Noble Principle 'with which you have inſpired me, of Benevolence to 'all I have to deal with, quickens my Application in 'every thing I undertake. When I relieve Merit from 'Diſcountenance, when I aſſiſt a friendleſs Perſon, when 'I produce concealed Worth, I am diſpleaſed with my 'ſelf, for having deſigned to leave the World in order to 'be Virtuous. I am ſorry you decline the Occaſions 'which the Condition I am in might afford me of en-'larging your Fortunes; but know I contribute more to 'your Satisfaction, when I acknowledge I am the better 'Man, from the Influence and Authority you have over,

SIR,

Your moſt Obliged, and

moſt Humble Servant,

R. O.

SIR,

'I Am intirely convinced of the Truth of what you 'were pleaſed to ſay to me, when I was laſt with 'you alone. You told me then of the ſilly way I was 'in; but you told me ſo, as I ſaw you loved me, other-'wiſe I could not obey your Commands in letting you 'know my Thoughts ſo ſincerely as I do at preſent. I 'know *the Creature for whom I reſign ſo much of my Cha-'racter*, is all that you ſaid of her; but then the Trifler 'has ſomething in her ſo undeſigning and harmleſs, that 'her Guilt in one kind diſappears by the Compariſon of 'her Innocence in another. Will you, Virtuous Men, 'allow no Alteration of Offences? Muſt Dear *Chloe* be 'called by the hard Name you pious People give to 'common Women? I keep the ſolemn Promiſe I made 'you, in writing to you the State of my Mind, after

'your

' your kind Admonition; and will endeavour to get the ' better of this Fondneſs, which makes me ſo much her ' humble Servant, that I am almoſt aſhamed to Subſcribe ' my ſelf yours,

T. D.

SIR,

' THERE is no State of Life ſo Anxious as that of ' a Man who does not live according to the Di- ' ctates of his own Reaſon. It will ſeem odd to you, ' when I aſſure you that my Love of Retirement firſt of ' all brought me to Court; but this will be no Riddle, ' when I acquaint you that I placed my ſelf here with a ' Deſign of getting ſo much Mony as might enable me ' to Purchaſe a handſome Retreat in the Country. At ' preſent my Circumſtances enable me, and my Duty ' prompts me, to paſs away the remaining Part of my ' Life in ſuch a Retirement as I at firſt propoſed to my ' ſelf; but to my great Misfortune I have intirely loſt the ' Reliſh of it, and ſhould now return to the Country with ' greater Reluctance than I at firſt came to Court. I am ' ſo unhappy, as to know that what I am fond of are ' Trifles, and that what I neglect is of the greateſt Im- ' portance: In ſhort, I find a Conteſt in my own Mind ' between Reaſon and Faſhion. I remember you once ' told me, that I might live in the World, and out of it, ' at the ſame time. Let me beg of you to explain this ' Paradox more at large to me, that I may conform my ' Life, if poſſible, both to my Duty and my Inclination. ' I am

Your moſt humble Servant,

R. B.

N° 28. *Monday, April* 2.

——*Neque ſemper arcum*
Tendit Apollo. Hor.

I Shall here preſent my Reader with a Letter from a Projector, concerning a new Office which he thinks may very much contribute to the Embelliſhment of the City, and to the driving Barbarity out of our Streets. I conſider it as a Satyr upon Projectors in general, and a lively Picture of the whole Art of Modern Criticiſm.

SIR,

'OBſerving that you have Thoughts of creating certain 'Officers under you, for the Inſpection of ſeveral 'pretty Enormities which you your ſelf cannot attend to; 'and finding daily Abſurdities hung out upon the Sign-'Poſts of this City, to the great Scandal of Foreigners, as 'well as thoſe of our own Country, who are curious 'Spectators of the ſame: I do humbly propoſe, that you 'would be pleaſed to make me your Superintendant of 'all ſuch Figures and Devices as are or ſhall be made uſe 'of on this Occaſion; with full Powers to rectifie or ex-'punge whatever I ſhall find irregular or defective. For 'want of ſuch an Officer, there is nothing like ſound 'Literature and good Senſe to be met with in thoſe Ob-'jects, that are very where thruſting themſelves out to 'the Eye, and endeavouring to become viſible. Our 'Streets are filled with blue Boars, black Swans, and red 'Lions; not to mention flying Pigs, and Hogs in Ar-'mour, with many other Creatures more extraordinary 'than any in the Deſarts of *Africk*. Strange! that one 'who has all the Birds and Beaſts in Nature to chuſe out 'of, ſhould live at the Sign of an *Ens Rationis*!

'MY firſt Task therefore ſhould be, like that of *Her-'cules*, to clear the City from Monſters. In the ſecond

'Place

'Place I would forbid, that Creatures of jarring and incongruous Natures ſhould be joined together in the ſame Sign; ſuch as the Bell and the Neats-Tongue, the Dog and Gridiron. The Fox and Gooſe may be ſuppoſed to have met; but what has the Fox and the Seven Stars to do together? And when did the Lamb and Dolphin ever meet, except upon a Sign-Poſt? As for the Cat and Fiddle, there is a Conceit in it; and therefore I do not intend that any thing I have here ſaid ſhould affect it. I muſt however obſerve to you upon this Subject, that it is uſual for a young Tradeſman, at his firſt ſetting up, to add to his own Sign that of the Maſter whom he ſerved; as the Husband after Marriage, gives a Place to his Miſtreſs's Arms in his own Coat. This I take to have given Riſe to many of thoſe Abſurdities which are committed over our Heads; and, as I am informed, firſt occaſioned the three Nuns and a Hare, which we ſee ſo frequently joined together. I would therefore eſtabliſh certain Rules, for the determining how far one Tradeſman may *give* the Sign of another, and in what Caſes he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

'IN the third Place, I would enjoin every Shop to make uſe of a Sign which bears ſome Affinity to the Wares in which it deals. What can be more inconſiſtent, than to ſee a Bawd at the Sign of the Angel, or a Taylor at the Lion? A Cook ſhould not live at the Boot, nor a Shoomaker at the roaſted Pig; and yet, for want of this Regulation, I have ſeen a Goat ſet up before the Door of a Perfumer, and the *French* King's Head at a Sword-Cutler's.

'AN ingenious Foreigner obſerves, that ſeveral of thoſe Gentlemen who value themſelves upon their Families, and overlook ſuch as are bred to Trade, bear the Tools of their Forefathers in their Coats of Arms. I will not examine how true this is in Fact: But though it may not be neceſſary for Poſterity thus to ſet up the Sign of their Forefathers; I think it highly proper for thoſe who actually profeſs the Trade, to ſhew ſome ſuch Marks of it before their Doors.

'WHEN the Name gives an Occaſion for an ingenious 'Sign-Poſt, I would likewiſe adviſe the Owner to take 'that Opportunity of letting the World know who he 'is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs. '*Salmon* to have lived at the Sign of the Trout; for 'which Reaſon ſhe has erected before her Houſe the Fi-'gure of the Fiſh that is her Name-ſake. Mr. *Bell* has 'likewiſe diſtinguiſhed himſelf by a Device of the ſame 'Nature: And here, Sir, I muſt beg Leave to obſerve to 'you, that this particular Figure of a Bell has given Oc-'caſion to ſeveral Pieces of Wit in this kind. A Man of 'your Reading, muſt know that *Abel Drugger* gained 'great Applauſe by it in the Time of *Ben. Johnſon*. Our 'Apocryphal Heathen God is alſo repreſented by this Fi-'gure; which, in Conjunction with the Dragon, makes 'a very handſome Picture in ſeveral of our Streets. As 'for the Bell-Savage, which is the Sign of a Savage Man 'ſtanding by a Bell, I was formerly very much puzzled 'upon the Conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the 'reading of an old Romance tranſlated out of the *French*; 'which gives an Account of a very beautiful Woman who 'was found in a Wilderneſs, and is called in the *French* '*la belle Sauvage*; and is every where tranſlated by our 'Country-man the Bell-Savage. This Piece of Philology 'will, I hope, convince you that I have made Sign-Poſts 'my Study, and conſequently qualified my ſelf for the 'Employment which I ſollicit at your Hands. But be-'fore I conclude my Letter, I muſt communicate to you 'another Remark which I have made upon the Subject 'with which I am now entertaining you, namely, that I 'can give a ſhrewd Gueſs at the Humour of the Inhabi-'tant by the Sign that hangs before his Door. A ſurly 'cholerick Fellow, generally makes Choice of a Bear; 'as Men of milder Diſpoſitions frequently live at the 'Lamb. Seeing a Punch-Bowl painted upon a Sign near '*Charing-Croſs*, and very curiouſly garniſhed, with a 'couple of Angels hovering over it, and ſqueezing a Lem-'mon into it, I had the Curioſity to ask after the Maſter 'of the Houſe and found upon Enquiry, as I had gueſ-'ſed by the little *Agrémens* upon his Sign, that he was a '*Frenchman*. I know, Sir, it is not requiſite for me to

enlarge

'enlarge upon theſe Hints to a Gentleman of your great 'Abilities; ſo humbly recommending my ſelf to your 'Favour and Patronage,

I remain, &c.

I ſhall add to the foregoing Letter, another which came to me by the ſame Penny-Poſt.

From my own Apartment near Charing-Croſs.

Honoured Sir,

'HAVING heard that this Nation is a great Encou-'rager of Ingenuity, I have brought with me a Rope-Dancer that was caught in one of the Woods belonging to the Great *Mogul*. He is by Birth a Monkey; 'but ſwings upon a Rope, takes a Pipe of Tobacco, and 'drinks a Glaſs of Ale, like any reaſonable Creature. He 'gives great Satisfaction to the Quality; and if they will 'make a Subſcription for him, I will ſend for a Brother 'of his out of *Holland* that is a very good Tumbler; and 'alſo for another of the ſame Family whom I deſign for 'my *Merry-Andrew*, as being an excellent Mimick, and 'the greateſt Drole in the Country where he now is. I 'hope to have this Entertainment in a Readineſs for the 'next Winter; and doubt not but it will pleaſe more than 'the Opera or Puppet-Show. I will not ſay that a Mon-'key is a better Man than ſome of the Opera Heroes; but 'certainly he is a better Repreſentative of a Man, than 'the moſt artificial Compoſition of Wood and Wire. If 'you will be pleaſed to give me a good Word in your 'Paper, you ſhall be every Night a Spectator at my Show 'for nothing.

C. *I am*, &c.

Tueſday,

Nº 29. *Tuesday, April* 3.

——Sermo linguâ concinnus utrâque
Suavior: ut Chio nota ſi commiſta Falerni eſt. Hor.

THERE is nothing that has more ſtartled our *Engliſh* Audience, than the *Italian Recitativo* at its firſt Entrance upon the Stage. People were wonderfully ſurprized to hear Generals ſinging the Word of Command, and Ladies delivering Meſſages in Muſick. Our Country-men could not forbear laughing when they heard a Lover chanting out a Billet-doux, and even the Superſcription of a Letter ſet to a Tune. The Famous Blunder in an old Play of *Enter a King and two Fidlers ſolus*, was now no longer an Abſurdity; when it was impoſſible for a Hero in a Deſart, or a Princeſs in her Cloſet, to ſpeak any thing unaccompanied with Muſical Inſtruments.

BUT however this *Italian* Method of acting in *Recitativo* might appear at firſt hearing, I cannot but think it much more juſt than that which prevailed in our *Engliſh* Opera before this Innovation: The Tranſition from an Air to Recitative Muſick being more natural, than the paſſing from a Song to plain and ordinary Speaking, which was the common Method in *Purcell*'s Opera's.

THE only Fault I find in our preſent Practice, is the making uſe of *Italian Recitativo* with *Engliſh* Words.

TO go to the Bottom of this Matter. I muſt obſerve, that the Tone, or (as the *French* call it) the Accent of every Nation in their ordinary Speech is altogether different from that of every other People; as we may ſee even in the *Welſh* and *Scotch*, who border ſo near upon us. By the Tone or Accent, I do not mean the Pronunciation of each particular Word, but the Sound of the whole Sentence. Thus it is very common for an *Engliſh* Gentleman, when he hears a *French* Tragedy, to complain that the Actors all of them ſpeak in a Tone; and

and therefore he very wiſely prefers his own Countrymen, not conſidering that a Foreigner complains of the ſame Tone in an *Engliſh* Actor.

FOR this Reaſon, the Recitative Muſick in every Language, ſhould be as different as the Tone or Accent of each Language; for otherwiſe, what may properly expreſs a Paſſion in one Language, will not do it in another. Every one who has been long in *Italy* knows very well, that the Cadences in the *Recitativo* bear a remote Affinity to the Tone of their Voices in ordinary Converſation, or, to ſpeak more properly, are only the Accents of their Language made more Muſical and Tuneful.

THUS the Notes of Interrogation, or Admiration, in the *Italian* Muſick (if one may ſo call them) which reſemble their Accents in Diſcourſe on ſuch Occaſions, are not unlike the ordinary Tones of an *Engliſh* Voice when we are angry; inſomuch that I have often ſeen our Audiences extreamly miſtaken as to what has been doing upon the Stage, and expecting to ſee the Hero knock down his Meſſenger, when he has been asking him a Queſtion; or fancying that he quarrels with his Friend, when he only bids him Good-morrow.

FOR this Reaſon the *Italian* Artiſts cannot agree with our *Engliſh* Muſicians, in admiring *Purcell*'s Compoſitions, and thinking his Tunes ſo wonderfully adapted to his Words; becauſe both Nations do not always expreſs the ſame Paſſions by the ſame Sounds.

I am therefore humbly of Opinion, that an *Engliſh* Compoſer ſhould not follow the *Italian* Recitative too ſervilely, but make uſe of many gentle Deviations from it, in Compliance with his own Native Language. He may Copy out of it all the lulling Softneſs and *Dying Falls* (as *Shakeſpear* calls them) but ſhould ſtill remember that he ought to accommodate himſelf to an *Engliſh* Audience; and by humouring the Tone of our Voices in ordinary Converſation, have the ſame Regard to the Accent of his own Language, as thoſe Perſons had to theirs whom he profeſſes to imitate. It is obſerved, that ſeveral of the ſinging Birds of our own Country learn to ſweeten their Voices, and mellow the Harſhneſs of their natural Notes, by practiſing under thoſe that come from warmer

warmer Climates. In the ſame manner I would allow the *Italian* Opera to lend our *Engliſh* Muſick as much as may grace and ſoften it, but never entirely to annihilate and deſtroy it. Let the Infuſion be as ſtrong as you pleaſe, but ſtill let the ſubject Matter of it be *Engliſh*.

A Compoſer ſhould fit his Muſick to the Genius of the People, and conſider that the Delicacy of Hearing, and Taſte of Harmony, has been formed upon thoſe Sounds which every Country abounds with: In ſhort, that Muſick is of a Relative Nature, and what is Harmony to one Ear, may be Diſſonance to another.

THE ſame Obſervations which I have made upon the Recitative Part of Muſick, may be applied to all our Songs and Airs in general.

SIGNIOR *Baptiſt Lully* acted like a Man of Senſe in this Particular. He found the *French* Muſick extreamly defective, and very often barbarous: However, knowing the Genius of the People, the Humour of their Language, and the prejudiced Ears he had to deal with, he did not pretend to extirpate the *French* Muſick, and plant the *Italian* in its ſtead; but only to Cultivate and Civilize it with innumerable Graces and Modulations which he borrowed from the *Italian*. By this means the *French* Muſick is now perfect in its kind; and when you ſay it is not ſo good as the *Italian*, you only mean that it does not pleaſe you ſo well, for there is ſcarce a *Frenchman* who would not wonder to hear you give the *Italian* ſuch a Preference. The Muſick of the *French* is indeed very properly adapted to their Pronunciation and Accent, as their whole Opera wonderfully favours the Genius of ſuch a gay airy People. The Chorus in which that Opera abounds, gives the Parterre frequent Opportunities of joining in Conſort with the Stage. This Inclination of the Audience to Sing along with the Actors, ſo prevails with them, that I have ſometimes known the Performer on the Stage do no more in a celebrated Song, than the Clerk of a Pariſh-Church, who ſerves only to raiſe the Pſalm, and is afterwards drowned in the Muſick of the Congregation. Every Actor that comes on the Stage is a Beau. The Queens and Heroines are ſo Painted, that they appear as Ruddy and Cherry-cheek'd as Milk-maids.

The

The Shepherds are all Embroidered, and acquit themſelves in a Ball better than our *Engliſh* Dancing-Maſters. I have ſeen a couple of Rivers appear in red Stockings; and *Alpheus*, inſtead of having his Head covered with Sedge and Bull-Ruſhes, making Love in a fair full-bottomed Perriwig, and a Plume of Feathers, but with a Voice ſo full of Shakes and Quavers that I ſhould have thought the Murmurs of a Country Brook the much more agreeable Muſick.

I remember the laſt Opera I ſaw in that merry Nation, was the Rape of *Proſerpine*, where *Pluto*, to make the more tempting Figure, puts himſelf in a *French* Equipage, and brings *Aſcalaphus* along with him as his *Valet de Chambre*. This is what we call Folly and Impertinence; but what the *French* look upon as Gay and Polite.

I ſhall add no more to what I have here offered, than that Muſick, Architecture and Painting, as well as Poetry and Oratory, are to deduce their Laws and Rules from the general Senſe and Taſte of Mankind, and not from the Principles of thoſe Arts themſelves; or in other Words, the Taſte is not to conform to the Art, but the Art to the Taſte. Muſick is not deſigned to pleaſe only Chromatick Ears, but all that are capable of diſtinguiſhing harſh from diſagreeable Notes. A Man of an ordinary Ear is a Judge whether a Paſſion is expreſſed in proper Sounds, and whether the Melody of thoſe Sounds be more or leſs pleaſing. C

N° 30. *Wedneſday, April* 4.

Si, Mimnermus uti cenſet, ſine amore Jociſque
Nil eſt Jucundum; vivas in amore Jociſque. Hor.

ONE common Calamity makes Men extreamly affect each other, tho' they differ in every other Particular. The Paſſion of Love is the moſt general Concern among Men; and I am glad to hear by my laſt Advices from *Oxford*, that there are a Set of

Sighers

Sighers in that Univerſity, who have erected themſelves into a Society in Honour of that tender Paſſion. Theſe Gentlemen are of that Sort of Inamorato's, who are not ſo very much loſt to common Senſe, but that they underſtand the Folly they are guilty of; and for that Reaſon ſeparate themſelves from all other Company, becauſe they will enjoy the Pleaſure of talking incoherently, without being ridiculous to any but each other. When a Man comes into the Club, he is not obliged to make any Introduction to his Diſcourſe, but at once, as he is ſeating himſelf in his Chair, ſpeaks in the Thread of his own Thoughts. 'She gave me a very obliging Glance, She 'never looked ſo well in her Life as this Evening, or the like Reflection, without Regard to any other Member of the Society; for in this Aſſembly they do not meet to talk to each other, but every Man claims the full Liberty of talking to himſelf. Inſtead of Snuff-boxes and Canes, which are uſual Helps to Diſcourſe with other young Fellows, theſe have each ſome Piece of Ribbon, a broken Fan, or an old Girdle, which they play with while they talk of the fair Perſon remembered by each reſpective Token. According to the Repreſentation of the Matter from my Letters, the Company appear like ſo many Players rehearſing behind the Scenes; one is ſighing and lamenting his Deſtiny in beſeeching Terms, another declaring he will break his Chain, and another in dumb-Show ſtriving to expreſs his Paſſion by his Geſture. It is very ordinary in the Aſſembly for one of a ſudden to riſe and make a Diſcourſe concerning his Paſſion in general, and deſcribe the Temper of his Mind in ſuch a Manner, as that the whole Company ſhall join in the Deſcription, and feel the Force of it. In this Caſe, if any Man has declared the Violence of his Flame in more pathetick Terms, he is made Preſident for that Night, out of reſpect to his ſuperior Paſſion.

WE had ſome Years ago in this Town a Set of People who met and dreſſed like Lovers, and were diſtinguiſhed by the Name of the *Fringe-Glove Club*; but they were Perſons of ſuch moderate Intellects, even before they were impaired by their Paſſion, that their Irregularities could not furniſh ſufficient Variety of Folly to afford daily new Impertinences; by which Means that Inſtitution

dropped.

dropped. These Fellows could express their Passion in nothing but their Dress; but the *Oxonians* are phantastical now they are Lovers, in proportion to their Learning and Understanding before they became such. The Thoughts of the ancient Poets on this agreeable Phrenzy, are translated in honour of some modern Beauty; and *Chloris* is won to Day, by the same Compliment that was made to *Lesbia* a thousand Years ago. But as far as I can learn, the Patron of the Club is the renowned Don *Quixote*. The Adventures of that gentle Knight are frequently mentioned in the Society, under the Colour of laughing at the Passion and themselves: But at the same Time, though they are sensible of the Extravagances of that unhappy Warrior, they do not observe, that to turn all the Reading of the best and wisest Writings into Rhapsodies of Love, is a Phrenzy no less diverting than that of the aforesaid accomplished *Spaniard*. A Gentleman who, I hope, will continue his Correspondence, is lately admitted into the Fraternity, and sent me the following Letter.

SIR,

'SINCE I find you take Notice of Clubs, I beg
'Leave to give you an Account of one in *Oxford*,
'which you have no where mentioned, and perhaps ne-
'ver heard of. We distinguish our selves by the Title
'of the *Amorous Club*, are all Votaries of *Cupid*, and Ad-
'mirers of the Fair Sex. The Reason that we are so
'little known in the World, is the Secresie which we
'are obliged to live under in the University. Our Consti-
'tution runs counter to that of the Place wherein we
'live: For in Love there are no Doctors, and we all pro-
'fess so high Passion, that we admit of no Graduates in
'it. Our Presidentship is bestowed according to the Dig-
'nity of Passion; our Number is unlimited; and our
'Statutes are like those of the Druids, recorded in our
'own Breasts only, and explained by the Majority of the
'Company. A Mistress, and a Poem in her Praise, will
'introduce any Candidate: Without the latter no one
'can be admitted; for he that is not in Love enough to
'rhime, is unqualified for our Society. To speak dis-
'respectfully

'respectfully of any Woman, is Expulsion from our gentle Society. As we are at present all of us Gown-men, instead of duelling when we are Rivals, we drink together the Health of our Mistress. The Manner of doing this sometimes indeed creates Debates; on such Occasions we have Recourse to the Rules of Love among the Antients,

Navia sex Cyathis, septem Justina bibatur.

'This Method of a Glass to every Letter of her Name, occasioned the other Night a Dispute of some Warmth. A young Student, who is in Love with Mrs. *Elizabeth Dimple*, was so unreasonable as to begin her Health under the Name of *Elizabetha*; which so exasperated the Club, that by common Consent we retrenched it to *Betty*. We look upon a Man as no Company, that does not sigh five Times in a Quarter of an Hour; and look upon a Member as very absurd, that is so much himself as to make a direct Answer to a Question. In fine, the whole Assembly is made up of absent Men, that is, of such Persons as have lost their Locality, and whose Minds and Bodies never keep Company with one another. As I am an unfortunate Member of this distracted Society, you cannot expect a very regular Account of it; for which Reason, I hope you will pardon me that I so abruptly subscribe my self,

SIR,

Your most obedient

humble Servant,

T. B.

'I forgot to tell you, that *Albina*, who has six Votaries in this Club, is one of your Readers. R.

Thursday,

N° 31. *Thurſday, April* 5.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui!—— Virg.

LAST Night, upon my going into a Coffee-houſe not far from the *Hay-Market* Theatre, I diverted my ſelf for above half an Hour with over-hearing the Diſcourſe of one, who, by the Shabbineſs of his Dreſs, the Extravagance of his Conceptions, and the Hurry of his Speech, I diſcovered to be of that Species who are generally diſtinguiſhed by the Title of Projectors. This Gentleman, for I found he was treated as ſuch by his Audience, was entertaining a whole Table of Liſtners with the Project of an Opera, which he told us had not coſt him above two or three Mornings in the Contrivance, and which he was ready to put in Execution, provided he might find his Account in it. He ſaid, that he had obſerved the great Trouble and Inconvenience which Ladies were at, in travelling up and down to the ſeveral Shows that are exhibited in different Quarters of the Town. The dancing Monkies are in one Place; the Puppet Show in another; the Opera in a third; not to mention the Lions, that are almoſt a whole Day's Journey from the Politer Part of the Town. By this means People of Figure are forced to loſe half the Winter after their coming to Town, before they have ſeen all the ſtrange Sights about it. In order to remedy this great Inconvenience, our Projector drew out of his Pocket the Scheme of an Opera, Entiled, *The Expedition of* Alexander *the Great*; in which he had diſpoſed all the remarkable Shows about Town, among the Scenes and Decorations of his Piece. The Thought, he confeſſed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the Hint of it from ſeveral Performances which he had ſeen upon our Stage: In one of which there was a Rary-Show; in another, a Ladder-dance; and in others a Poſture-Man, a moving Picture, with many Curioſities of the like nature.

THIS

THIS *Expedition of Alexander* opens with his conſulting the Oracle at *Delphos*, in which the dumb Conjurer, who has been viſited by ſo many Perſons of Quality of late Years, is to be introduced as telling him his Fortune: At the ſame time *Clench* of *Barnet* is repreſented in another Corner of the Temple, as ringing the Bells of *Delphos*, for joy of his Arrival. The Tent of *Darius* is to be Peopled by the Ingenious Mrs. *Salmon*, where *Alexander* is to fall in Love with a Piece of Wax-Work, that repreſents the beautiful *Statira*. When *Alexander* comes into that Country, in which *Quintus Curtius* tells us the Dogs were ſo exceeding fierce that they would not looſe their Hold, though they were cut to pieces Limb by Limb, and that they would hang upon their Prey by their Teeth when they had nothing but a Mouth left, there is to be a Scene of *Hockley in the Hole*, in which is to be repreſented all the Diverſions of that Place, the Bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot poſſibly be exhibited in the Theatre, by Reaſon of the Lowneſs of the Roof. The ſeveral Woods in *Aſia*, which *Alexander* muſt be ſuppoſed to paſs through, will give the Audience a Sight of Monkies dancing upon Ropes, with the many other Pleaſantries of that ludicrous Species. At the ſame time, if there chance to be any Strange Animals in Town, whether Birds or Beaſts, they may be either let looſe among the Woods, or driven acroſs the Stage by ſome of the Country People of *Aſia*. In the laſt great Battel, *Pinkethman* is to perſonate King *Porus* upon an Elephant, and is to be encountered by *Powell*, repreſenting *Alexander* the Great, upon a Dromedary, which nevertheleſs Mr. *Powell* is deſired to call by the Name of *Bucephalus*. Upon the Cloſe of this great deciſive Battel, when the two Kings are thoroughly reconciled, to ſhew the mutual Friendſhip and good Correſpondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a Puppet-Show, in which the ingenious Mr. *Powell*, *Junior*, may have an Opportunity of diſplaying his whole Art of Machinery, for the Diverſion of the two Monarchs. Some at the Table urged, that a Puppet Show was not a ſuitable Enterainment for *Alexander* the Great; and that it might be introduced more properly, if we ſuppoſe the Conqueror touched upon that Part of *India*.

dia which is ſaid to be inhabited by the Pigmies. But this Objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the Propoſal immediately over-ruled. Our Projector further added, that after the Reconciliation of theſe two Kings they might invite one another to Dinner, and either of them entertain his Gueſt with the *German* Artiſt, Mr. *Pinkethman's* Heathen Gods, or any of the like Diverſions, which ſhall then chance to be in vogue.

THIS Project was received with very great Applauſe by the whole Table. Upon which the Undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his Deſign; for that *Alexander* being a *Greek*, it was his Intention that the whole Opera ſhould be acted in that Language, which was a Tongue he was ſure would wonderfully pleaſe the Ladies, eſpecially when it was a little raiſed and rounded by the *Ionick* Dialect; and could not but be acceptable to the whole Audience, becauſe there are fewer of them who underſtand *Greek* than *Italian*. The only Difficulty that remained, was, how to get Performers, unleſs we could perſuade ſome Gentlemen of the Univerſities to learn to Sing, in order to qualifie themſelves for the Stage; but this Objection ſoon vaniſhed, when the Projector informed us that the *Greeks* were at preſent the only Muſicians in the *Turkiſh* Empire, and that it would be very eaſie for our Factory at *Smyrna* to furniſh us every Year with a Colony of Muſicians, by the Opportunity of the *Turkey* Fleet; beſides, ſays he, if we want any ſingle Voice for any lower Part in the Opera, *Lawrence* can learn to ſpeak *Greek*, as well as he does *Italian*, in a Fortnight's time.

THE Projector having thus ſettled Matters, to the good liking of all that heard him, he left his Seat at the Table, and planted himſelf before the Fire, where I had unluckily taken my Stand for the Convenience of overhearing what he ſaid. Whether he had obſerved me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not ſtood by me above a quarter of a Minute, but he turned ſhort upon me on a ſudden, and catching me by a Button of my Coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner. Beſides, Sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary Genius for Muſick that lives in *Switzerland*, who

who has ſo ſtrong a Spring in his Fingers, that he can make the Board of an Organ ſound like a Drum, and if I could but procure a Subſcription of about Ten thouſand Pound every Winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by Articles to ſet every thing that ſhould be ſung upon the *Engliſh* Stage. After this he looked full in my Face, expecting I would make an Anſwer; when, by good Luck, a Gentleman that had entered the Coffee-houſe ſince the Projector applied himſelf to me, hearing him talk of his *Swiſs* Compoſitions, cry'd out with a kind of Laugh, Is our Muſick then to receive further Improvements from *Switzerland*? This alarmed the Projector, who immediately let go my Button, and turned about to anſwer him. I took the Opportunity of the Diverſion, which ſeemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down my Penny upon the Bar, retired with ſome Precipitation. C

N° 32. *Friday, April 6.*

Nil illi larva aut tragicis opus eſſe Cothurnis. Hor.

THE late Diſcourſe concerning the Statutes of the *Ugly Club*, having been ſo well received at *Oxford*, that, contrary to the ſtrict Rules of the Society, they have been ſo partial as to take my own Teſtimonial, and admit me into that ſelect Body; I could not reſtrain the Vanity of publiſhing to the World the Honour which is done me. It is no ſmall Satisfaction, that I have given Occaſion for the Preſident's ſhewing both his Invention and Reading to ſuch Advantage as my Correſpondent reports he did: But it is not to be doubted there were many very proper Hums and Pauſes in his Harangue, which loſe their Uglineſs in the Narration, and which my Correſpondent (begging his Pardon) has no very good Talent at repreſenting. I very much approve of the Contempt the Society has of Beauty: Nothing ought to be laudable in a Man, in which his Will is not concerned; there-

therefore our Society can follow Nature, and where she has thought fit, as it were, to mock her self, we can do so too, and be merry upon the Occasion.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR making publick the late Trouble I gave you, 'you will find to have been the Occasion of this: 'Who should I meet at the Coffee-house Door t'other 'Night, but my old Friend Mr. President? I saw some-'what had pleased him; and as soon as he had cast his Eye 'upon me, "Oho, Doctor, rare News from *London*, "(says he); the SPECTATOR has made honourable Men-"tion of the Club (Man) and published to the World his "sincere Desire to be a Member, with a recommendato-"ry Description of his Phiz: And tho' our Constitu-"tion has made no particular Provision for short Faces, "yet, his being an extraordinary Case, I believe we shall "find an Hole for him to creep in at; for I assure you he "is not against the Canon; and if his Sides are as com-"pact as his Joles, he need not disguise himself to make "one of us. I presently called for the Paper to see how 'you looked in Print; and after we had regaled our selves 'awhile upon the pleasant Image of our Proselite, Mr. Pre-'sident told me I should be his Stranger at the next Night's 'Club: Where we were no sooner come, and Pipes 'brought, but Mr. President began an Harangue upon 'your Introduction to my Epistle, setting forth with no 'less Volubility of Speech than Strength of Reason, "That "a Speculation of this Nature was what had been long "and much wanted; and that he doubted not but it "would be of inestimable Value to the Publick, in re-"conciling even of Bodies and Souls; in composing and "quieting the Minds of Men under all corporal Redun-"dancies, Deficiencies, and Irregularities whatsoever; "and making every one sit down content in his own "Carcass, though it were not perhaps so mathematically "put together as he could wish. And again, "How "that for want of a due Consideration of what you first "advance, *viz.* that our Faces are not of our own chu-"sing, People had been transported beyond all good "Breeding, and hurried themselves into unaccountable and

"fatal

" fatal Extravagances: As, how many impartial Look-
" ing-glaſſes had been cenſured and calumniated, nay, and
" ſometimes ſhivered into ten thouſand Splinters, only for
" a fair Repreſentation of the Truth? How many Head-
" ſtrings and Garters had been made acceſſary, and actu-
" ally forfeited, only becauſe Folks muſt needs quarrel
" with their own Shadows? And who (continues he) but
" is deeply ſenſible, that one great Source of the Uneaſi-
" neſs and Miſery of human Life, eſpecially amongſt thoſe
" of Diſtinction, ariſes from nothing in the World elſe,
" but too ſevere a Contemplation of an indefeaſible Con-
" texture of our external Parts, or certain natural and in-
" vincible Diſpoſitions to be fat or lean? When a little
" more of Mr. SPECTATOR's Philoſophy would take
" off all this; and in the mean time let them obſerve,
" that there's not one of their Grievances of this Sort,
" but perhaps in ſome Ages of the World has been highly
" in vogue; and may be ſo again, nay, in ſome Country
" or other ten to one is ſo at this Day. My Lady *Ample*
" is the moſt miſerable Woman in the World, purely of
" her own making: She even grudges her ſelf Meat and
" Drink, for fear ſhe ſhould thrive by them; and is con-
" ſtantly crying out, In a Quarter of a Year more I ſhall
" be quite out of all manner of Shape! Now the Lady's
" Misfortune ſeems to be only this, that ſhe is planted in
" a wrong Soil; for, go but t'other Side of the Water, it's
" a Jeſt at *Harlem* to talk of a Shape under eighteen Stone.
" Theſe wiſe Traders regulate their Beauties as they do
" their Butter, by the Pound; and Miſs *Croſs*, when ſhe
" firſt arrived in the *Low-Countries*, was not computed to
" be ſo handſome as Madam *Van Briſket* by near half a
" Tun. On the other Hand, there's 'Squire *Lath*, a pro-
" per Gentleman, of Fifteen hundred Pound *per Annum*,
" as well as of an unblameable Life and Converſation;
" yet would not I be the Eſquire for half his Eſtate; for
" if it was as much more, he'd freely part with it all for
" a Pair of Legs to his Mind: Whereas in the Reign of
" our firſt King *Edward* of glorious Memory, nothing
" more modiſh than a Brace of your fine taper Suppor-
" ters; and his Majeſty, without an Inch of Calf, managed
" Affairs in Peace and War as laudably as the braveſt and

" moſt

" moſt politick of his Anceſtors; and was as terrible to " his Neighbours under the Royal Name of *Long-ſhanks*, " as *Cœur de Lion* to the *Saracens* before him. If we look " farther back into Hiſtory, we ſhall find, that *Alexander* " the Great wore his Head a little over the left Shoulder; " and then not a Soul ſtirred out till he had adjuſted his " Neck-Bone; the whole Nobility addreſſed the Prince " and each other obliquely, and all Matters of Impor- " tance were concerted and carried on in the *Macedonian* " Court with their Polls on one Side. For about the firſt " Century nothing made more Noiſe in the World than " *Roman* Noſes, and then not a Word of them till they " reviv'd again in Eighty eight. Nor is it ſo very long " ſince *Richard* the Third ſet up half the Backs of the Na- " tion; and high Shoulders, as well as high Noſes, were " the Top of the Faſhion. But to come to our ſelves, " Gentlemen, tho' I find by my quinquennial Obſervations " that we ſhall never get Ladies enough to make a Party in " our own Country, yet might we meet with better " Succeſs among ſome of our Allies. And what think " you if our Board ſate for a *Dutch* Piece? Truly I am of " Opinion, that as odd as we appear in Fleſh and Blood, " we ſhould be no ſuch ſtrange Things in Metzo-Tinto. " But this Project may reſt till our Number is compleat; " and this being our Election Night, give me Leave to " propoſe Mr. SPECTATOR: You ſee his Inclinations, " and perhaps we may not have his Fellow.

'I found moſt of them (as is uſual in all ſuch Caſes) 'were prepared; but one of the Seniors (whom by the 'by Mr. Preſident had taken all this Pains to bring over) 'ſate ſtill, and cocking his Chin, which ſeemed only to 'be levelled at his Noſe, very gravely declared, " That " in caſe he had had a ſufficient Knowledge of you, no " Man ſhould have been more willing to have ſerved you; " but that he, for his Part, had always had regard to his " own Conſcience, as well as other Peoples Merit; and " he did not know but that you might be a handſome " Fellow; for as for your own Certificate, it was eve- " ry Body's Buſineſs to ſpeak for themſelves. My Preſi- 'dent immediately retorted, " A handſome Fellow! " why he is a Wit (Sir) and you know the Proverb;

" and to eaſe the old Gentleman of his Scruples, cried, " That for Matter of Merit it was all one, you might " wear a Mask. This threw him into a Pauſe, and he " looked deſirous of three Days to conſider on it; but " Mr. Preſident improved the Thought, and followed " him up with an old Story, "That Wits were privileged " to wear what Masks they pleaſed in all Ages; and that " a Vizard had been the conſtant Crown of their La- " bours, which was generally preſented them by the Hand " of ſome Satyr, and ſometimes of *Apollo* himſelf: For " the Truth of which he appealed to the Frontiſpiece of " ſeveral Books, and particularly to the *Engliſh Juvenal*, " to which he referred him; and only added, "That " ſuch Authors were the *Larvati*, or *Larvâ dontati* of the " Antients. This cleared up all, and in the Concluſion " you were choſe Probationer; and Mr. Preſident put " round your Health as ſuch, proteſting, " That though " indeed he talked of a Vizard, he did not believe all the " while you had any more Occaſion for it than the Cat- " a-mountain; ſo that all you have to do now is to " pay your Fees, which here are very reaſonable if you " are not impoſed upon; and you may ſtile your ſelf " *Informis Societatis Socius*: Which I am deſired to acquaint " you with; and upon the ſame I beg you to accept of " the Congratulation of,

SIR,

Oxford,
March 21.

Your obliged humble Servant,

R A. C.

Saturday,

N° 33. *Saturday, April* 7.

Fervidus tecum Puer, & ſolutis
Gratia zonis, properentque Nympha,
Et parum comis ſine te Juventas,
Mercuriuſque. Hor. ad Venerem.

A Friend of mine has two Daughters, whom I will call *Latitia* and *Daphne*; The Former is one of the greateſt Beauties of the Age in which ſhe lives, the Latter no way remarkable for any Charms in her Perſon. Upon this one Circumſtance of their Outward Form, the Good and Ill of their Life ſeems to turn. *Latitia* has not, from her very Childhood, heard any thing elſe but Commendations of her Features and Complexion, by which means ſhe is no other than Nature made her, a very beautiful Out-ſide. The Conſciouſneſs of her Charms has rendered her inſupportably Vain and Inſolent, towards all who have to do with her. *Daphne*, who was almoſt Twenty before one civil thing had ever been ſaid to her, found her ſelf obliged to acquire ſome Accompliſhments to make up for the want of thoſe Attractions which ſhe ſaw in her Siſter. Poor *Daphne* was ſeldom ſubmitted to in a Debate wherein ſhe was concern'd; her Diſcourſe had nothing to recommend it but the good Senſe of it, and ſhe was always under a neceſſity to have very well conſidered what ſhe was to ſay before ſhe uttered it; while *Latitia* was liſtened to with Partiality, and Approbation ſate in the Countenances of thoſe ſhe converſed with, before ſhe communicated what ſhe had to ſay. Theſe Cauſes have produced ſuitable Effects, and *Latitia* is as inſipid a Companion, as *Daphne* is an agreeable one. *Latitia*, confident of Favour, has ſtudied no Arts to pleaſe; *Daphne* deſpairing of any Inclination towards her Perſon, has depended only on her Merit. *Latitia* has always ſomething in her Air that is ſullen, grave, and diſconſo-

late. *Daphne* has a Countenance that appears chearful, open, and unconcerned. A Young Gentleman ſaw *Latitia* this Winter at a Play, and became her Captive. His Fortune was ſuch, that he wanted very little Introduction to ſpeak his Sentiments to her Father. The Lover was admitted with the utmoſt Freedom into the Family, where a conſtrained Behaviour, ſevere Looks, and diſtant Civilities, were the higheſt Favours he could obtain of *Latitia*; while *Daphne* uſed him with the good Humour, Familiarity, and Innocence of a Siſter: Inſomuch that he would often ſay to her, *Dear* Daphne, *wert thou but as Handſome as* Lætitia!—— She received ſuch Language with that ingenuous and pleaſing Mirth, which is natural to a Woman without Deſign. He ſtill Sighed in vain for *Latitia*, but found certain Relief in the agreeable Converſation of *Daphne*. At length, heartily tired with the haughty Impertinence of *Latitia*, and charmed with repeated Inſtances of good Humour he had obſerved in *Daphne*, he one Day told the latter, that he had ſomething to ſay to her he hoped ſhe would be pleaſed with. —— *Faith* Daphne, continued he, *I am in Love with thee, and deſpiſe thy Siſter ſincerely*. The manner of his declaring himſelf gave his Miſtreſs Occaſion for a very hearty Laughter.—— *Nay*, ſays he, *I knew you would laugh at me, but I'll ask your Father*. He did ſo; the Father received his Intelligence with no leſs Joy than Surprize, and was very glad he had now no Care left but for his *Beauty*, which he thought he could carry to Market at his Leiſure. I do not know any thing that has pleaſed me ſo much a great while, as this Conqueſt of my Friend *Daphne's*. All her Acquaintance congratulate her upon her Chance Medly, and laugh at that premeditating Murderer her Siſter. As it is an Argument of a light Mind, to think the worſe of our ſelves for the Imperfections of our Perſons, it is equally below us to value our ſelves upon the Advantages of them. The Female World ſeem to be almoſt incorrigibly gone aſtray in this Particular; for which Reaſon, I ſhall recommend the following Extract out of a Friend's Letter to the Profeſs'd Beauties, who are a People almoſt as unſufferable as the Profeſs'd Wits.

MON-

'MONSIEUR St. *Evremont* has concluded one of his 'Eſſays with affirming, that the laſt Sighs of a 'Handſome Woman are not ſo much for the Loſs of her 'Life, as of her Beauty. Perhaps this Raillery is purſu-'ed too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious Remark, 'that Woman's ſtrongeſt Paſſion is for her own Beauty, 'and that ſhe values it as her Favourite Diſtinction. From 'hence it is that all Arts, which pretend to improve or 'preſerve it, meet with ſo general a Reception among 'the Sex. To ſay nothing of many Falſe Helps, and Con-'traband Wares of Beauty, which are daily vended in 'this great Mart, there is not a Maiden-Gentlewoman, 'of a good Family in any County of *South-Britain*, who 'has not heard of the Virtues of *May*-Dew, or is unfurniſh-'ed with ſome Receipt or other in Favour of her Com-'plexion; and I have known a Phyſician of Learning and 'Senſe, after Eight Years Study in the Univerſity, and a 'Courſe of Travels into moſt Countries of *Europe*, owe 'the firſt raiſing of his Fortunes to a Coſmetick Waſh.

'THIS has given me Occaſion to conſider how ſo Uni-'verſal a Diſpoſition in Womankind, which ſprings from 'a laudable Motive, the Deſire of Pleaſing, and proceeds 'upon an Opinion, not altogether groundleſs, that Nature 'may be helped by Art, may be turned to their Advan-'tage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable Ser-'vice to take them out of the Hands of Quacks and Pre-'tenders, and to prevent their impoſing upon themſelves, 'by diſcovering to them the true Secret and Art of im-'proving Beauty.

'IN order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it 'will be neceſſary to lay down a few Preliminary Ma-'xims, *viz.*

'THAT no Woman can be Handſome by the Force 'of Features alone, any more than ſhe can be Witty only 'by the Help of Speech.

'THAT Pride deſtroys all Symmetry and Grace, and 'Affectation is a more terrible Enemy to fine Faces than 'the Small-Pox.

'THAT no Woman is capable of being Beautiful, 'who is not incapable of being Falſe.

'AND, That what would be Odious in a Friend, is 'Deformity in a Miſtreſs.

'FROM these few Principles, thus laid down, it will 'be easie to prove, that the true Art of assisting Beauty 'consists in Embellishing the whole Person by the proper 'Ornaments of virtuous and commendable Qualities. By 'this Help alone it is, that those who are the Favourite 'Work of Nature, or, as Mr. *Dryden* expresses it, the 'Porcelain Clay of human Kind, become animated, an 'are in a Capacity of exerting their Charms: And those 'who seem to have been neglected by her, like Models 'wrought in haste, are capable, in a great measure, of 'finishing what She has left imperfect.

'IT is, methinks, a low and degrading Idea of that 'Sex, which was created to refine the Joys, and soften 'the Cares of Humanity, by the most agreeable Partici-'pation, to consider them meerly as Objects of Sight. 'This is abridging them of their natural Extent of Power, 'to put them upon a Level with their Pictures at *Knellar's*. 'How much nobler is the Contemplation of Beauty heigh-'tened by Virtue, and commanding our Esteem and Love, 'while it draws our Observation? How faint and spiritless 'are the Charms of a Coquet, when compared with the 'real Loveliness of *Sophronia's* Innocence, Piety, good Hu-'mour and Truth; Virtues which add a new Softness to 'her Sex, and even beautifie her Beauty! That Agreeable-'ness, which must otherwise have appeared no longer in 'the modest Virgin, is now preserved in the tender Mo-'ther, the prudent Friend, and the faithful Wife. Co-'lours artfully spread upon Canvas may entertain the 'Eye, but not affect the Heart; and she, who takes no 'Care to add to the natural Graces of her Person any ex-'celling Qualities, may be allowed still to amuse, as a 'Picture, but not to triumph as a Beauty.

'WHEN *Adam* is introduced by *Milton* describing '*Eve* in Paradise, and relating to the Angel the Impressi-'ons he felt upon seeing her at her first Creation, he does 'not represent her like a *Grecian Venus*, by her Shape or 'Features, but by the Lustre of her Mind which shone in 'them, and gave them their Power of charming.

Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In all her Gestures Dignity and Love:

'WITHOUT

'WITHOUT this irradiating Power the proudeſt 'Fair One ought to know, whatever her Glaſs may tell 'her to the contrary, that her moſt perfect Features are 'Uninformed and Dead.

'I cannot better cloſe this Moral, than by a ſhort Epitaph 'written by *Ben. Johnſon*, with a Spirit which nothing 'could inſpire but ſuch an Object as I have been deſcribing.

Underneath this Stone doth lye
As much Virtue as cou'd die;
Which when alive did Vigour give
To as much Beauty as cou'd live.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

R R. B.

N° 34. *Monday, April* 9.

——*parcit*
Cognatis maculis ſimilis fera —— Juv.

THE Club of which I am a Member, is very luckily compoſed of ſuch Perſons as are ingaged in different Ways of Life, and deputed as it were out of the moſt conſpicuous Claſſes of Mankind: By this Means I am furniſhed with the greateſt Variety of Hints and Materials, and know every Thing that paſſes in the different Quarters and Diviſions, not only of this great City, but of the whole Kingdom. My Readers too have the Satisfaction to find, that there is no Rank or Degree among them who have not their Repreſentative in this Club, and that there is always ſome Body preſent who will take Care of their reſpective Intereſts, that nothing may be written or publiſhed to the Prejudice or Infringement of their juſt Rights and Privileges.

I laſt Night ſate very late in Company with this ſelect Body of Friends, who entertained me with ſeveral Remarks

marks which they and others had made upon theſe my Speculations, as alſo with the various Succeſs which they had met with among their ſeveral Ranks and Degrees of Readers. WILL. HONEYCOMB told me, in the ſofteſt manner he could, That there were ſome Ladies (but for your Comfort ſays WILL. they are not thoſe of the moſt Wit) that were offended at the Liberties I had taken with the Opera and the Puppet-ſhow: That ſome of them were likewiſe very much ſurprized, that I ſhould think ſuch ſerious Points as the Dreſs and Equipage of Perſons of Quality, proper Subjects for Raillery.

HE was going on, when Sir ANDREW FREEPORT took him up ſhort, and told him, That the Papers he hinted at had done great Good in the City, and that all their Wives and Daughters were the better for them: And further added, That the whole City thought themſelves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous Intentions to ſcourge Vice and Folly as they appear in a Multitude, without condeſcending to be a Publiſher of particular Intreagues and Cuckoldoms. In ſhort, ſays Sir ANDREW, if you avoid that fooliſh beaten Road of falling upon Aldermen and Citizens and employ your Pen upon the Vanity and Luxury of Courts, your Paper muſt needs be of general Uſe.

UPON this my Friend the TEMPLER told Sir ANDREW, That he wondered to hear a Man of his Senſe talk after that manner; that the City had always been the Province for Satyr; and that the Wits of King *Charles*'s Time jeſted upon nothing elſe during his whole Reign. He then ſhewed, by the Examples of *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Boileau*, and the beſt Writers of every Age, that the Follies of the Stage and Court had never been accounted too ſacred for Ridicule, how great ſoever the Perſons might be that patroniz'd them. But after all, ſays he, I think your Raillery has made too great an Excurſion, in attacking ſeveral Perſons of the Inns of Court; and I do not believe you can ſhew me any Precedent for your Behaviour in that Particular.

MY good Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY, who had ſaid nothing all this while, began his Speech with a Piſh! and told us, That he wondered to ſee ſo many Men of

Senſe

Senſe ſo very ſerious upon Fooleries. Let our good Friend, ſays he, attack every one that deſerves it: I would only adviſe you, Mr. SPECTATOR, applying himſelf to me, to take Care how you meddle with Country Squires: They are the Ornaments of the *Engliſh* Nation; Men of good Heads and ſound Bodies! and let me tell you, ſome of them take it ill of you, that you mention Fox-hunters with ſo little Reſpect.

CAPTAIN SENTRY ſpoke very ſparingly on this Occaſion. What he ſaid was only to commend my Prudence in not touching upon the Army, and adviſed me to continue to act diſcreetly in that Point.

BY this time I found every Subject of my Speculations was taken away from me, by one or other of the Club; and began to think my ſelf in the Condition of the good Man that had one Wife who took a Diſlike to his grey Heirs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an Averſion to, they left his Head altogether bald and naked.

WHILE I was thus muſing with my ſelf, my worthy Friend the Clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the Club that Night, undertook my Cauſe. He told us, that he wondered any Order of Perſons ſhould think themſelves too conſiderable to be adviſed: That it was not Quality, but Innocence, which exempted Men from Reproof: That Vice and Folly ought to be attacked where-ever they could be met with, and eſpecially when they were placed in high and conſpicuous Stations of Life. He further added, That my Paper would only ſerve to aggravate the Pains of Poverty, if it chiefly expoſed thoſe who are already depreſſed, and in ſome meaſure turned into Ridicule, by the Meanneſs of their Conditions and Circumſtances. He afterwards proceeded to take Notice of the great Uſe this Paper might be of to the Publick, by reprehending thoſe Vices which are too trivial for the Chaſtiſement of the Law, and too fantaſtical for the Cognizance of the Pulpit. He then adviſed me to proſecute my Undertaking with Chearfulneſs; and aſſured me, that whoever might be diſpleaſed with me, I ſhould be approved by all thoſe whoſe Praiſes do Honour to the Perſons on whom they are beſtowed.

THE whole Club pays a particular Deference to the Diſcourſe of this Gentleman, and are drawn into what he ſays, as much by the candid ingenuous Manner with which he delivers himſelf, as by the Strength of Argument and Force of Reaſon which he makes uſe of. WILL. HONEYCOMB immediately agreed, that what he had ſaid was right; and that for his Part, he would not inſiſt upon the Quarter which he had demanded for the Ladies. Sir ANDREW gave up the City with the ſame Frankneſs. The TEMPLER would not ſtand out; and was followed by Sir ROGER and the CAPTAIN: Who all agreed that I ſhould be at Liberty to carry the War into what Quarter I pleaſed; provided I continued to combat with Criminals in a Body, and to aſſault the Vice without hurting the Perſon.

THIS Debate, which was held for the Good of Mankind, put me in mind of that which the *Roman* Triumvirate were formerly engaged in, for their Deſtruction. Every Man at firſt ſtood hard for his Friend, till they found that by this Means they ſhould ſpoil their Proſcription: And at length, making a Sacrifice of all their Acquaintance and Relations, furniſhed out a very decent Execution.

HAVING thus taken my Reſolutions to march on boldly in the Cauſe of Virtue and good Senſe, and to annoy their Adverſaries in whatever Degree or Rank of Men they may be found: I ſhall be deaf for the future to all the Remonſtrances that ſhall be made to me on this Account. If *Punch* grows extravagant, I ſhall reprimand him very freely: If the Stage becomes a Nurſery of Folly and Impertinence, I ſhall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In ſhort, If I meet with any thing in City, Court, or Country, that ſhocks Modeſty or good Manners, I ſhall uſe my utmoſt Endeavours to make an Example of it. I muſt however intreat every particular Perſon, who does me the Honour to be a Reader of this Paper, never to think himſelf, or any one of his Friends or Enemies, aimed at in what is ſaid: For I promiſe him, never to draw a faulty Character which does not fit at leaſt a Thouſand People; or to publiſh a ſingle Paper, that is not written in the Spirit of Benevolence, and with a Love to Mankind.

C

Tueſday,

N° 35. *Tuesday, April* 10.

Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est. Mart.

AMONG all Kinds of Writing, there is none in which Authors are more apt to miscarry than in Works of Humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an Imagination that teems with Monsters, an Head that is filled with extravagant Conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the World with Diversions of this Nature; and yet if we look into the Productions of several Writers, who set up for Men of Humour, what wild irregular Fancies, what unnatural Distortions of Thought, do we meet with? If they speak Nonsense, they believe they are talking Humour; and when they have drawn together a Scheme of absurd inconsistent Ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor Gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the Reputation of Wits and Humourists, by such monstrous Conceits as almost qualifie them for *Bedlam*; not considering that Humour should always lye under the Check of Reason, and that it requires the Direction of the nicest Judgment, by so much the more as it indulges it self in the most boundless Freedoms. There is a kind of Nature that is to be observed in this sort of Compositions, as well as in all other; and a certain Regularity of Thought which must discover the Writer to be a Man of Sense, at the same Time that he appears altogether given up to Caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious Mirth of an unskilful Author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert my self with it, but am rather apt to pity the Man, than to laugh at any thing he writes.

THE deceased Mr. *Shadwell*, who had himself a great deal of the Talent which I am treating of, represents an empty Rake in one of his Plays, as very much surprized to hear one say that breaking of Windows was not Humour;

mour; and I queſtion not but ſeveral *Engliſh* Readers will be as much ſtartled to hear me affirm, that many of thoſe raving incoherent Pieces, which are often ſpread among us, under odd Chymerical Titles, are rather the Offſprings of a Diſtempered Brain, than Works of Humour.

IT is indeed much eaſier to deſcribe what is not Humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwiſe than as *Cowley* has done Wit, by Negatives. Were I to give my own Notions of it, I would deliver them after *Plato*'s manner, in a kind of Allegory, and by ſuppoſing Humour to be a Perſon, deduce to him all his Qualifications, according to the following Genealogy. TRUTH was the Founder of the Family, and the Father of GOOD SENSE. GOOD SENSE was the Father of WIT, who married a Lady of a Collateral Line called MIRTH, by whom he had Iſſue HUMOUR. HUMOUR therefore being the youngeſt of this Illuſtrious Family, and deſcended from Parents of ſuch different Diſpoſitions, is very various and unequal in his Temper; ſometimes you ſee him putting on grave Looks and a ſolemn Habit, ſometimes airy in his Behaviour and fantaſtick in his Dreſs: Inſomuch that at different times he appears as ſerious as a Judge, and as jocular as a *Merry-Andrew*. But as he has a great deal of the Mother in his Conſtitution, whatever Mood he is in, he never fails to make his Company laugh.

BUT ſince there is an Impoſtor abroad, who takes upon him the Name of this young Gentleman, and would willingly paſs for him in the World; to the end that well-meaning Perſons may not be impoſed upon by Cheats, I would deſire my Readers, when they meet with this Pretender, to look into his Parentage, and to examine him ſtrictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to TRUTH, and lineally deſcended from GOOD SENSE; if not, they may conclude him a Counterfeit. They may likewiſe diſtinguiſh him by a loud and exceſſive Laughter, in which he ſeldom gets his Company to join with him. For as TRUE HUMOUR generally looks ſerious, while every Body laughs about him; FALSE HUMOUR is always laughing, whilſt every Body about him looks ſerious. I ſhall only add, if he has not in him

a Mixture of both Parents, that is, if he would pass for the Offspring of WIT without MIRTH, or MIRTH without WIT, you may conclude him to be altogether Spurious, and a Cheat.

THE Impostor of whom I am speaking, descends Originally from FALSEHOOD, who was the Mother of NONSENSE, who was brought to Bed of a Son called FRENZY, who married one of the Daughters of FOLLY, commonly known by the Name of LAUGHTER, on whom he begot that Monstrous Infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the Genealogical Table of FALSE HUMOUR, and, at the same time, place under it the Genealogy of TRUE HUMOUR, that the Reader may at one View behold their different Pedigrees and Relations.

FALSEHOOD.
NONSENSE.
FRENZY.——LAUGHTER.
FALSE HUMOUR.

TRUTH.
GOOD SENSE.
WIT.——MIRTH.
HUMOUR.

I might extend the Allegory, by mentioning several of the Children of FALSE HUMOUR, who are more in Number than the Sands of the Sea, and might in particular enumerate the many Sons and Daughters which he has begot in this Island. But as this would be a very invidious Task, I shall only observe in general, that FALSE HUMOUR differs from the TRUE, as a Monkey does from a Man.

First of all, HE is exceedingly given to little Apish Tricks and Buffooneries.

Secondly, HE so much delights in Mimickry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it Vice and Folly, Luxury and Avarice; or, on the contrary, Virtue and Wisdom, Pain and Poverty.

Thirdly, HE is wonderfully unlucky, insomuch that he will bite the Hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridi-

ridicule both Friends and Foes indifferently. For having but ſmall Talents, he muſt be merry where he *can*, not where he *ſhould*.

Fourthly, BEING intirely void of Reaſon, he purſues no Point either of Morality or Inſtruction, but is Ludicrous only for the ſake of being ſo.

Fifthly, BEING incapable of any Thing but Mock-Repreſentations, his Ridicule is always Perſonal, and aimed at the vicious Man, or the Writer; not at the Vice, or at the Writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole Species of Falſe Humouriſts; but as one of my principal Deſigns in this Paper is to bear down that malignant Spirit, which diſcovers it ſelf in the Writings of the preſent Age, I ſhall not ſcruple, for the future, to ſingle out any of the ſmall Wits, that infeſt the World with ſuch Compoſitions as are ill-natured, immoral, and abſurd. This is the only Exception which I ſhall make to the general Rule I have preſcribed my ſelf, of *attacking Multitudes:* Since every honeſt Man ought to look upon himſelf as in a natural State of War with the Libeller and Lampooner, and to annoy them where-ever they fall in his Way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others.

C

N° 36. *Wedneſday, April* 11.

——*Immania monſtra*
Perferimus—— Virg.

I Shall not put my ſelf to any further Pains for this Day's Entertainment, than barely to publiſh the Letters and Titles of Petitions from the Play-houſe, with the Minutes I have made upon the Latter for my Conduct in Relation to them.

Drury-Lane, March the 9th.

'UPON reading the Project which is ſet forth in 'one of your late Papers, of making an Alliance 'be-

'between all the Bulls, Bears, Elephants, and Lions, 'which are ſeparately expoſed to publick View in the Ci- 'ties of *London* and *Weſtminſter*; together with the other 'Wonders, Shows and Monſters, whereof you made 'reſpective Mention in the ſaid Speculation; We, the chief 'Actors of this Play-houſe, met and ſate upon the ſaid 'Deſign. It is with great Delight that we expect the 'Execution of this Work; and in order to contribute to 'it, we have given Warning to all our Ghoſts to get 'their Livelihoods where they can, and not to appear 'among us after Day-break of the 16th Inſtant. We are 'reſolved to take this Opportunity to part with every 'thing which does not contribute to the Repreſentation 'of human Life; and ſhall make a free Gift of all ani- 'mated Utenſils to your Projector. The Hangings you 'formerly mentioned are run away; as are likewiſe a 'Sett of Chairs, each of which was met upon two Legs 'going through the *Roſe* Tavern at two this Morning. 'We hope, Sir, you will give proper Notice to the Town 'that we are endeavouring at theſe Regulations; and 'that we intend for the future to ſhew no Monſters, 'but Men who are converted into ſuch by their own In- 'duſtry and Affectation. If you will pleaſe to be at the 'Houſe to Night, you will ſee me do my Endeavour to 'ſhew ſome unnatural Appearances which are in vogue 'among the Polite and Well-bred. I am to repreſent, 'in the Character of a fine Lady dancing, all the Diſtor- 'tions which are frequently taken for Graces in Mein 'and Geſture. This, Sir, is a Specimen of the Method 'we ſhall take to expoſe the Monſters which come with- 'in the Notice of a regular Theatre; and we deſire no- 'thing more groſs may be admitted by you Spectators 'for the future. We have caſhiered three Companies of 'Theatrical Guards, and deſign our Kings ſhall for the 'future make Love, and ſit in Council, without an Army; 'and wait only your Direction, whether you will have 'them reinforce King *Porus*, or join the Troops of *Ma-* 'cedon. Mr. *Pinkethman* reſolves to conſult his *Pantheon* 'of Heathen Gods in Oppoſition to the Oracle of *Del-* 'phos, and doubts not but he ſhall turn the Fortunes of 'Porus when he perſonates him. I am deſired by the

'Com-

'Company to inform you, that they ſubmit to your Cenſures; and ſhall have you in greater Veneration than *Hercules* was in of old, if you can drive Monſters from 'the Theatre; and think your Merit will be as much 'greater than his, as to convince is more than to conquer.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt Obedient Servant,

T. D.

SIR,

'WHEN I acquaint you with the great and unexpected Viciſſitudes of my Fortune, I doubt 'not but I ſhall obtain your Pity and Favour. I have 'for many Years laſt paſt been Thunderer to the Play-houſe; and have not only made as much Noiſe out of 'the Clouds as any Predeceſſor of mine in the Theatre 'that ever bore that Character, but alſo have deſcended 'and ſpoke on the Stage as the bold Thunder in the *Rehearſal*. When they got me down thus low, they 'thought fit to degrade me further, and make me a 'Ghoſt. I was contented with this for theſe two laſt 'Winters; but they carry their Tyranny ſtill further, and 'not ſatisfied that I am baniſhed from above Ground, 'they have given me to underſtand that I am wholly to 'depart their Dominions, and taken from me even my 'ſubterraneous Employment. Now, Sir, what I deſire 'of you is, that if your Undertaker thinks fit to uſe 'Fire-Arms (as other Authors have done) in the Time 'of *Alexander*, I may be a Cannon againſt *Porus*, or elſe 'provide for me in the Burning of *Perſepolis*, or what 'other Method you ſhall think fit.

Salmoneus of *Covent-Garden.*

THE Petition of all the Devils of the Play-houſe in behalf of themſelves and Families, ſetting forth their Expulſion from thence, with Certificates of their good Life and Converſation, and praying Relief.

THE Merit of this Petition referred to Mr. Chr. Rich, *who made them Devils.*

THE

THE Petition of the Grave-digger in *Hamlet*, to command the Pioneers in the Expedition of *Alexander*.

Granted.

THE Petition of *William Bullock*, to be *Hepheſtion* to *Pinkethman the Great*.

Granted.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Widow Gentlewoman, well born both by Father and Mother's Side, being the Daughter of Thomas Prater, *once an eminent Practitioner in the Law, and of* Letitia Tattle, *a Family well known in all Parts of this Kingdom, having been reduced by Misfortunes to wait on ſeveral great Perſons, and for ſome Time to be Teacher at a Boarding-School of young Ladies; giveth Notice to the Publick, That ſhe hath lately taken a Houſe near* Bloomsbury-Square, *commodiouſly ſituated next the Fields in a good Air; where ſhe teaches all Sorts of Birds of the loquacious Kinds, as Parrots, Starlings, Magpies, and others, to imitate human Voices in greater Perfection than ever yet was practiſed. They are not only inſtructed to pronounce Words diſtinctly, and in a proper Tone and Accent, but to ſpeak the Language in great Purity and Volubility of Tongue, together with all the faſhionable Phraſes and Compliments now in Uſe either at Tea-Tables or Viſiting Days. Thoſe that have good Voices may be taught to ſing the neweſt Opera-Airs, and, if required, to ſpeak either* Italian *or* French, *paying ſomething extraordinary above the common Rates. They whoſe Friends are not able to pay the full Prices, may be taken as Half-boarders. She teaches ſuch as are deſigned for the Diverſion of the Publick, and to act in enchanted Woods on Theatres, by the Great. As ſhe has often obſerved, with much Concern, how indecent an Education is uſually given theſe innocent Creatures, which in ſome Meaſure is owing to their being placed in Rooms next the Street, where, to the great Offence of chaſte and tender Ears, they learn Ribaldry, obſcene Songs, and immodeſt Expreſſions from Paſſengers and idle People, as alſo to cry Fiſh and Card-matches, with other uſeleſs Parts of Learning to Birds who have rich Friends, ſhe has fitted up proper and neat Apartments for them in the back part of her ſaid Houſe; where ſhe*

ſuffers

ſuffers none to approach them but her ſelf, and a Servant Maid who is Deaf and Dumb, and whom ſhe provided on purpoſe to prepare their Food and clean their Cages; having found by long Experience, how hard a thing it is for thoſe to keep Silence who have the Uſe of Speech, and the Dangers her Scholars are expoſed to by the ſtrong Impreſſions that are made by harſh Sounds and vulgar Dialects. In ſhort, if they are Birds of any Parts or Capacity, ſhe will undertake to render them ſo accompliſhed in the Compaſs of a Twelve-month, that they ſhall be fit Converſation for ſuch Ladies as love to chuſe their Friends and Companions out of this Species. R

N° 37. *Thurſday, April* 12.

——Non illa colo calathiſve Minervæ
Fœmineas aſſueta manus.—— Virg.

SOME Months ago, my Friend Sir ROGER being in the Country, enclоſed a Letter to me, directed to a certain Lady whom I ſhall here call by the Name of *Leonora*, and as it contained Matters of Conſequence, deſired me to deliver it to her with my own Hand. Accordingly I waited on her Ladyſhip pretty early in the Morning, and was deſired by her Woman to walk into her Lady's Library, till ſuch time as ſhe was in a Readineſs to receive me. The very Sound of a *Lady's Library* gave me a great Curioſity to ſee it; and, as it was ſome Time before the Lady came to me, I had an Opportunity of turning over a great many of her Books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful Order. At the End of the *Folio's* (which were finely bound and gilt) were great Jars of *China* placed one above another in a very noble Piece of Architecture. The *Quarto's* were ſeparated from the *Octavo's* by a Pile of ſmaller Veſſels, which roſe in a delightful Pyramid. The *Octavo's* were bounded by Tea Diſhes of all Shapes Colours and Sizes, which were ſo diſpoſed on a wooden Frame, that they looked like one continued Pillar indented with the fineſt

Strokes

Strokes of Sculpture, and ſtained with the greateſt Variety of Dyes. That Part of the Library which was deſign'd for the Reception of Plays and Pamphlets, and other looſe Papers, was encloſed in a kind of Square, conſiſting of one of the prettieſt Groteſque Works that ever I ſaw, and made up of Scaramouches, Lions, Monkies, Mandarines, Trees, Shells, and a thouſand other odd Figures in *China* Ware. In the midſt of the Room was a little Japan Table, with a Quire of gilt Paper upon it, and on the Paper a Silver Snuff-box made in the ſhape of a little Book. I found there were ſeveral other Counterfeit Books upon the upper Shelves, which were carved in Wood, and ſerved only to fill up the Number, like Fagots in the Muſter of a Regiment. I was wonderfully pleaſed with ſuch a mixt kind of Furniture, as ſeemed very ſuitable both to the Lady and the Scholar, and did not know at firſt whether I ſhould fancy my ſelf in a Grotto, or in a Library.

UPON my looking into the Books, I found there were ſome few which the Lady had bought for her own uſe, but that moſt of them had been got together, either becauſe ſhe had heard them praiſed, or becauſe ſhe had ſeen the Authors of them. Among ſeveral that I examined, I very well remember theſe that follow.

Ogleby's Virgil.
Dryden's Juvenal.
Caſſandra.
Cleopatra.
Aſtræa.
Sir *Iſaac Newton's* Works.
The *Grand Cyrus*: With a Pin ſtuck in one of the middle Leaves.
Pembroke's Arcadia.
Locke of Human Underſtanding: With a Paper of Patches in it.
A Spelling Book.
A Dictionary for the Explanation of hard Words.
Sherlock upon Death.
The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.
Sir *William Temple's* Eſſays.

Father

Father *Malbranche*'s Search after Truth, tranſlated into *Engliſh*.

A Book of Novels.

The Academy of Compliments.

Culpepper's Midwifery.

The Ladies Calling.

Tales in Verſe by Mr. *Durfey*: Bound in Red Leather, gilt on the Back, and doubled down in ſeveral Places.

All the Claſſick Authors in Wood.

A Set of *Elzivers* by the ſame Hand.

Clelia: Which opened of it ſelf in the Place that deſcribes two Lovers in a Bower.

Baker's Chronicle.

Advice to a Daughter.

The New *Atalantis*, with a Key to it.

Mr. *Steele*'s Chriſtian Heroe.

A Prayer Book: With a Bottle of *Hungary* Water by the ſide of it.

Dr. *Sacheverell*'s Speech.

Fielding's Tryal.

Seneca's Morals.

Taylor's holy Living and Dying.

La Ferte's Inſtructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a Catalogue in my Pocket-Book of theſe, and ſeveral other Authors, when *Leonora* entred, and upon my preſenting her with the Letter from the Knight, told me with an unſpeakable Grace, that ſhe hoped Sir ROGER was in good Health: I anſwered *Yes*, for I hate long Speeches, and after a Bow or two retired.

LEONORA was formerly a celebrated Beauty, and is ſtill a very lovely Woman. She has been a Widow for two or three Years, and being unfortunate in her firſt Marriage, has taken a Reſolution never to venture upon a ſecond. She has no Children to take care of, and leaves the Management of her Eſtate to my good Friend Sir ROGER. But as the Mind naturally ſinks into a kind of Lethargy, and falls aſleep, that is not agitated by ſome Favourite Pleaſures and Purſuits, *Leonora* has turn'd all the Paſſions of her Sex, into a Love of Books and Retirement. She converſes chiefly with Men, (as ſhe has often ſaid

ſaid her ſelf) but it is only in their Writings; and admits of very few Male-Viſitants, except my Friend Sir ROGER, whom ſhe hears with great Pleaſure, and without Scandal. As her Reading has lain very much among Romances, it has given her a very particular Turn of Thinking, and diſcovers it ſelf even in her Houſe, her Gardens and her Furniture. Sir ROGER has entertained me an Hour together with a Deſcription of her Country-Seat, which is Situated in a kind of Wilderneſs, about an hundred Miles diſtant from *London*, and looks like a little Enchanted Palace. The Rocks about her are ſhaped into Artificial Grottoes covered with Wood-Bines and Jeſſamines. The Woods are cut into ſhady Walks, twiſted into Bowers, and filled with Cages of Turtles. The Springs are made to run among Pebbles, and by that means taught to Murmur very agreeably. They are likewiſe collected into a Beautiful Lake, that is inhabited by a Couple of Swans, and empties it ſelf by a little Rivulet which runs through a Green Meadow, and is known in the Family by the Name of *The Purling Stream*. The Knight likewiſe tells me, that this Lady preſerves her Game better than any of the Gentlemen in the Country, not (ſays Sir ROGER,) that ſhe ſets ſo great a Value upon her Partridges and Pheaſants, as upon her Larks and Nightingales. For ſhe ſays that every Bird which is killed in her Ground will ſpoil a Conſort, and that ſhe ſhall certainly miſs him the next Year.

WHEN I think how odly this Lady is improved by Learning, I look upon her with a mixture of Admiration and Pity. Amidſt theſe Innocent Entertainments which ſhe has formed to her ſelf, how much more Valuable does ſhe appear than thoſe of her Sex, who employ themſelves in Diverſions that are leſs Reaſonable, tho' more in Faſhion? What Improvements would a Woman have made, who is ſo Suſceptible of Impreſſions from what ſhe reads, had ſhe been guided to ſuch Books as have a tendency to enlighten the Underſtanding and rectifie the Paſſions, as well as to thoſe which are of little more uſe than to divert the Imagination?

BUT the manner of a Lady's Employing her ſelf uſefully in Reading ſhall be the Subject of another Paper in which

which I design to recommend such particular Books as may be proper for the Improvement of the Sex. And as this is a Subject of a very nice Nature, I shall desire my Correspondents to give me their Thoughts upon it. C

N° 38. *Friday, April* 13.

——*Cupias non placuisse nimis.* Mart.

A Late Conversation which I fell into, gave me an Opportunity of observing a great deal of Beauty in a very handsome Woman, and as much Wit in an ingenious Man, turned into Deformity in the one, and Absurdity in the other, by the meer Force of Affectation. The Fair One had something in her Person upon which her Thoughts were fixed, that she attempted to shew to Advantage in every Look, Word, and Gesture. The Gentleman was as diligent to do Justice to his fine Parts, as the Lady to her beauteous Form: You might see his Imagination on the Stretch to find out something uncommon, and what they call bright, to entertain her; while she writhed her self into as many different Postures to engage him. When she laughed, her Lips were to sever at a greater Distance than ordinary to shew her Teeth: Her Fan was to point to somewhat at a Distance, that in the Reach she may discover the Roundness of her Arm; then she is utterly mistaken in what she saw, falls back, smiles at her own Folly, and is so wholly discomposed, that her Tucker is to be adjusted, her Bosom exposed, and the whole Woman put into new Airs and Graces. While she was doing all this, the Gallant had Time to think of something very pleasant to say next to her, or make some unkind Observation on some other Lady to feed her Vanity. These unhappy Effects of Affectation, naturally led me to look into that strange State of Mind which so generally discolours the Behaviour of most People we meet with.

THE

THE learned Dr. *Burnet*, in his Theory of the Earth, takes Occaſion to obſerve, That every Thought is attended with Conſciouſneſs and Repreſentativeneſs; the Mind has nothing preſented to it, but what is immediately followed by a Reflection or Conſcience, which tells you whether that which was ſo preſented is graceful or unbecoming. This Act of the Mind diſcovers it ſelf in the Geſture, by a proper Behaviour in thoſe whoſe Conſciouſneſs goes no further than to direct them in the juſt Progreſs of their preſent Thought or Action; but betrays an Interruption in every ſecond Thought, when the Conſciouſneſs is employed in too fondly approving a Man's own Conceptions; which ſort of Conſciouſneſs is what we call Affectation.

AS the Love of Praiſe is implanted in our Boſoms as a ſtrong Incentive to worthy Actions, it is a very difficult Task to get above a Deſire of it in Things that ſhould be wholly indifferent. Women, whoſe Hearts are fixed upon the Pleaſure they have in the Conſciouſneſs that they are the Objects of Love and Admiration, are ever changing the Air of their Countenances, and altering the Attitude of their Bodies, to ſtrike the Hearts of their Beholders with new Senſe of their Beauty. The dreſſing Part of our Sex, whoſe Minds are the ſame with the fillier Part of the other, are exactly in the like uneaſie Condition to be regarded for a well-tied Cravat, an Hat cocked with an unuſual Briskneſs, a very well-choſen Coat, or other Inſtances of Merit, which they are impatient to ſee unobſerved.

BUT this apparent Affectation, ariſing from an ill governed Conſciouſneſs, is not ſo much to be wondered at in ſuch looſe and trivial Minds as theſe: But when you ſee it reign in Characters of Worth and Diſtinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without ſome Indignation. It creeps into the Heart of the wiſe Man, as well as that of the Coxcomb. When you ſee a Man of Senſe look about for Applauſe, and diſcover an itching Inclination to be commended; lay Traps for a little Incenſe, even from thoſe whoſe Opinion he values in nothing but his own Favour; Who is ſafe againſt this Weakneſs? or who knows whether he is guilty of it or not? The beſt

Way

Way to get clear of ſuch a light Fondneſs for Applauſe, is, to take all poſſible Care to throw off the Love of it upon Occaſions that are not in themſelves laudable; but, as it appears, we hope for no Praiſe from them. Of this Nature are all Graces in Mens Perſons, Dreſs, and bodily Deportment; which will naturally be winning and attractive if we think not of them, but loſe their Force in proportion to our Endeavour to make them ſuch.

WHEN our Conſciouſneſs turns upon the main Deſign of Life, and our Thoughts are employed upon the chief Purpoſe either in Buſineſs or Pleaſure, we ſhall never betray an Affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it: But when we give the Paſſion for Praiſe an unbridled Liberty, our Pleaſure in little Perfections, robs us of what is due to us for great Virtues and worthy Qualities. How many excellent Speeches and honeſt Actions are loſt, for want of being indifferent where we ought? Men are oppreſſed with regard to their Way of ſpeaking and acting, inſtead of having their Thoughts bent upon what they ſhould do or ſay; and by that Means bury a Capacity for great things, by their fear of failing in indifferent things. This, perhaps, cannot be called Affectation; but it has ſome Tincture of it, at leaſt ſo far, as that their Fear of erring in a thing of no Conſequence, argues they would be too much pleaſed in performing it.

IT is only from a thorough Diſregard to himſelf in ſuch Particulars, that a Man can act with a laudable Sufficiency: His Heart is fixed upon one Point in view; and he commits no Errors, becauſe he thinks nothing an Error but what deviates from that Intention.

THE wild Havock Affectation makes in that Part of the World which ſhould be moſt polite, is viſible wherever we turn our Eyes: It puſhes Men not only into Impertinences in Converſation, but alſo in their premeditated Speeches. At the Bar it torments the Bench, whoſe Buſineſs it is to cut off all Superfluities in what is ſpoken before it by the Practitioner; as well as ſeveral little Pieces of Injuſtice which ariſe from the Law it ſelf. I have ſeen it make a Man run from the Purpoſe before a Judge, who was, when at the Bar himſelf, ſo cloſe and logical a Pleader, that with all the Pomp of Eloquence in his Power he never ſpoke a Word too much.

IT

IT might be born even here, but it often aſcends the Pulpit it ſelf; and the Declaimer, in that ſacred Place, is frequently ſo impertinently witty, ſpeaks of the laſt Day it ſelf with ſo many quaint Phraſes, that there is no Man who underſtands Raillery, but muſt reſolve to ſin no more: Nay, you may behold him ſometimes in Prayer, for a proper Delivery of the great Truths he is to utter, humble himſelf with ſo very well turned Phraſe, and mention his own Unworthineſs in a Way ſo very becoming, that the Air of the pretty Gentleman is preſerved, under the Lowlineſs of the Preacher.

I ſhall end this with a ſhort Letter I writ the other Day to a very witty Man, over-run with the Fault I am ſpeaking of.

Dear Sir,

'I Spent ſome Time with you the other Day, and muſt 'take the Liberty of a Friend to tell you of the un-'ſufferable Affectation you are guilty of in all you ſay and 'do. When I gave you an Hint of it, you aſked me 'whether a Man is to be cold to what his Friends think of 'him? No; but Praiſe is not to be the Entertainment of 'every Moment: He that hopes for it muſt be able to 'ſuſpend the Poſſeſſion of it till proper Periods of Life, 'or Death it ſelf. If you would not rather be com-'mended than be Praiſe-worthy, contemn little Merits; 'and allow no Man to be ſo free with you, as to praiſe 'you to your Face. Your Vanity by this Means will 'want its Food. At the ſame time your Paſſion for 'Eſteem will be more fully gratified; Men will praiſe you 'in their Actions: Where you now receive one Com-'pliment, you will then receive twenty Civilities. Till 'then you will never have of either, further than,

SIR,

R *Your humble Servant.*

No 39. *Saturday, April* 14.

Multa ferо, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Cum ſcribo——— Hor.

AS a perfect Tragedy is the nobleſt Production of human Nature, ſo it is capable of giving the Mind one of the moſt delightful and moſt improving Entertainments. A virtuous Man (ſays *Seneca*) ſtrugling with Misfortunes, is ſuch a Spectacle as Gods might look upon with Pleaſure: And ſuch a Pleaſure it is which one meets with in the Repreſentation of a well-written Tragedy. Diverſions of this kind wear out of our Thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They cheriſh and cultivate that Humanity which is the Ornament of our Nature. They ſoften Inſolence, ſooth Affliction, and ſubdue the Mind to the Diſpenſations of Providence.

IT is no Wonder therefore that in all the polite Nations of the World, this Part of the *Drama* has met with publick Encouragement.

THE modern Tragedy excels that of *Greece* and *Rome*, in the Intricacy and Diſpoſition of the Fable; but, what a Chriſtian Writer would be aſhamed to own, falls infinitely ſhort of it in the moral Part of the Performance.

THIS I may ſhew more at large hereafter; and in the mean time, that I may contribute ſomething towards the Improvement of the *Engliſh* Tragedy, I ſhall take notice, in this and in other following Papers, of ſome particular Parts in it that ſeem liable to Exception.

ARISTOTLE obſerves, that the *Iambick* Verſe in the *Greek* Tongue was the moſt proper for Tragedy: Becauſe at the ſame time that it lifted up the Diſcourſe from Proſe, it was that which approached nearer to it than any other kind of Verſe. For, ſays he, we may obſerve that Men in ordinary Diſcourſe very often ſpeak *Iambicks*, without taking Notice of it. We may make the ſame Obſervation of our *Engliſh* Blank Verſe, which often enters

enters into our common Diſcourſe, though we do not attend to it, and is ſuch a due Medium between Rhyme and Proſe, that it ſeems wonderfully adapted to Tragedy. I am therefore very much offended when I ſee a Play in Rhyme; which is as abſurd in *Engliſh*, as a Tragedy of *Hexameters* would have been in *Greek* or *Latin*. The Soloeciſm is, I think, ſtill greater, in thoſe Plays that have ſome Scenes in Rhyme and ſome in Blank Verſe, which are to be looked upon as two ſeveral Languages; or where we ſee ſome particular Similies dignified with Rhyme, at the ſame time that every thing about them lyes in Blank Verſe. I would not however debar the Poet from concluding his Tragedy, or, if he pleaſes, every Act of it, with two or three Couplets, which may have the ſame Effect as an Air in the *Italian* Opera after a long *Recitativo*, and give the Actor a graceful Exit. Beſides, that we ſee a Diverſity of Numbers in ſome Parts of the Old Tragedy, in order to hinder the Ear from being tired with the ſame continued Modulation of Voice. For the ſame Reaſon I do not diſlike the Speeches in our *Engliſh* Tragedy that cloſe with an *Hemiſtich*, or half Verſe, notwithſtanding the Perſon who ſpeaks after it begins a new Verſe, without filling up the preceding one; nor with abrupt Pauſes and Breakings-off in the middle of a Verſe, when they humour any Paſſion that is expreſſed by it.

SINCE I am upon this Subject, I muſt obſerve that our *Engliſh* Poets have ſucceeded much better in the Stile, than in the Sentiments of their Tragedies. Their Language is very often Noble and Sonorous, but the Senſe either very trifling or very common. On the contrary, in the ancient Tragedies, and indeed in thoſe of *Corneille* and *Racine*, tho' the Expreſſions are very great, it is the Thought that bears them up and ſwells them. For my own part, I prefer a noble Sentiment that is depreſſed with homely Language, infinitely before a Vulgar one that is blown up with all the Sound and Energy of Expreſſion. Whether this Defect in our Tragedies may ariſe from Want of Genius, Knowledge, or Experience in the Writers, or from their Compliance with the vicious Taſte of their Readers, who are better Judges of the Language

than of the Sentiments, and consequently relish the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe it might rectifie the Conduct both of the one and of the other, if the Writer laid down the whole Contexture of his Dialogue in plain *English*, before he turned it into Blank Verse; and if the Reader, after the Perusal of a Scene, would consider the naked Thought of every Speech in it, when divested of all its Tragick Ornaments; by this means, without being imposed upon by Words, we may judge impartially of the Thought, and consider whether it be natural or great enough for the Person that utters it, whether it deserves to shine in such a Blaze of Eloquence, or shew it self in such a variety of Lights as are generally made use of by the Writers of our *English* Tragedy.

I must in the next place observe, that when our Thoughts are great and just, they are often obscured by the sounding Phrases, hard Metaphors, and forced Expressions in which they are cloathed. *Shakespear* is often very faulty in this Particular. There is a fine Observation in *Aristotle* to this purpose, which I have never seen quoted. The Expression, says he, ought to be very much laboured in the unactive Parts of the Fable, as in Descriptions, Similitudes, Narrations, and the like; in which the Opinions, Manners and Passions of Men are not represented; for these, (namely the Opinions, Manners and Passions) are apt to be obscured by Pompous Phrases, and Elaborate Expressions. *Horace*, who copied most of his Criticisms after *Aristotle*, seems to have had his Eye on the foregoing Rule, in the following Verses:

Et Tragicus plerumque dolet Sermone pedestri,
Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas & sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor Spectantis tetigisse querelâ.

Tragedians too lay by their State, to Grieve.
Peleus *and* Telephus, *exil'd and poor,*
Forget their swelling and gigantick Words.

Ld. ROSCOMMON.

AMONG

AMONG our Modern *Engliſh* Poets, there is none who was better turned for Tragedy than *Lee*; if inſtead of favouring the Impetuoſity of his Genius, he had reſtrained it, and kept it within its proper Bounds. His Thoughts are wonderfully ſuited to Tragedy, but frequently loſt in ſuch a Cloud of Words, that it is hard to ſee the Beauty of them: There is an infinite Fire in his Works, but ſo involved in Smoak, that it does not appear in half its Luſtre. He frequently ſucceeds in the Paſſionate Parts of the Tragedy, but more particularly where he ſlackens his Efforts, and eaſes the Stile of thoſe Epithets and Metaphors, in which he ſo much abounds. What can be more Natural, more Soft, or more Paſſionate, than that Line in *Statira*'s Speech, where ſhe deſcribes the Charms of *Alexander*'s Converſation?

Then he would talk: Good Gods! how he would talk!

THAT unexpected Break in the Line, and turning the Deſcription of his manner of Talking into an Admiration of it, is inexpreſſibly Beautiful, and wonderfully ſuited to the fond Character of the Perſon that ſpeaks it. There is a Simplicity in the Words, that outſhines the utmoſt Pride of Expreſſion. —

OTWAY has followed Nature in the Language of his Tragedy, and therefore ſhines in the Paſſionate Parts, more than any of our *Engliſh* Poets. As there is ſomething Familiar and Domeſtick in the Fable of his Tragedy, more than in thoſe of any other Poet, he has little Pomp, but great Force in his Expreſſions. For which Reaſon, tho' he has admirably ſucceeded in the tender and melting Part of his Tragedies, he ſometimes falls into too great a Familiarity of Phraſe in thoſe Parts, which, by *Ariſtotle*'s Rule, ought to have been raiſed and ſupported by the Dignity of Expreſſion.

IT has been obſerved by others, that this Poet has founded his Tragedy of *Venice Preſerved* on ſo wrong a Plot, that the greateſt Characters in it are thoſe of Rebels and Traitors. Had the Hero of his Play diſcovered the ſame good Qualities in the Defence of his Country, that he ſhewed for its Ruin and Subverſion, the Audience could not enough pity and admire him: But as he is now

represented, we can only say of him, what the *Roman* Historian says of *Catiline*, that his Fall would have been Glorious (*si pro Patriâ sic concidisset*) had he so fallen in the Service of his Country. C

N° 40. *Monday, April* 16.

At ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Cum velle trucidant alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire Poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis. Hor.

THE *English* Writers of Tragedy are possessed with a Notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent Person in Distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his Troubles, or made him triumph over his Enemies. This Error they have been led into by a ridiculous Doctrine in modern Criticism, that they are obliged to an equal Distribution of Rewards and Punishments, and an impartial Execution of Poetical Justice. Who were the first that established this Rule I know not; but I am sure it has no Foundation in Nature, in Reason, or in the Practice of the Ancients. We find that Good and Evil happen alike to all Men on this Side the Grave; and as the principal Design of Tragedy is to raise Commiseration and Terror in the Minds of the Audience, we shall defeat this great End, if we always make Virtue and Innocence happy and successful. Whatever Crosses and Disappointments a good Man suffers in the Body of the Tragedy, they will make but small Impression on our Minds, when we know that in the last Act he is to arrive at the End of his Wishes and Desires. When we see him engaged in the Depth of his Afflictions, we are apt to comfort our selves, because we are sure he will find his Way out of them; and that his Grief, how great soever it may be at present, will

ſoon terminate in Gladneſs. For this Reaſon the ancient Writers of Tragedy treated Men in their Plays, as they are dealt with in the World, by making Virtue ſometimes happy and ſometimes miſerable, as they found it in the Fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect their Audience in the moſt agreeable Manner. *Ariſtotle* conſiders the Tragedies that were written in either of theſe Kinds, and obſerves, That thoſe which ended unhappily, had always pleaſed the People, and carried away the Prize in the publick Diſputes of the Stage, from thoſe that ended happily. Terror and Commiſeration leave a pleaſing Anguiſh in the Mind; and fix the Audience in ſuch a ſerious Compoſure of Thought, as is much more laſting and delightful than any little tranſient Starts of Joy and Satisfaction. Accordingly we find, that more of our *Engliſh* Tragedies have ſucceeded, in which the Favourites of the Audience ſink under their Calamities, than thoſe in which they recover themſelves out of them. The beſt Plays of this Kind are the *Orphan*, *Venice preſerved*, *Alexander the Great*, *Theodoſius*, *All for Love*, *Oedipus*, *Oroonoko*, *Othello*, &c. *King Lear* is an admirable Tragedy of the ſame Kind, as *Shakeſpear* wrote it; but as it is reformed according to the chymerical Notion of Poetical Juſtice, in my humble Opinion it has loſt half its Beauty. At the ſame time I muſt allow, that there are very noble Tragedies which have been framed upon the other Plan, and have ended happily; as indeed moſt of the good Tragedies, which have been written ſince the ſtarting of the above-mentioned Criticiſm, have taken this Turn: As the *Mourning Bride*, *Tamerlane*, *Ulyſſes*, *Phadra* and *Hyppolitus*, with moſt of *Mr. Dryden's*. I muſt alſo allow, that many of *Shakeſpear's*, and ſeveral of the celebrated Tragedies of Antiquity, are caſt in the ſame Form. I do not therefore diſpute againſt this way of writing Tragedies, but againſt the Criticiſm that would eſtabliſh this as the only Method; and by that Means would very much cramp the *Engliſh* Tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong Bent to the Genius of our Writers.

THE Tragi-Comedy, which is the Product of the *Engliſh* Theatre, is one of the moſt monſtrous Inventions that ever entered into a Poet's Thoughts. An Author might as well think of weaving the Adventures of *Æneas* and *Hudibras* into one Poem, as of writing ſuch a motly Piece of Mirth and Sorrow. But the Abſurdity of theſe Performances is ſo very viſible, that I ſhall not inſiſt upon it.

THE ſame Objections which are made to Tragi-Comedy, may in ſome Meaſure be applied to all Tragedies that have a double Plot in them; which are likewiſe more frequent upon the *Engliſh* Stage, than upon any other: For though the Grief of the Audience, in ſuch Performances, be not changed into another Paſſion, as in Tragi-Comedies; it is diverted upon another Object, which weakens their Concern for the principal Action, and breaks the Tide of Sorrow, by throwing it into different Channels. This Inconvenience, however, may in a great Meaſure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the skilful Choice of an Under-Plot, which may bear ſuch a near Relation to the principal Deſign, as to contribute towards the Completion of it, and be concluded by the ſame Cataſtrophe.

THERE is alſo another Particular, which may be reckoned among the Blemiſhes, or rather the falſe Beauties, of our *Engliſh* Tragedy: I mean thoſe particular Speeches which are commonly known by the Name of *Rants*. The warm and paſſionate Parts of a Tragedy, are always the moſt taking with the Audience; for which Reaſon we often ſee the Players pronouncing, in all the Violence of Action, ſeveral Parts of the Tragedy which the Author writ with great Temper, and deſigned that they ſhould have been ſo acted. I have ſeen *Powell* very often raiſe himſelf a loud Clap by this Artifice. The Poets that were acquainted with this Secret, have given frequent Occaſion for ſuch Emotions in the Actor, by adding Vehemence to Words where there was no Paſſion, or inflaming a real Paſſion into Fuſtian. This hath filled the Mouths of our Heroes with Bombaſt; and given them ſuch Sentiments, as proceed rather from a Swelling than a Greatneſs of Mind. Unnatural Exclamations, Curſes, Vows,

Vows, Blaſphemies, a Defiance of Mankind, and an Outraging of the Gods, frequently paſs upon the Audience for tow'ring Thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite Applauſe.

I ſhall here add a Remark, which I am afraid our Tragick Writers may make an ill uſe of. As our Heroes are generally Lovers, their Swelling and Bluſtring upon the Stage very much recommends them to the fair Part of their Audience. The Ladies are wonderfully pleaſed to ſee a Man inſulting Kings, or affronting the Gods, in one Scene, and throwing himſelf at the Feet of his Miſtreſs in another. Let him behave himſelf inſolently towards the Men, and abjectly towards the Fair One, and it is ten to one but he proves a Favourite of the Boxes. *Dryden* and *Lee*, in ſeveral of their Tragedies, have practiſed this Secret with good Succeſs.

BUT to ſhew how a *Rant* pleaſes beyond the moſt juſt and natural Thought that is not pronounced with Vehemence, I would deſire the Reader, when he ſees the Tragedy of *Oedipus*, to obſerve how quietly the Hero is diſmiſſed at the End of the third Act, after having pronounced the following Lines, in which the Thought is very natural, and apt to move Compaſſion.

To you, good Gods, I make my laſt Appeal,
Or clear my Virtues, or my Crimes reveal.
If in the Maze of Fate I blindly run,
And backward trod thoſe Paths I ſought to ſhun;
Impute my Errors to your own Decree:
My Hands are guilty, but my Heart is free.

Let us then obſerve with what Thunder-claps of Applauſe he leaves the Stage, after the Impieties and Execrations at the End of the fourth Act; and you will wonder to ſee an Audience ſo curſed and ſo pleaſed at the ſame Time.

O *that as oft I have at* Athens *ſeen,*
[Where, by the way, there was no Stage till many Years after *Oedipus*.]
The Stage ariſe, and the big Clouds deſcend;

So now, in very Deed, I might behold
This pond'rous Globe, and all yon marble Roof,
Move, like the Hands of Jove, *and crush Mankind.*
For all the Elements, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Having spoken of Mr. Powell, *as sometimes raising himself Applause from the ill Taste of an Audience; I must do him the Justice to own, that he is excellently formed for a Tragedian, and, when he pleases, deserves the Admiration of the best Judges; as I doubt not but he will in the* Conqueſt of Mexico, *which is acted for his own Benefit To-morrow Night.* C.

N° 41. *Tuesday, April* 17.

——*Tu nova inventa reperta es.* Ovid.

COMPASSION for the Gentleman who writes the following Letter, should not prevail upon me to fall upon the Fair Sex, if it were not that I find they are frequently Fairer than they ought to be. Such Impostures are not to be tolerated in Civil Society; and I think his Misfortune ought to be made publick, as a Warning for other Men always to Examine into what they Admire.

SIR,

'SUPPOSING you to be a Person of general Know-
'ledge, I make my Application to you on a very
'particular Occasion. I have a great Mind to be rid of my
'Wife, and hope, when you consider my Case, you will
'be of Opinion I have very just Pretentions to a Divorce.
'I am a mere Man of the Town, and have very little Im-
'provement, but what I have got from Plays. I remem-
'ber in *The Silent Woman*, the Learned Dr. *Cutberd*, or Dr.
'*Otter* (I forget which) makes one of the Causes of Sepa-
'ration to be *Error Personæ*, when a Man marries a Wo-
'man,

'man, and finds her not to be the same Woman whom 'he intended to marry, but another. If that be Law, it 'is, I presume, exactly my Case. For you are to know, 'Mr. SPECTATOR, that there are Women who do not 'let their Husbands see their Faces till they are married.

'NOT to keep you in suspence, I mean plainly, that 'Part of the Sex who paint. They are some of them so 'exquisitely skilful this Way, that give them but a tolera-'ble Pair of Eyes to set up with, and they will make Bo-'som, Lips, Cheeks and Eyebrows, by their own Indus-'try. As for my Dear, never Man was so inamoured as 'I was of her fair Forehead, Neck and Arms, as well as 'the bright Jett of her Hair; but to my great Astonish-'ment, I find they were all the Effect of Art: Her Skin 'is so tarnished with this Practice, that when she first 'wakes in a Morning, she scarce seems young enough 'to be the Mother of her whom I carried to Bed the 'Night before. I shall take the Liberty to part with her 'by the first Opportunity, unless her Father will make 'her Portion suitable to her real, not her assumed, Coun-'tenance. This I thought fit to let him and her know 'by your Means.

I am, SIR,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant.

I cannot tell what the Law, or the Parents of the Lady, will do for this Injured Gentleman, but must allow he has very much Justice on his side. I have indeed very long observed this Evil, and distinguished those of our Women who wear their own, from those in borrowed Complexions, by the *Pitts* and the *British*. There does not need any great Discernment to judge which are which. The *British* have a lively animated Aspect; The *Pitts*, tho' never so Beautiful, have dead uninformed Countenances. The Muscles of a real Face sometimes swell with soft Passion, sudden Surprize, and are flushed with agreeable Confusions, according as the Objects before them, or the Ideas presented to them, affect their Imagination. But the *Pitts* behold all things with the same Air, whether they are Joyful or Sad; The same fixed Insensibility appears upon all

all Occaſions. A *Pict*, tho' ſhe takes all that Pains to invite the Approach of Lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain Diſtance; a Sigh in a Languiſhing Lover, if fetched too near her, would diſſolve a Feature; and a Kiſs ſnatched by a Forward one, might transfer the Complexion of the Miſtreſs to the Admirer. It is hard to ſpeak of theſe falſe Fair Ones, without ſaying ſomething uncomplaiſant, but I would only recommend to them to conſider how they like coming into a Room new Painted; they may aſſure themſelves, the near Approach of a Lady who uſes this Practice is much more offenſive.

WILL HONEYCOMB told us, one Day, an Adventure he once had with a *Pict*. This Lady had Wit, as well as Beauty, at Will; and made it her Buſineſs to gain Hearts, for no other Reaſon, but to railly the Torments of her Lovers. She would make great Advances to inſnare Men, but without any manner of Scruple break off when there was no Provocation. Her Ill-Nature and Vanity made my Friend very eaſily Proof againſt the Charms of her Wit and Converſation; but her beauteous Form, inſtead of being blemiſhed by her Falſhood and Inconſtancy, every Day increaſed upon him, and ſhe had new Attractions every time he ſaw her. When ſhe obſerved WILL. irrevocably her Slave, ſhe began to uſe him as ſuch, and after many ſteps toward ſuch a Cruelty, ſhe at laſt utterly baniſhed him. The unhappy Lover ſtrove in vain, by ſervile Epiſtles, to revoke his Doom; till at length he was forced to the laſt Refuge, a round Sum of Mony to her Maid. This corrupt Attendant placed him early in the Morning behind the Hangings in her Miſtreſs's Dreſſing-Room. He ſtood very conveniently to obſerve, without being ſeen. The *Pict* begins the Face ſhe deſigned to wear that Day, and I have heard him proteſt ſhe had worked a full half Hour before he knew her to be the ſame Woman. As ſoon as he ſaw the Dawn of that Complexion, for which he had ſo long languiſhed, he thought fit to break from his Concealment, repeating that of *Cowley*;

Th' adorning Thee with ſo much Art,
Is but a barb'rous Skill;
'Tis like the Pois'ning of a Dart,
Too apt before to kill.

THE

THE *Pict* ſtood before him in the utmoſt Confuſion, with the prettieſt Smirk imaginable on the finiſhed ſide of her Face, pale as Aſhes on the other. HONEYCOMB ſeized all her Gally-pots and Waſhes, and carried off his Handkerchief full of Bruſhes, Scraps of *Spaniſh* Wool, and Phials of Unguents. The Lady went into the Country, the Lover was cured.

IT is certain no Faith ought to be kept with Cheats, and an Oath made to a *Pict* is of it ſelf void. I would therefore exhort all the *Britiſh* Ladies to ſingle them out, nor do I know any but *Lindamira* who ſhould be exempt from Diſcovery; for her own Complexion is ſo delicate, that ſhe ought to be allowed the Covering it with Paint, as a Puniſhment for chuſing to be the worſt Piece of Art extant, inſtead of the Maſterpiece of Nature. As for my part, who have no Expectations from Women, and conſider them only as they are Part of the Species, I do not half ſo much fear offending a Beauty as a Woman of Senſe; I ſhall therefore produce ſeveral Faces which have been in Publick this many Years, and never appeared; it will be a very pretty Entertainment in the Play-houſe, (when I have aboliſhed this Cuſtom) to ſee ſo many Ladies, when they firſt lay it down, *incog.* in their own Faces.

IN the mean time, as a Pattern for improving their Charms, let the Sex ſtudy the agreeable *Statira*. Her Features are enlivened with the Chearfulneſs of her Mind, and good Humour gives an Alacrity to her Eyes. She is Graceful without affecting an Air, and Unconcerned without appearing Careleſs. Her having no manner of Art in her Mind, makes her want none in her Perſon.

HOW like is this Lady, and how unlike is a *Pict*, to that Deſcription Dr. *Donne* gives of his Miſtreſs?

—— Her pure and eloquent Blood
Spoke in her Cheeks, and ſo diſtinctly wrought,
That one would almoſt ſay her Body thought.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A young Gentlewoman of about Nineteen Years of Age (bred in the Family of a Perſon of Quality lately deceaſed,) who Paints the Fineſt Fleſh-colour, wants a Place, and is

to

to be heard of at the House of Minheer Grotesque, *a* Dutch *Painter in* Barbican.

N. B. *She is also well skilled in the Drapery-part, and puts on Heads and mixes Ribbons so as to suit the Colours of the Face with great Art and Success.* R.

N° 42. *Wednesday, April* 18.

Gargonum mugire putes nemus aut mare Thuscum,
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, & artes,
Divitiaque peregrinæ; quibus oblitus actor
Cum stetit in Scena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane. Quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno. Hor.

ARISTOTLE has observed, That ordinary Writers in Tragedy endeavour to raise Terror and Pity in their Audience, not by proper Sentiments and Expressions, but by the Dresses and Decorations of the Stage. There is something of this kind very ridiculous in the *English* Theatre. When the Author has a Mind to terrifie us, it thunders; when he would make us melancholy, the Stage is darkened. But among all our tragick Artifices, I am the most offended at those which are made use of to inspire us with magnificent Ideas of the Persons that speak. The ordinary Method of making an Hero, is to clap a huge Plume of Feathers upon his Head, which rises so very high, that there is often a greater Length from his Chin to the Top of his Head, than to the Sole of his Foot. One would believe, that we thought a great Man and a tall Man the same thing. This very much embarrasses the Actor, who is forced to hold his Neck extreamly stiff and steady all the while he speaks; and notwithstanding any Anxieties which he pretends for his Mistress, his Country, or his Friends, one may see by his Action, that his greatest Care and Concern is to keep the Plume of Feathers from falling off his Head. For my own part, when I see a Man uttering his Complaints

plaints under such a Mountain of Feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate Lunatick, than a distressed Hero. As these superfluous Ornaments upon the Head make a great Man, a Princess generally receives her Grandeur from those additional Incumbrances that fall into her Tail: I mean the broad sweeping Train that follows her in all her Motions, and finds constant Employment for a Boy who stands behind her to open and spread it to Advantage. I do not know how others are affected at this Sight, but, I must confess, my Eyes are wholly taken up with the Page's Part; and as for the Queen, I am not so attentive to any thing she speaks, as to the right adjusting of her Train, lest it should chance to trip up her Heels, or incommode her, as she walks to and fro upon the Stage. It is, in my Opinion, a very odd Spectacle, to see a Queen venting her Passion in a disordered Motion, and a little Boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the Tail of her Gown. The Parts that the two Persons act on the Stage at the same Time, are very different: The Princess is afraid lest she should incur the Displeasure of the King her Father, or lose the Hero her Lover, whilst her Attendant is only concerned lest she should entangle her Feet in her Petticoat.

WE are told, That an ancient Tragick Poet, to move the Pity of his Audience for his exiled Kings and distressed Heroes, used to make the Actors represent them in Dresses and Cloaths that were thread bare and decayed. This Artifice for moving Pity, seems as ill-contrived, as that we have been speaking of to inspire us with a great Idea of the Persons introduced upon the Stage. In short, I would have our Conceptions raised by the Dignity of Thought and Sublimity of Expression, rather than by a Train of Robes or a Plume of Feathers.

ANOTHER mechanical Method of making great Men, and adding Dignity to Kings and Queens, is to accompany them with Halberts and Battle-axes. Two or three Shifters of Scenes, with the two Candle-snuffers, make up a compleat Body of Guards upon the *English* Stage; and by the Addition of a few Porters dressed in red Coats, can represent above a dozen Legions. I have some-

ſometimes ſeen a Couple of Armies drawn up together upon the Stage, when the Poet has been diſpoſed to do Honour to his Generals. It is impoſſible for the Reader's Imagination to multiply twenty Men into ſuch prodigious Multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thouſand Soldiers are fighting in a Room of forty or fifty Yards in Compaſs. Incidents of ſuch nature ſhould be told, not repreſented.

——*Non tamen intus*
Digna geri promes in ſcenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præſens. Hor.

Yet there are things improper for a Scene,
Which Men of Judgment only will relate.
Ld. ROSCOMMON.

I ſhould therefore, in this Particular, recommend to my Countrymen the Example of the *French* Stage, where the Kings and Queens always appear unattended, and leave their Guards behind the Scenes. I ſhould likewiſe be glad if we imitated the *French* in baniſhing from our Stage the Noiſe of Drums, Trumpets, and Huzzas; which is ſometimes ſo very great, that when there is a Battel in the *Hay-Market* Theatre, one may hear it as far as *Charing-Croſs*.

I have here only touched upon thoſe Particulars which are made uſe of to raiſe and aggrandize the Perſons of a Tragedy; and ſhall ſhew in another Paper the ſeveral Expedients which are practiſed by Authors of a vulgar Genius to move Terror, Pity, or Admiration, in their Hearers.

THE Taylor and the Painter often contribute to the Succeſs of a Tragedy more than the Poet. Scenes affect ordinary Minds as much as Speeches; and our Actors are very ſenſible, that a well-dreſſed Play has ſometimes brought them as full Audiences, as a well-written one. The *Italians* have a very good Phraſe to expreſs this Art of impoſing upon the Spectators by Appearances: They call it the *Fourberia della Scena, The Knavery or trickiſh Part of the Drama.* But however the Show and Outſide of the Tragedy may work upon the Vulgar, the more under-

underſtanding Part of the Audience immediately ſee thro' it, and deſpiſe it.

A good Poet will give the Reader a more lively Idea of an Army or a Battel in a Deſcription, than if he actually ſaw them drawn up in Squadrons and Battalions, or engaged in the Confuſion of a Fight. Our Minds ſhould be opened to great Conceptions, and inflamed with glorious Sentiments, by what the Actor ſpeaks, more than by what he appears. Can all the Trappings or Equipage of a King or Hero, give *Brutus* half that Pomp and Majeſty which he receives from a few Lines in *Shakeſpear*? C

N° 43. *Thurſday, April* 19.

Ha tibi erunt artes; paciſque imponere morem,
Parcere Subjectis, & debellare Superbos. Virg.

THERE are Crowds of Men, whoſe great Misfortune it is that they were not bound to Mechanick Arts or Trades; it being abſolutely neceſſary for them to be led by ſome continual Task or Employment. Theſe are ſuch as we commonly call Dull Fellows; Perſons, who for want of ſomething to do, out of a certain Vacancy of Thought, rather than Curioſity, are ever meddling with things for which they are unfit. I cannot give you a Notion of them better than by preſenting you with a Letter from a Gentleman, who belongs to a Society of this Order of Men, reſiding at *Oxford*.

Oxford, April 13. 1711.
Four a Clock in the Morning.

SIR,

'IN ſome of your late Speculations, I find ſome Sketches towards an Hiſtory of Clubs: But you ſeem 'to me to ſhew them in ſomewhat too ludicrous a Light. 'I have well weighed that Matter, and think, that the 'moſt important Negotiations may beſt be carried on in ſuch 'Aſſemblies. I ſhall therefore, for the good of Mankind, '(which, I truſt, you and I are equally concerned for) 'propoſe an Inſtitution of that Nature for Example ſake.

'I must confess, the Design and Transactions of too 'many Clubs are trifling, and manifestly of no Conse- 'quence to the Nation or Publick Weal: Those I'll give 'you up. But you must do me then the Justice to own, 'that nothing can be more useful or laudable, than the 'Scheme we go upon. To avoid Nicknames and Wit- 'ticisms, we call our selves *The Hebdomadal Meeting*: Our 'President continues for a Year at least, and sometimes 'four or five: We are all Grave, Serious, Designing Men, 'in our Way: We think it our Duty, as far as in us lies, 'to take care the Constitution receives no Harm, —— '*Ne quid detrimenti Res capiat publica* ——To censure Do- 'ctrines or Facts, Persons or Things, which we don't 'like; To settle the Nation at home, and to carry on the 'War abroad, where and in what manner we see fit. If 'other People are not of our Opinion, we can't help that. 'Twere better they were. Moreover, we now and then 'condescend to direct, in some measure, the little Af- 'fairs of our own University.

'VERILY, Mr. SPECTATOR, we are much offended 'at the Act for Importing *French* Wines: A Bottle or two 'of good solid Edifying Port, at honest *George's*, made a 'Night cheerful, and threw off Reserve. But this plo- 'guy *French* Claret will not only cost us more Money, 'but do us less Good: Had we been aware of it, before 'it had gone too far, I must tell you, we would have 'petitioned to be heard upon that Subject. But let that pass.

'I must let you know likewise, good Sir, that we 'look upon a certain Northern Prince's March, in Con- 'junction with Infidels, to be palpably against our good 'Will and Liking; and, for all Monsieur *Palmquist*, a most 'dangerous Innovation; and we are by no means yet 'sure, that some People are not at the Bottom on't. At 'least, my own private Letters leave Room for a Politi- 'cian, well vers'd in Matters of this Nature, to suspect 'as much, as a penetrating Friend of mine tells me.

'WE think we have at last done the Business with the 'Malecontents in *Hungary*, and shall clap up a Peace there.

'WHAT the Neutrality Army is to do, or what 'the Army in *Flanders*, and what two or three other 'Princes, is not yet fully determined among us; and we

'wait

' wait impatiently for the coming in of the next *Dyer's*,
' who, you muſt know, is our Authentick Intelligence,
' our *Ariſtotle* in Politicks. And 'tis indeed but fit there
' ſhould be ſome Dernier Reſort, the abſolute Decider of
' all Controverſies.

' WE were lately informed, that the Gallant Train'd-
' Bands had patroll'd all Night long about the Streets of
' *London*: We indeed could not imagine any Occaſion for
' it, we gueſſed not a Tittle on't aforehand, we were in
' nothing of the Secret; and that City Tradeſmen, or
' their Apprentices, ſhould do Duty, or work, during
' the Holidays, we thought abſolutely impoſſible. But
' *Dyer* being poſitive in it, and ſome Letters from other
' People, who had talked with ſome who had it from
' thoſe who ſhould know, giving ſome Countenance to it,
' the Chairman reported from the Committee, appointed
' to examine into that Affair, That 'twas Poſſible there
' might be ſomething in't. I have much more to ſay
' to you, but my two good Friends and Neighbours, *Do-*
' *minick* and *Slyboots*, are juſt come in, and the Coffee's
' ready. I am, in the mean time.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Your Admirer, and Humble Servant,

Abraham Froth.

YOU may obſerve the Turn of their Minds tends only to Novelty, and not Satisfaction in any thing. It would be Diſappointment to them, to come to Certainty in any thing, for that would gravel them, and put an end to their Enquiries, which dull Fellows do not make for Information, but for Exerciſe. I do not know but this may be a very good way of accounting for what we frequently ſee, to wit, that dull Fellows prove very good Men of Buſineſs. Buſineſs relieves them from their own natural Heavineſs, by furniſhing them with what to do; whereas Buſineſs to Mercurial Men, is an Interruption from their real Exiſtence and Happineſs. Tho' the dull Part of all Mankind are harmleſs in their Amuſements, it were to be wiſhed they had no vacant Time, becauſe they uſually undertake ſomething that makes their Wants conſpicuous, by their manner of ſupplying them. You

ſhall

ſhall ſeldom find a dull Fellow of good Education, but (if he happens to have any Leiſure upon his Hands) will turn his Head to one of thoſe two Amuſements, for all Fools of Eminence, Politicks or Poetry. The former of theſe Arts, is the Study of all dull People in general; but when Dullneſs is lodged in a Perſon of a quick Animal Life, it generally exerts it ſelf in Poetry. One might here mention a few Military Writers, who give great Entertainment to the Age, by reaſon that the Stupidity of their Heads is quickned by the Alacrity of their Hearts. This Conſtitution in a dull Fellow, gives Vigour to Nonſenſe, and makes the Puddle boil, which would otherwiſe Stagnate. The *Britiſh Prince*, that Celebrated Poem, which was written in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, and deſervedly called by the Wits of that Age *Incomparable*, was the Effect of ſuch an Happy Genius as we are ſpeaking of. From among many other Diſticks no leſs to be quoted on this Account, I cannot but recite the two following Lines.

A Painted Veſt Prince Voltager *had on,*
Which from a Naked Pict *his Grandſire won.*

HERE if the Poet had not been Vivacious, as well as Stupid, he could not, in the Warmth and Hurry of Nonſenſe, have been capable of forgetting that neither Prince *Voltager*, nor his Grandfather, could ſtrip a Naked Man of his Doublet; but a Fool of a colder Conſtitution, would have ſtayed to have Flea'd the *Pict*, and made Buff of his Skin, for the Wearing of the Conqueror.

TO bring theſe Obſervations to ſome uſeful Purpoſe of Life, what I would propoſe ſhould be, that we imitated thoſe wiſe Nations, wherein every Man learns ſome Handycraft Work. Would it not employ a Beau prettily enough, if inſtead of eternally playing with a Snuff-Box, he ſpent ſome part of his Time in making one? Such a Method as this would very much conduce to the Publick Emolument, by making every Man Living good for ſomething; for there would then be no one Member of Human Society, but would have ſome little Pretenſion for ſome Degree in it, like him who came to *Will*'s Coffee-houſe, upon the Merit of having writ a Poſie of a Ring.

N° 44. *Friday, April* 20.

Tu quid ego & populus mecum deſideret audi. Hor.

AMONG the ſeveral Artifices which are put in Practice by the Poets to fill the Minds of an Audience with Terror, the firſt Place is due to Thunder and Lightning, which are often made uſe of at the Deſcending of a God, or the Riſing of a Ghoſt, at the Vaniſhing of a Devil, or at the Death of a Tyrant. I have known a Bell introduced into ſeveral Tragedies with good Effect; and have ſeen the whole Aſſembly in a very great Alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our *Engliſh* Theatre ſo much as a Ghoſt, eſpecially when he appears in a bloody Shirt. A Spectre has very often ſaved a Play, though he has done nothing but ſtalked acroſs the Stage, or roſe through a Cleft of it, and ſunk again without ſpeaking one Word. There may be a proper Seaſon for theſe ſeveral Terrors; and when they only come in as Aids and Aſſiſtances to the Poet, they are not only to be excuſed, but to be applauded. Thus the ſounding of the Clock in *Venice preſerved*, makes the Hearts of the whole Audience quake; and conveys a ſtronger Terror to the Mind, than it is poſſible for Words to do. The Appearance of the Ghoſt in *Hamlet* is a Maſter-piece in its kind, and wrought up with all the Circumſtances that can create either Attention or Horror. The Mind of the Reader is wonderfully prepared for his Reception by the Diſcourſes that precede it: His dumb Behaviour at his firſt Entrance, ſtrikes the Imagination very ſtrongly; but every Time he enters, he is ſtill more terrifying. Who can read the Speech with which young *Hamlet* accoſts him, without trembling?

Hor. *Look, my Lord, it comes!*
Ham. *Angels and Miniſters of Grace defend us!*
Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd;

Bring

Bring with thee Airs from Heav'n, or Blaſts from Hell;
Be thy Events wicked or charitable;
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable Shape
That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane: *Oh! Oh! Anſwer me,*
Let me not burſt in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd Bones, hearſed in Death,
Have burſt their Cearments? Why the Sepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble Jaws
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou dead Corſe again in compleat Steel
Reviſit'ſt thus the Glimpſes of the Moon,
Making Night hideous?

I do not therefore find Fault with the Artifices above-mentioned when they are introduced with Skill, and accompanied by proportionable Sentiments and Expreſſions in the Writing.

FOR the moving of Pity, our principal Machine is the Handkerchief; and indeed in our common Tragedies, we ſhould not know very often that the Perſons are in Diſtreſs by any thing they ſay, if they did not from time to time apply their Handkerchiefs to their Eyes. Far be it from me to think of baniſhing this Inſtrument of Sorrow from the Stage; I know a Tragedy could not ſubſiſt without it: All that I would contend for, is, to keep it from being miſapplied. In a Word, I would have the Actor's Tongue ſympathize with his Eyes.

A diſconſolate Mother, with a Child in her Hand, has frequently drawn Compaſſion from the Audience, and has therefore gained a Place in ſeveral Tragedies. A Modern Writer, that obſerved how this had took in other Plays, being reſolved to double the Diſtreſs, and melt his Audience twice as much as thoſe before him had done, brought a Princeſs upon the Stage with a little Boy in one Hand and a Girl in the other. This too had a very good Effect. A third Poet, being reſolved to out-write all his Predeceſſors, a few Years ago introduced three Children, with great Succeſs: And, as I am informed, a young Gentleman, who is fully determined to break the

moſt

most obdurate Hearts, has a Tragedy by him, where the first Person that appears upon the Stage is an afflicted Widow in her Mourning-Weeds, with half a Dozen fatherless Children attending her, like those that usually hang about the Figure of Charity. Thus several Incidents that are beautiful in a good Writer, become ridiculous by falling into the Hands of a bad one.

BUT among all our Methods of moving Pity or Terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, and what more exposes us to the Contempt and Ridicule of our Neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is so very frequent upon the *English* Stage. To delight in seeing Men stabbed, poysoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the Sign of a cruel Temper: And as this is often practised before the *British* Audience, several *French* Criticks, who think these are grateful Spectacles to us, take Occasion from them to represent us a People that delight in Blood. It is indeed very odd, to see our Stage strowed with Carcasses in the last Scene of a Tragedy; and to observe in the Ward-robe of the Play-house several Daggers, Poniards, Wheels, Bowls for Poison, and many other Instruments of Death. Murders and Executions are always transacted behind the Scenes in the *French* Theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the Manners of a polite and civilized People: But as there are no Exceptions to this Rule on the *French* Stage, it leads them into Absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present Censure. I remember in the famous Play of *Corneille*, written upon the Subject of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*; the fierce young Hero who had overcome the *Curiatii* one after another, (instead of being congratulated by his Sister for his Victory, being upbraided by her for having slain her Lover) in the Height of his Passion and Resentment kills her. If any thing could extenuate so brutal an Action, it would be the doing of it on a sudden, before the Sentiments of Nature, Reason, or Manhood could take Place in him. However, to avoid *publick Bloodshed*, as soon as his Passion is wrought to its Height, he follows his Sister the whole length of the Stage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the Scenes. I must confess, had he murder'd her before the

Audience, the Indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold Blood. To give my Opinion upon this Case; the Fact ought not to have been represented, but to have been told, if there was any Occasion for it.

IT may not be unacceptable to the Reader, to see how *Sophocles* has conducted a Tragedy under the like delicate Circumstances. *Oreſtes* was in the same Condition with *Hamlet* in *Shakeſpear*, his Mother having murdered his Father, and taken Poſſeſſion of his Kingdom in Conſpiracy with her Adulterer. That young Prince therefore, being determined to revenge his Father's Death upon thoſe who filled his Throne, conveys himſelf by a beautiful Stratagem into his Mother's Apartment, with a Reſolution to kill her. But becauſe ſuch a Spectacle would have been too ſhocking to the Audience, this dreadful Reſolution is executed behind the Scenes: The Mother is heard calling out to her Son for Mercy; and the Son anſwering her, that ſhe ſhewed no Mercy to his Father: After which ſhe ſhrieks out that ſhe is wounded, and by what follows we find that ſhe is ſlain. I do not remember that in any of our Plays there are Speeches made behind the Scenes, though there are other Inſtances of this Nature to be met with in thoſe of the Ancients: And I believe my Reader will agree with me, that there is ſomething infinitely more affecting in this dreadful Dialogue between the Mother and her Son behind the Scenes, than could have been in any thing tranſacted before the Audience. *Oreſtes* immediately after meets the Uſurper at the Entrance of his Palace; and by a very happy Thought of the Poet avoids killing him before the Audience, by telling him that he ſhould live ſome time in his preſent Bitterneſs of Soul before he would diſpatch him, and by ordering him to retire into that part of the Palace where he had ſlain his Father, whoſe Murther he would revenge in the very ſame Place where it was committed. By this Means the Poet obſerves that Decency, which *Horace* afterwards eſtabliſhed by a Rule, of forbearing to commit Parricides or unnatural Murthers before the Audience.

Nec coram populo natos Medea trucidet.

Let

Let not Medea *draw her murth'ring Knife,*
And ſpill her Childrens Blood upon the Stage.

The *French* have therefore refined too much upon *Horace*'s Rule, who never deſigned to baniſh all Kinds of Death from the Stage; but only ſuch as had too much Horror in them, and which would have a better Effect upon the Audience when tranſacted behind the Scenes. I would therefore recommend to my Countrymen the Practice of the ancient Poets, who were very ſparing of their publick Executions, and rather choſe to perform them behind the Scenes, if it could be done with as great an Effect upon the Audience. At the ſame Time I muſt obſerve, that though the devoted Perſons of the Tragedy were ſeldom ſlain before the Audience, which has generally ſomething ridiculous in it, their Bodies were often produced after their Death, which has always in it ſomething melancholy or terrifying; ſo that the killing on the Stage does not ſeem to have been avoided only as an Indecency, but alſo as an Improbability.

Nec pueros coram populo Medea *trucidet;*
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in Avem Progne *vertatur,* Cadmus *in anguem,*
Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi. Hor.

Medea *muſt not draw her murth'ring Knife,*
Nor Atreus *there his horrid Feaſt prepare.*
Cadmus *and* Progne's *Metamorphoſis,*
(She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake)
And whatſoever contradicts my Senſe,
I hate to ſee, and never can believe.

Ld. ROSCOMMON.

I have now gone through the ſeveral dramatick Inventions which are made uſe of by the ignorant Poets to ſupply the Place of Tragedy, and by the skilful to improve it; ſome of which I could wiſh entirely rejected, and the reſt to be uſed with Caution. It would be an endleſs Task to conſider Comedy in the ſame Light, and to mention the innumerable Shifts that ſmall Wits put in practice

to raiſe a Laugh. *Bullock* in a ſhort Coat, and *Norris* in a long one, ſeldom fail of this Effect. In ordinary Comedies, a broad and a narrow brim'd Hat are different Characters. Sometimes the Wit of the Scene lies in a Shoulder-Belt, and ſometimes in a Pair of Whiskers. A Lover running about the Stage, with his Head peeping out of a Barrel, was thought a very good Jeſt in King *Charles* the Second's Time; and invented by one of the firſt Wits of that Age. But becauſe Ridicule is not ſo delicate as Compaſſion, and becauſe the Objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than thoſe that make us weep, there is a much greater Latitude for comick than tragick Artifices, and by conſequence a much greater Indulgence to be allowed them. C

N° 45. *Saturday, April* 21.

Natio Comada eſt——— Juv.

THERE is nothing which I more deſire than a ſafe and honourable Peace, tho' at the ſame time I am very apprehenſive of many ill Conſequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our Politicks, but to our Manners. What an Inundation of Ribbons and Brocades will break in upon us? What Peals of Laughter and Impertinence ſhall we be expoſed to? For the Prevention of theſe great Evils, I could heartily wiſh that there was an Act of Parliament for Prohibiting the Importation of *French* Fopperies.

THE Female Inhabitants of our Iſland have already received very ſtrong Impreſſions from this ludicrous Nation, tho' by the Length of the War (as there is no Evil which has not ſome Good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when ſome of our well-bred Country Women kept their *Valet de Chambre*, becauſe forſooth, a Man was much more handy about them than one of their own Sex. I my ſelf have ſeen one of theſe Male *Abigails* tripping about

bout the Room with a Looking-Glaſs in his Hand, and combing his Lady's Hair a whole Morning together. Whether or no there was any Truth in the Story of a Lady's being got with Child by one of theſe her Handmaids I cannot tell, but I think at preſent the whole Race of them is extinct in our own Country.

ABOUT the Time that ſeveral of our Sex were taken into this kind of Service, the Ladies likewiſe brought up the Faſhion of receiving Viſits in their Beds. It was then looked upon as a Piece of Ill Breeding for a Woman to refuſe to ſee a Man, becauſe ſhe was not ſtirring; and a Porter would have been thought unfit for his Place, that could have made ſo awkard an Exuſe. As I love to ſee every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB to carry me along with him to one of theſe Travelled Ladies, deſiring him, at the ſame time, to preſent me as a Foreigner who could not ſpeak *Engliſh*, that ſo I might not be obliged to bear a Part in the Diſcourſe. The Lady, tho' willing to appear undreſt, had put on her beſt Looks, and painted her ſelf for our Reception. Her Hair appeared in a very nice Diſorder, as the Night-Gown which was thrown upon her Shoulders was ruffled with great Care. For my Part, I am ſo ſhocked with every thing which looks immodeſt in the Fair Sex, that I could not forbear taking off my Eye from her when ſhe moved in her Bed, and was in the greateſt Confuſion imaginable every time ſhe ſtirred a Leg or an Arm. As the Coquets, who introduced this Cuſtom, grew old, they left it off by degrees; well knowing that a Woman of Threeſcore may kick and tumble her Heart out, without making any Impreſſions.

SEMPRONIA is at preſent the moſt profeſt Admirer of the *French* Nation, but is ſo modeſt as to admit her Viſitants no farther than her Toilet. It is a very odd Sight to ſee that beautiful Creature makes, when ſhe is talking Politicks with her Treſſes flowing about her Shoulders, and examining that Face in the Glaſs, which does ſuch Execution upon all the Male Standers-by. How prettily does ſhe divide her Diſcourſe between her Woman and her Viſitants? What ſprightly Tranſitions does ſhe make from an Opera or a Sermon, to an Ivory Comb or a Pin-

Cuſhion? How have I been pleaſed to ſee her interrupted in an Account of her Travels, by a Meſſage to her Footman? and holding her Tongue, in the midſt of a Moral Reflection, by applying the Tip of it to a Patch?

THERE is nothing which expoſes a Woman to greater Dangers, than that Gaiety and Airineſs of Temper, which are natural to moſt of the Sex. It ſhould be therefore the Concern of every wiſe and virtuous Woman, to keep this Sprightlineſs from degenerating into Levity. On the contrary, the whole Diſcourſe and Behaviour of the *French* is to make the Sex more Fantaſtical, or (as they are pleaſed to term it) *more awakened*, than is conſiſtent either with Virtue or Diſcretion. To ſpeak Loud in Publick Aſſemblies, to let every one hear you Talk of Things that ſhould only be mentioned in Private, or in Whiſper, are looked upon as Parts of a refined Education. At the ſame time, a Bluſh is unfaſhionable, and Silence more ill-bred that any thing than can be ſpoken. In ſhort, Diſcretion and Modeſty, which in all other Ages and Countries have been regarded as the greateſt Ornaments of the Fair Sex, are conſidered as the Ingredients of narrow Converſation, and Family Behaviour.

SOME Years ago I was at the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, and unfortunately placed my ſelf under a Woman of Quality that is ſince Dead; who, as I found by the Noiſe ſhe made, was newly returned from *France*. A little before the riſing of the Curtain, ſhe broke out into a loud Soliloquy, *When will the dear Witches enter?* and immediately upon their firſt Appearance, asked a Lady that ſate three Boxes from her, on the Right Hand, if thoſe Witches were not charming Creatures. A little after, as *Betterton* was in one of the fineſt Speeches of the Play, ſhe ſhook her Fan at another Lady, who ſate as far on the Left Hand, and told her with a Whiſper, that might be heard all over the Pit, We muſt not expect to ſee *Ballon* to Night. Not long after, calling out to a young Baronet by his Name, who ſate three Seats before me, ſhe asked him whether *Macbeth*'s Wife was ſtill alive; and before he could give an Anſwer, fell a talking of the Ghoſt of *Banquo*. She had by this time formed a little Audience to her ſelf, and fixed the Attention of all about her. But

as I had a mind to hear the Play, I got out of the Sphere of her Impertinence, and planted my ſelf in one of the remoteſt Corners of the Pit.

THIS pretty Childiſhneſs of Behaviour is one of the moſt refined Parts of Coquetry, and is not to be attained in Perfection, by Ladies that do not Travel for their Improvement. A natural and unconſtrained Behaviour has ſomething in it ſo agreeable, that it is no wonder to ſee People endeavouring after it. But at the ſame time, it is ſo very hard to hit, when it is not Born with us, that People often make themſelves Ridiculous in attempting it.

A very Ingenious *French* Author tells us, that the Ladies of the Court of *France*, in his Time, thought it ill Breeding, and a kind of Female Pedantry, to pronounce an hard Word right; for which Reaſon they took frequent occaſion to uſe hard Words, that they might ſhew a Politeneſs in murdering them. He further adds, that a Lady of ſome Quality at Court, having accidentally made uſe of an hard Word in a proper Place, and Pronounced it right, the whole Aſſembly was out of Countenance for her.

I muſt however be ſo juſt to own, that there are many Ladies who have Travelled ſeveral thouſands of Miles without being the worſe for it, and have brought Home with them all the Modeſty, Diſcretion, and good Senſe, that they went Abroad with. As on the contrary, there are great Numbers of *Travelled* Ladies, who have lived all their Days within the Smoak of *London*. I have known a Woman that never was out of the Pariſh of St. *James's*, betray as many Foreign Fopperies in her Carriage, as ſhe could have Gleaned up in half the Countries of *Europe*.

C

N° 46. *Monday, April* 23.

Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum. Ovid.

WHEN I want Materials for this Paper, it is my Custom to go abroad in quest of Game; and when I meet any proper Subject, I take the first Opportunity of setting down an Hint of it upon Paper. At the same time I look into the Letters of my Correspondents, and if I find any thing suggested in them that may afford Matter of Speculation, I likewise enter a Minute of it in my Collection of Materials. By this Means I frequently carry about me a whole Sheet-full of Hints, that would look like a Rhapsody of Nonsense to any Body but my self: There is nothing in them but Obscurity and Confusion, Raving and Inconsistency. In short, they are my Speculations in the first Principles, that (like the World in its Chaos) are void of all Light, Distinction, and Order.

ABOUT a Week since there happened to me a very odd Accident, by Reason of one of these my Papers of Minutes which I had accidentally dropped at *Lloyd*'s Coffee-house, where the Auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there were a Cluster of People who had found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one End of the Coffee-house: It had raised so much Laughter among them before I had observed what they were about, that I had not the Courage to own it. The Boy of the Coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his Hand, asking every Body if they had dropped a written Paper; but no Body challenging it, he was ordered by those merry Gentlemen who had before perused it, to get up into the Auction-Pulpit, and read it to the whole Room, that if any one would own it they might. The Boy accordingly mounted the Pulpit, and with a very audible Voice read as follows.

MINUTES

MINUTES.

Sir ROGER DE COVERLY's Country Seat——Yes, for I hate long Speeches——Query, if a good Chriſtian may be a Conjurer——*Childermas-day*. Saltſeller, Houſe-Dog, Screech-Owl, Cricket——Mr. *Thomas Inkle* of *London*, in the good Ship called the *Achilles*. *Yarico*——*Egreſcitque medendo*——Ghoſts——The Lady's Library——Lion by Trade a Taylor——Dromedary called *Bucephalus*——Equipage the Lady's *ſummum bonum*——*Charles Lillie* to be taken Notice of——Short Face a Relief to Envy——Redundancies in the three Profeſſions——King *Latinus* a Recruit——Jew devouring an Ham of Bacon——*Weſtminſter-Abbey*——*Grand Cairo*——Procraſtination——*April* Fools——Blue Boars, Red Lions, Hogs in Armour——Enter a King and two Fidlers *ſolus*——Admiſſion into the Ugly Club——Beauty, how improveable——Families of true and falſe Humour——The Parrot's School-Miſtreſs——Face half *Pict* half *Britiſh*——No Man to be an Hero of a Tragedy under ſix Foot——Club of Sighers——Letters from Flower-Pots, Elbow-Chairs, Tapeſtry-Figures, Lion, Thunder——The Bell rings to the Puppet-Show——Old Woman with a Beard married to a ſmock-faced Boy——My next Goat to be turned up with Blue——Fable of Tongs and Gridiron——Flower Dyers——The Soldier's Prayer——Thank ye for nothing, ſays the Gally-Pot——*Paſſolus* in Stockings, with golden Clocks to them——Bamboos, Cudgels, Drum-ſticks——Slip of my Land-lady's eldeſt Daughter——The black Mare with a Star in her Forehead——The Barber's Pole——WILL. HONEYCOMB's Coat-pocket——*Caſar*'s Behaviour and my own in Parallel Circumſtances——Poem in Patch-work——*Nulli gravis eſt percuſſus Achilles*——The Female Conventicler——The Ogle-Maſter.

THE reading of this Paper made the whole Coffee-houſe very merry; ſome of them concluded it was written by a Madman, and others by ſome Body that had been taking Notes out of the Spectator. One who had the Appearance of a very ſubſtantial Citizen, told us, with ſeveral politick Winks and Nods, that he wiſhed there

was no more in the Paper than what was expreſſed in it: That for his part, he looked upon the Dromedary, the Gridiron, and the Barber's Pole, to ſignifie ſomething more than what is uſually meant by thoſe Words; and that he thought the Coffee-man could not do beter, than to carry the Paper to one of the Secretaries of State. He further added, that he did not like the Name of the outlandiſh Man with the Golden Clock in his Stockings. A young *Oxford* Scholar, who chanced to be with his Uncle at the Coffee-houſe, diſcovered to us who this *Pacolus* was; and by that Means turned the whole Scheme of this worthy Citizen into Ridicule. While they were making their ſeveral Conjectures upon this innocent Paper, I reached out my Arm to the Boy, as he was coming out of the Pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the Eyes of the whole Company upon me; but after having caſt a curſory Glance over it, and ſhook my Head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twiſted it into a kind of Match, and litt my Pipe with it. My profound Silence, together with the Steadineſs of my Countenance, and the Gravity of my Behaviour during this whole Tranſaction, raiſed a very loud Laugh on all Sides of me; but as I had eſcaped all Suſpicion of being the Author, I was very well ſatisfied, and applying my ſelf to my Pipe and the *Poſtman*, took no further Notice of any thing that paſſed about me.

MY Reader will find, that I have already made uſe of above half the Contents of the foregoing Paper; and will eaſily ſuppoſe, that thoſe Subjects which are yet untouched, were ſuch Proviſions as I had made for his future Entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this Accident, I ſhall only give him the Letters which relate to the two laſt Hints. The firſt of them I ſhould not have publiſhed, were I not informed that there is many an Husband who ſuffers very much in his private Affairs by the indiſcreet Zeal of ſuch a Partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous Inſcription quoted by the Biſhop of *Saliſbury* in his Travels; *Dum nimia pia eſt, facta eſt impia.*

SIR,

SIR,

'I Am one of thoſe unhappy Men that are plagued 'with a Goſpel-Goſſip, ſo common among Diſſen-'ters (eſpecially Friends.) Lectures in the Morning, 'Church-Meetings at Noon, and Preparation-Sermons at 'Night, take up ſo much of her Time, 'tis very rare ſhe 'knows what we have for Dinner, unleſs when the 'Preacher is to be at it. With him come a Tribe, all 'Brothers and Siſters it ſeems; while others, really ſuch, 'are deemed no Relations. If at any time I have her 'Company alone, ſhe is a meer Sermon Popgun, repeat-'ing and diſcharging Texts, Proofs, and Applications ſo 'perpetually, that however weary I may go to Bed, the 'Noiſe in my Head will not let me ſleep till towards 'Morning. The Miſery of my Caſe, and great Num-'bers of ſuch Sufferers, plead your Pity and ſpeedy Re-'lief; otherwiſe muſt expect, in a little time, to be 'lectured, preached, and prayed into Want, unleſs the 'Happineſs of being ſooner talked to Death prevent it.

I am, &c.

R. G.

THE ſecond Letter, relating to the Ogling Maſter, runs thus.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am an *Iriſh* Gentleman, that have travelled many 'Years for my Improvement; during which Time 'I have accompliſhed my ſelf in the whole Art of Ogling, 'as it is at preſent practiſed in all the polite Nations of '*Europe*. Being thus qualified, I intend, by the Advice 'of my Friends, to ſet up for an Ogling-Maſter. I teach 'the Church Ogle in the Morning, and the Play-houſe 'Ogle by Candle-light. I have alſo brought over with 'me a new flying Ogle fit for the Ring; which I teach 'in the Duſk of the Evening, or in any Hour of the Day 'by darkning one of my Windows. I have a Manuſcript 'by me called *The Compleat Ogler*, which I ſhall be ready 'to ſhew you upon any Occaſion: In the mean Time, I

'beg you will publiſh the Subſtance of this Letter in an 'Advertiſement, and you will very much oblige,

C *Your*, &c.

N° 47. *Tueſday, April* 24.

Ride ſi ſapis—— Mart.

MR. *Hobbs*, in his Diſcourſe of Human Nature, which, in my humble Opinion, is much the beſt of all his Works, after ſome very curious Obſervations upon Laughter, concludes thus: 'The Paſſion of 'Laughter is nothing elſe but ſudden Glory ariſing from 'ſome ſudden Conception of ſome Eminency in our ſelves, 'by Compariſon with the Infirmity of others, or with our 'own formerly: For Men laugh at the Follies of themſelves paſt, when they come ſuddenly to Remembrance, 'except they bring with them any preſent Diſhonour.

ACCORDING to this Author therefore, when we hear a Man laugh exceſſively, inſtead of ſaying he is very Merry, we ought to tell him he is very Proud. And indeed, if we look into the bottom of this Matter, we ſhall meet with many Obſervations to confirm us in his Opinion. Every one laughs at ſome Body that is in an inferior State of Folly to himſelf. It was formerly the Cuſtom for every great Houſe in *England* to keep a tame Fool dreſſed in Petticoats, that the Heir of the Family might have an opportunity of joking upon him and diverting himſelf with his Abſurdities. For the ſame Reaſon Idiots are ſtill in requeſt in moſt of the Courts of *Germany*, where there is not a Prince of any great Magnificence who has not two or three dreſſed, diſtinguiſhed, undiſputed Fools in his Retinue, whom the reſt of the Courtiers are always breaking their Jeſts upon.

THE *Dutch*, who are more famous for their Induſtry and Application, than for Wit and Humour, hang up in ſeveral of their Streets what they call the Sign of the *Gaper*, that is, the Head of an Idiot dreſſed in a Cap and Bells, and gaping in a moſt immoderate manner: This is a ſtanding Jeſt at *Amſterdam*.

THUS

THUS every one diverts himſelf with ſome Perſon or other that is below him in Point of Underſtanding, and triumphs in the Superiority of his Genius, whilſt he has ſuch Objects of Deriſion before his Eyes. Mr. *Dennis* has very well expreſſed this in a Couple of humorous Lines, which are part of a Tranſlation of a Satyr in Monſieur *Boileau*.

Thus one Fool lolls his Tongue out at another,
And ſhakes his empty Noddle at his Brother.

Mr. *Hobbs*'s Reflection gives us the Reaſon why the inſignificant People above-mentioned are Stirrers up of Laughter among Men of a groſs Taſte: But as the more underſtanding Part of Mankind do not find their Riſibility affected by ſuch ordinary Objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the ſeveral Provocatives of Laughter in Men of ſuperior Senſe and Knowledge.

IN the firſt Place I muſt obſerve, that there is a Set of merry Drolls, whom the common People of all Countries admire, and ſeem to love ſo well, *that they could eat them*, according to the old Proverb: I mean thoſe circumforaneous Wits whom every Nation calls by the Name of that Diſh of Meat which it loves beſt. In *Holland* they are termed *Pickled Herrings*; in *France*, *Jean Pottages*; in *Italy*, *Maccaronies*; and in *Great Britain*, *Jack Puddings*. Theſe merry Wags, from whatſoever Food they receive their Titles, that they may make their Audiences laugh, always appear in a Fool's Coat, and commit ſuch Blunders and Miſtakes in every Step they take, and every Word they utter, as thoſe who liſten to them would be aſhamed of.

BUT this little Triumph of the Underſtanding, under the Diſguiſe of Laughter, is no where more viſible than in that Cuſtom which prevails every where among us on the Firſt Day of the preſent Month, when every Body takes it in his Head to make as many Fools as he can. In proportion as there are more Follies diſcovered, ſo there is more Laughter raiſed on this Day than on any other in the whole Year. A Neighbour of mine, who is a Haberdaſher by Trade, and a very ſhallow conceited Fellow, makes his Boaſts that for theſe Ten Years ſucceſſively he has not made leſs than an Hundred *April* Fools. My Land-

lady,

lady had a falling out with him about a Fortnight ago, for ſending every one of her Children upon ſome *Sleeveleſs Errand*, as ſhe terms it. Her eldeſt Son went to buy an Half-penny worth of Inkle at a Shoemaker's; the eldeſt Daughter was diſpatched half a Mile to ſee a Monſter; and in ſhort, the whole Family of innocent Children made *April* Fools. Nay, my Landlady her ſelf did not eſcape him. This empty Fellow has laughed upon theſe Conceits ever ſince.

THIS Art of Wit is well enough, when confined to one Day in a Twelve-month; But there is an ingenious Tribe of Men ſprung up of late Years, who are for making *April* Fools every Day in the Year. Theſe Gentlemen are commonly diſtinguiſhed by the Name of *Biters*; a Race of Men that are perpetually employed in laughing at thoſe Miſtakes which are of their own Production.

THUS we ſee, in proportion as one Man is more refined than another, he chuſes his Fool out of a lower or higher Claſs of Mankind; or, to ſpeak in a more Philoſophical Language, That ſecret Elation and Pride of Heart which is generally called Laughter, ariſes in him from his comparing himſelf with an Object below him, whether it ſo happens that it be a Natural or an Artificial Fool. It is indeed very poſſible, that the Perſons we laugh at may in the main of their Characters be much wiſer Men than our ſelves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they muſt fall ſhort of us in thoſe Reſpects which ſtir up this Paſſion.

I am afraid I ſhall appear too Abſtracted in my Speculations, if I ſhew that when a Man of Wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying ſome Oddneſs or Infirmity in his own Character, or in the Repreſentation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a Brute or even at an inanimate thing, it is at ſome Action or Incident that bears a remote Analogy to any Blunder or Abſurdity in reaſonable Creatures.

BUT to come into common Life: I ſhall paſs by the Conſideration of thoſe Stage Coxcombs that are able to ſhake a whole Audience, and take Notice of a particular ſort of Men who are ſuch Provokers of Mirth in Converſation, that it is impoſſible for a Club or Merry-meeting to ſubſiſt without them; I mean, thoſe honeſt Gentlemen

that

that are always expoſed to the Wit and Raillery of their Well-wiſhers and Companions; that are pelted by Men, Women, and Children, Friends and Foes, and, in a word, ſtand as *Butts* in Converſation, for every one to ſhoot at that pleaſes. I know ſeveral of theſe *Butts* who are Men of Wit and Senſe, though by ſome odd Turn of Humour, ſome unlucky Caſt in their Perſon or Behaviour, they have always the Misfortune to make the Company merry. The Truth of it is, a Man is not qualified for a *Butt*, who has not a good deal of Wit and Vivacity, even in the ridiculous Side of his Character. A ſtupid *Butt* is only fit for the Converſation of ordinary People: Men of Wit require one that will give them Play, and beſtir himſelf in the abſurd Part of his Behaviour. A *Butt* with theſe Accompliſhments frequently gets the Laugh of his Side, and turns the Ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir *John Falſtaff* was an Hero of this Species, and gives a good Deſcription of himſelf in his Capacity of a *Butt*, after the following manner; *Men of all ſorts* (ſays that merry Knight) *take a Pride to gird at me. The Brain of Man is not able to invent any thing that tends to Laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only Witty in my ſelf, but the Cauſe that Wit is in other Men.*

N° 48. *Wedneſday, April* 25.

——*Per multas aditum ſibi ſæpe figuras*
Repperit—— Ovid.

MY Correſpondents take it ill if I do not, from Time to Time, let them know I have received their Letters. The moſt effectual Way will be to publiſh ſome of them that are upon important Subjects; which I ſhall introduce with a Letter of my own that I writ a Fortnight ago to a Fraternity who thought fit to make me an honorary Member.

To

To the Preſident and Fellows of the *Ugly Club*.

May it pleaſe your Deformities,

'I Have received the Notification of the Honour you 'have done me, in admitting me into your Society. 'I acknowledge my Want of Merit, and for that Reaſon 'ſhall endeavour at all Times to make up my own Fai-'lures, by introducing and recommending to the Club 'Perſons of more undoubted Qualifications than I can 'pretend to. I ſhall next Week come down in the Stage 'Coach, in order to take my Seat at the Board; and ſhall 'bring with me a Candidate of each Sex. The Perſons 'I ſhall preſent to you, are an old Beau and a modern 'Prude. If they are not ſo eminently gifted by Nature as 'our Aſſembly expects, give me leave to ſay their acqui-'red Uglineſs is greater than any that has ever appeared 'before you. The Beau has varied his Dreſs every Day 'of his Life for theſe thirty Years laſt paſt, and ſtill ad-'ded to the Deformity he was born with. The *Prude* has 'ſtill greater Merit towards us; and has, ever ſince ſhe 'came to Years of Diſcretion, deſerted the handſome Par-'ty, and taken all poſſible Pains to acquire the Face in 'which I ſhall preſent her to your Conſideration and Fa-'vour. I am, Gentlemen,

Your moſt Obliged Humble Servant,

The SPECTATOR.

P.S. 'I deſire to know whether you admit People 'of Quality.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *April* 17.

'TO ſhew you there are among us of the vain weak 'Sex, ſome that have Honeſty and Fortitude e-'nough to dare to be ugly, and willing to be thought ſo; 'I apply my ſelf to you, to beg your Intereſt and Re-'commendation to the *Ugly Club*. If my own Word 'will not be taken, (tho' in this Caſe a Woman's may) 'I can bring credible Witneſs of my Qualifications for 'their Company, whether they inſiſt upon Hair, Fore-'head, Eyes, Cheeks, or Chin; to which I muſt add, 'that I find it eaſier to lean to my left Side, than my

'right,

'right. I hope I am in all Reſpects agreeable: And for Humour and Mirth, I'll keep up to the Preſident himſelf. All the Favour I'll pretend to is, that as I am the firſt Woman has appeared deſirous of good Company and agreeable Converſation, I may take and keep the upper End of the Table. And indeed I think they want a Carver, which I can be after as ugly a Manner as they can wiſh. I deſire your Thoughts of my Claim as ſoon as you can. Add to my Features the Length of my Face, which is full half Yard; tho' I never knew the Reaſon of it till you gave one for the Shortneſs of yours. If I knew a Name ugly enough to belong to the above-deſcribed Face, I would feign one; but, to my unſpeakable Misfortune, my Name is the only diſagreeable Prettineſs about me; ſo prithee make one for me that ſignifies all the Deformity in the World: You underſtand *Latin*, but be ſure bring it in with my being, in the Sincerity of my Heart,

Your moſt frightful Admirer
and Servant,
Hecatiſſa.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Read your Diſcourſe upon Affectation, and from the Remarks made in it examined my own Heart ſo ſtrictly, that I thought I had found out its moſt ſecret Avenues, with a Reſolution to be aware of them for the future. But alas! to my Sorrow I now underſtand, that I have ſeveral Follies which I do not know the Root of. I am an old Fellow, and extreamly troubled with the Gout; but having always a ſtrong Vanity towards being pleaſing in the Eyes of Women, I never have a Moment's Eaſe, but I am mounted in high-heeled Shoes with a glaſed Wax-leather Inſtep. Two Days after a ſevere Fit I was invited to a Friend's Houſe in the City, where I believed I ſhould ſee Ladies; and with my uſual Complaiſance crippled my ſelf to wait upon them: A very ſumptuous Table, agreeable Company, and kind Reception, were but ſo many importunate Additions to the Torment I was in. A Gentle-

man

man of the Family observed my Condition; and soon after the Queen's Health, he, in the Presence of the whole Company, with his own Hands degraded me into an old Pair of his own Shoes. This Operation, before fine Ladies, to me (who am by Nature a Coxcomb) was suffered with the same Reluctance as they admit the Help of Men in their greatest Extremity. The Return of Ease made me forgive the rough Obligation laid upon me, which at that time relieved my Body from a Distemper, and will my Mind for ever from a Folly. For the Charity received I return my Thanks this way.

Your most humble Servant.

SIR, *Epping, April* 18.

WE have your Papers here the Morning they come out, and we have been very well entertained with your last, upon the false Ornaments of Persons who represent Heroes in a Tragedy. What made your Speculation come very seasonably among us is, that we have now at this Place a Company of Strolers, who are very far from offending in the impertinent Splendor of the Drama. They are so far from falling into these false Gallantries, that the Stage is here in its original Situation of a Cart. *Alexander* the Great was acted by a Fellow in a Paper Cravat. The next Day, the Earl of *Essex* seemed to have no Distress but his Poverty: And my Lord *Foppington* the same Morning wanted any better Means to shew himself a Fop, than by wearing Stockings of different Colours. In a Word, tho' they have had a full Barn for many Days together, our Itinerants are still so wretchedly Poor, that without you can prevail to send us the Furniture you forbid at the Play-house, the Heroes appear only like sturdy Beggars, and the Heroins Gipsies. We have had but one Part which was performed and dressed with Propriety, and that was Justice *Cladpate*: This was so well done that it offended Mr. Justice *Overdo*, who, in the midst of our whole Audience, was (like *Quixote* in the Puppet Show) so highly provoked, that he told them, If they would move Compassion, it should be in their own Persons, and

• and not in the Characters of diſtreſſed Princes and Po-
• tentates: He told them, If they were ſo good at find-
• ing the way to Peoples Hearts, they ſhould do it at the
• End of Bridges or Church-Porches, in their proper Vo-
• cation of Beggars. This, the Juſtice ſays, they muſt
• expect, ſince they could not be contended to act Hea-
• then Warriors, and ſuch Fellows as *Alexander*, but
• muſt preſume to make a Mockery of one of the *Quo-*
• *rum*.

R

Your Servant.

N° 49. *Thurſday, April* 26.

——*Hominem pagina noſtra ſapit.* Mart.

IT is very natural for a Man who is not turned for Mirthful Meetings of Men, or Aſſemblies of the fair Sex, to delight in that ſort of Converſation which we find in Coffee-houſes. Here a Man, of my Temper, is in his Element; for if he cannot talk, he can ſtill be more agreeable to his Company, as well as pleaſed in himſelf, in being only an Hearer. It is a Secret known but to few, yet of no ſmall uſe in the Conduct of Life, that when you fall into a Man's Converſation, the firſt thing you ſhould conſider is, whether he has a greater Inclination to hear you, or that you ſhould hear him. The latter is the more general Deſire, and I know very able Flatterers that never ſpeak a Word in Praiſe of the Perſons from whom they obtain daily Favours, but ſtill practiſe a skilful Attention to whatever is uttered by thoſe with whom they converſe. We are very Curious to obſerve the Behaviour of Great Men and their Clients; but the ſame Paſſions and Intereſts move Men in lower Spheres; and I (that have nothing elſe to do, but make Obſervations) ſee in every Pariſh, Street, Lane, and Alley of this Populous City, a little Potentate that has his Court, and his Flatterers who lay Snares for his Affection and Favour, by the ſame Arts that are practiſed upon Men in higher Stations.

IN

IN the Place I moſt uſually frequent, Men differ rather in the Time of Day in which they make a Figure, than in any real Greatneſs above one another. I, who am at the Coffee-houſe at Six in a Morning, know that my Friend *Beaver* the Haberdaſher has a Levy of more undiſſembled Friends and Admirers, than moſt of the Courtiers or Generals of *Great Britain*. Every Man about him has, perhaps, a News-Paper in his Hand; but none can pretend to gueſs what Step will be taken in any one Court of *Europe*, 'till Mr. *Beaver* has thrown down his Pipe, and declares what Meaſures the Allies muſt enter into upon this new Poſture of Affairs. Our Coffee-houſe is near one of the Inns of Court, and *Beaver* has the Audience and Admiration of his Neighbours from Six 'till within a Quarter of Eight, at which time he is interrupted by the Students of the Houſe; ſome of whom are ready dreſs'd for *Weſtminſter*, at Eight in a Morning, with Faces as buſie as if they were retained in every Cauſe there; and others come in their Night-Gowns to ſaunter away their Time, as if they never deſigned to go thither. I do not know that I meet, in any of my Walks, Objects which move both my Spleen and Laughter ſo effectually, as thoſe Young Fellows at the *Grecian*, *Squire's*, *Searle's*, and all other Coffee-houſes adjacent to the Law; who riſe early for no other purpoſe but to publiſh their Lazineſs. One would think theſe young *Virtuoſo's* take a gay Cap and Slippers, with a Scarf and Party-coloured Gown, to be Enſigns of Dignity; for the vain Things approach each other with an Air, which ſhews they regard one another for their Veſtments. I have obſerved, that the Superiority among theſe proceeds from an Opinion of Gallantry and Faſhion: The Gentleman in the Strawberry Saſh, who preſides ſo much over the reſt, has, it ſeems, ſubſcribed to every Opera this laſt Winter, and is ſuppoſed to receive Favours from one of the Actreſſes.

WHEN the Day grows too buſie for theſe Gentlemen to enjoy any longer the Pleaſures of their *Deſhabilé*, with any manner of Confidence, they give Place to Men who have Buſineſs or good Senſe in their Faces, and come to the Coffee-houſe either to tranſact Affairs or enjoy Converſation. The Perſons to whoſe Behaviour and Diſcourſe

I have moſt regard, are ſuch as are between theſe two ſorts of Men: Such as have not Spirits too Active to be happy and well pleaſed in a private Condition, nor Complexions too warm to make them neglect the Duties and Relations of Life. Of theſe ſort of Men conſiſt the worthier Part of Mankind; of theſe are all good Fathers, generous Brothers, ſincere Friends, and faithful Subjects. Their Entertainments are derived rather from Reaſon than Imagination: Which is the Cauſe that there is no Impatience or Inſtability in their Speech or Action. You ſee in their Countenances they are at home, and in quiet Poſſeſſion of the preſent Inſtant, as it paſſes, without deſiring to quicken it by gratifying any Paſſion, or proſecuting any new Deſign. Theſe are the Men formed for Society, and thoſe little Communities which we expreſs by the Word *Neighbourhoods*.

THE Coffee-houſe is the Place of Rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to reliſh calm and ordinary Life. *Eubulus* preſides over the middle Hours of the Day, when this Aſſembly of Men meet together. He enjoys a great Fortune handſomly, without launching into Expence; and exerts many noble and uſeful Qualities, without appearing in any publick Employment. His Wiſdom and Knowledge are ſerviceable to all that think fit to make uſe of them; and he does the Office of a Council, a Judge, an Executor, and a Friend to all his Acquaintance, not only without the Profits which attend ſuch Offices, but alſo without the Deference and Homage which are uſually paid to them. The giving of Thanks is diſpleaſing to him. The greateſt Gratitude you can ſhew him, is to let him ſee you are the better Man for his Services; and that you are as ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you.

IN the private Exigencies of his Friends he lends, at legal Value, conſiderable Sums, which he might highly increaſe by rolling in the Publick Stocks. He does not conſider in whoſe Hands his Mony will improve moſt, but where it will do moſt Good.

EUBULUS has ſo great an Authority in his little Diurnal Audience, that when he ſhakes his Head at any Piece of publick News, they all of them appear dejected; and

and, on the contrary, go home to their Dinners with a good Stomach and chearful Aſpect, when *Eubulus* ſeems to intimate that Things go well. Nay, their Veneration towards him is ſo great, that when they are in other Company they ſpeak and act after him; are Wiſe in his Sentences, and are no ſooner ſate down at their own Tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or deſpond as they ſaw him do at the Coffee-houſe. In a word, every Man is *Eubulus* as ſoon as his Back is turned.

HAVING here given an Account of the ſeveral Reigns that ſucceed each other from Day-break till Dinner-time, I ſhall mention the Monarchs of the Afternoon on another Occaſion, and ſhut up the whole Series of them with the Hiſtory of *Tom* the Tyrant; who, as firſt Miniſter of the Coffee-houſe, takes the Government upon him between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve at Night and gives his Orders in the moſt Arbitrary manner to the Servants below him, as to the Diſpoſition of Liquors, Coal and Cinders. R

N° 50. *Friday, April* 27.

Numquam aliud Natura, aliud Sapientia dixit. Juv.

WHEN the four *Indian* Kings were in this Country about a Twelve-month ago, I often mixed with the Rabble, and followed them a whole Day together, being wonderfully ſtruck with the Sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, ſince their Departure, employed a Friend to make many Enquiries of their Landlord the Upholſterer, relating to their Manners and Converſation, as alſo concerning the Remarks which they made in this Country: For, next to the forming a right Notion of ſuch Strangers, I ſhould be deſirous of learning what Ideas they have conceived of us.

THE Upholſterer finding my Friend very inquiſitive about theſe his Lodgers, brought him ſome time ſince a little Bundle of Papers, which he aſſured him were written

ten by King *Sa Ga Yean Qua Raſh Tow*, and, as he ſuppoſes, left behind by ſome Miſtake. Theſe Papers are now tranſlated, and contain abundance of very odd Obſervations, which I find this little Fraternity of Kings made during their Stay in the Iſle of *Great Britain*. I ſhall preſent my Reader with a ſhort Specimen of them in this Paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the Article of *London* are the following Words, which without doubt are meant of the Church of St. *Paul*.

'ON the moſt riſing Part of the Town there ſtands a 'huge Houſe, big enough to contain the whole Nation of 'which I am King. Our good Brother *E Tow O Koam*, 'King of the *Rivers*, is of Opinion it was made by the 'Hands of that great God to whom it is conſecrated. The 'Kings of *Granajah* and of the *Six Nations* believe that it 'was created with the Earth, and produced on the ſame 'Day with the Sun and Moon. But for my own Part, 'by the beſt Information that I could get of this Matter, 'I am apt to think that this prodigious Pile was faſhioned 'into the Shape it now bears by ſeveral Tools and In'ſtruments, of which they have a wonderful Variety in 'this Country. It was probably at firſt an huge miſ-ſha'pen Rock that grew upon the Top of the Hill, which 'the Natives of the Country (after having cut it into a kind 'of regular Figure) bored and hollowed with incredible 'Pains and Induſtry, 'till they had wrought in it all thoſe 'beautiful Vaults and Caverns into which it is divided at 'this Day. As ſoon as this Rock was thus curiouſly 'ſcooped to their liking, a prodigious Number of Hands 'muſt have been employed in chipping the Out-ſide of it, 'which is now as ſmooth as the Surface of a Pebble; and 'is in ſeveral Places hewn out into Pillars that ſtand like the 'Trunks of ſo many Trees bound about the Top with 'Garlands of Leaves. It is probable that when this great 'Work was begun, which muſt have been many hundred 'Years ago, there was ſome Religion among this Peo'ple; for they give it the Name of a Temple, and have 'a Tradition that it was deſigned for Men to pay their 'Devotions in. And indeed, there are ſeveral Reaſons 'which make us think, that the Natives of this Country had

had formerly among them ſome ſort of Worſhip; for they ſet apart every ſeventh Day as ſacred: But upon my going into one of theſe holy Houſes on that Day, I could not obſerve any Circumſtance of Devotion in their Behaviour: There was indeed a Man in black who was mounted above the reſt, and ſeemed to utter ſomething with a great deal of Vehemence; but as for thoſe underneath him, inſtead of paying their Worſhip to the Deity of the Place, they were moſt of them bowing and curtiſying to one another, and a conſiderable Number of them faſt aſleep.

THE Queen of the Country appointed two Men to attend us that had enough of our Language to make themſelves underſtood in ſome few Particulars. But we ſoon perceived theſe two were great Enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the ſame Story. We could make a ſhift to gather out of one of them, that this Iſland was very much infeſted with a monſtrous Kind of Animals, in the Shape of Men, called *Whigs*; and he often told us, that he hoped we ſhould meet with none of them in our Way, for that if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for being Kings.

OUR other Interpreter uſed to talk very much of a kind of Animal called a *Tory*, that was as great a Monſter as the *Whig*, and would treat us as ill for being Foreigners. Theſe two Creatures, it ſeems, are born with a ſecret Antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the Elephant and the Rhinoceros. But as we ſaw none of either of theſe Species, we are apt to think that our Guides deceived us with Miſrepreſentations and Fictions, and amuſed us with an Account of ſuch Monſters as are not really in their Country.

THESE Particulars we made a Shift to pick out from the Diſcourſe of our Interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to underſtand but here and there a Word of what they ſaid, and afterwards making up the Meaning of it among our ſelves. The Men of the Country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft Works; but withal ſo very idle, that

'that we often ſaw young luſty raw-boned Fellows car-
'ried up and down the Streets in little covered Rooms
'by a Couple of Porters, who are hired for that Service.
'Their Dreſs is likewiſe very barbarous, for they almoſt
'ſtrangle themſelves about the Neck, and bind their Bo-
'dies with many Ligatures, that we are apt to think are
'the Occaſion of ſeveral Diſtempers among them which
'our Country is entirely free from. Inſtead of thoſe
'beautiful Feathers with which we adorn our Heads,
'they often buy up a monſtrous Buſh of Hair, which co-
'vers their Heads, and falls down in a large Fleece be-
'low the middle of their Backs; with which they walk
'up and down the Streets, and are as proud of it as if it
'was of their own Growth.

'WE were invited to one of their publick Diverſions,
'where we hoped to have ſeen the great Men of their
'Country running down a Stag or pitching a Bar, that
'we might have diſcovered who were the Perſons of the
'greateſt Abilities among them; but inſtead of that
'they conveyed us into an huge Room lighted up with
'abundance of Candles, where this lazy People ſate ſtill
'above three Hours to ſee ſeveral Feats of Ingenuity per-
'formed by others, who it ſeems were paid for it.

'AS for the Women of the Country, not being able
'to talk with them, we could only make our Remarks
'upon them at a Diſtance. They let the Hair of their
'Heads grow to a great length; but as the Men make a
'great ſhow with Heads of Hair that are none of their
'own, the Women, who they ſay have very fine Heads
'of Hair, tie it up in a Knot, and cover it from being ſeen.
'The Women look like Angels, and would be more beau-
'tiful than the Sun, were it not for little black Spots
'that are apt to break out in their Faces, and ſometimes
'riſe in very odd Figures. I have obſerved that thoſe
'little Blemiſhes wear off very ſoon; but when they diſ-
'appear in one Part of the Face, they are very apt to
'break out in another, inſomuch that I have ſeen a Spot
'upon the Forehead in the Afternoon, which was upon
'the Chin in the Morning.

THE Author then proceeds to ſhew the Abſurdity of Breeches and Petticoats, with many other curious Obſerva-

tions

tions, which I ſhall reſerve for another Occaſion. I cannot however conclude this Paper without taking Notice, That amidſt theſe wild Remarks there now and then appears ſomething very reaſonable. I cannot likewiſe forbear obſerving, That we are all guilty in ſome Meaſure of the ſame narrow way of Thinking, which we meet with in this Abſtract of the *Indian* Journal; when we fancy the Cuſtoms, Dreſſes, and Manners of other Countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not reſemble thoſe of our own.

C

N° 51. *Saturday, April* 28.

Torquet ab Obſcenis jam nunc Sermonibus Aurem! Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'MY Fortune, Quality, and Perſon are ſuch, as render me as conſpicuous as any young Woman 'in Town. It is in my Power to enjoy it in all its Vanities, but I have, from a very careful Education, contracted a great Averſion to the forward Air and Faſhion which is practiſed in all Publick Places and Aſſemblies. I attribute this very much to the Stile and Manners of our Plays: I was laſt Night at the *Funeral*, where a confident Lover in the Play, ſpeaking of his Miſtreſs, cries out —— *Oh that* Harriot! *to fold theſe Arms about the Waiſt of that beauteous ſtrugling, and at laſt yielding Fair*! Such an Image as this ought, by no means, to be preſented to a chaſte and regular Audience. I expect your Opinion of this Sentence, and recommend to your Conſideration, as a SPECTATOR, the Conduct of the Stage at preſent, with Relation to Chaſtity and Modeſty.

I am, SIR,

Your Conſtant Reader, and Well Wiſher.

THE Complaint of this young Lady is ſo juſt, that the Offence is groſs enough to have diſpleaſed Perſons who cannot

cannot pretend to that Delicacy and Modeſty, of which ſhe is Miſtreſs. But there is a great deal to be ſaid in Behalf of an Author: If the Audience would but conſider the Difficulty of keeping up a ſprightly Dialogue for five Acts together, they would allow a Writer, when he wants Wit, and can't pleaſe any otherwiſe, to help it out with a little Smuttineſs. I will anſwer for the Poets, that no one ever writ Bawdry for any other Reaſon but Dearth of Invention. When the Author cannot ſtrike out of himſelf any more of that which he has ſuperior to thoſe who make up the Bulk of his Audience, his natural Recourſe is to that which he has in common with them; and a Deſcription which gratifies a ſenſual Appetite will pleaſe, when the Author has nothing about him to delight a refined Imagination. It is to ſuch a Poverty we muſt impute this and all other Sentences in Plays, which are of this kind, and which are commonly term'd Luſcious Expreſſions.

THIS Expedient, to ſupply the Deficiences of Wit, has been uſed, more or leſs, by moſt of the Authors who have ſucceeded on the Stage; tho' I know but one who has profeſſedly writ a Play upon the Baſis of the Deſire of multiplying our Species, and that is the Polite Sir *George Etherege*; if I underſtand what the Lady would be at, in the Play called *She would if She could*. Other Poets have, here and there, given an Intimation that there is this Deſign, under all the Diſguiſes and Affectations which a Lady may put on; but no Author, except this, has made ſure Work of it, and put the Imaginations of the Audience upon this one Purpoſe, from the Beginning to the end of the Comedy. It has always fared accordingly; for whether it be, that all who go to this Piece would if they could, or that the Innocents go to it, to gueſs only what *She would if She could*, the Play has always been well received.

IT lifts an heavy empty Sentence, when there is added to it a laſcivious Geſture of Body; and when it is too low to be raiſed even by that, a flat Meaning is enlivened by making it a double one. Writers, who want *Genius*, never fail of keeping this Secret in reſerve, to create a Laugh, or raiſe a Clap. I, who know nothing of Wo-

men but from seeing Plays, can give great Guesses at the whole Structure of the fair Sex, by being innocently placed in the Pit, and insulted by the Petticoats of their Dancers; the Advantages of whose pretty Persons are a great help to a dull Play. When a Poet flags in Writing lusciously, a pretty Girl can move lasciviously, and have the same good Consequence for the Author. Dull Poets in this Case use their Audiences, as dull Parasites do their Patrons; when they cannot longer divert them with their Wit or Humour, they bait their Ears with something which is agreeable to their Temper, though below their Understanding. *Apicius* cannot resist being pleased, if you give him an Account of a delicious Meal; or *Clodius*, if you describe a wanton Beauty: Tho' at the same time, if you do not awake those Inclinations in them, no Men are better Judges of what is just and delicate in Conversation. But, as I have before observed, it is easier to talk to the Man, than to the Man of Sense.

IT is remarkable, that the Writers of least Learning are best skilled in the luscious Way. The Poetesses of the Age have done Wonders in this kind; and we are obliged to the Lady who writ *Ibrahim*, for introducing a preparatory Scene to the very Action, when the Emperor throws his Handkerchief as a Signal for his Mistress to follow him into the most retired part of the Seraglio. It must be confessed his *Turkish* Majesty went off with a good Air, but, methought, we made but a sad Figure who waited without. This ingenious Gentlewoman, in this piece of Bawdry, refined upon an Author of the same Sex, who, in the *Rover*, makes a Country Squire strip to his Holland Drawers. For *Blunt* is disappointed, and the Emperor is understood to go on to the utmost. The Pleasantry of Stripping almost Naked has been since practised (where indeed it should have been begun) very successfully at *Bartholomew* Fair.

IT is not here to be omitted, that in one of the abovementioned Female Compositions, the *Rover* is very frequently sent on the same Errand; as I take it, above once every Act. This is not wholly unnatural; for, they say, the Men-Authors draw themselves in their chief Characters, and the Women-Writers may be allowed the same

ſame Liberty. Thus, as the Male Wit gives his Hero a great Fortune, the Female gives her Heroin a good Gallant, at the End of the Play. But, indeed, there is hardly a Play one can go to, but the Hero or fine Gentleman of it ſtruts off upon the ſame account, and leaves us to conſider what good Office he has put us to, or to employ our ſelves as we pleaſe. To be plain, a Man who frequents Plays, would have a very reſpectful Notion of himſelf, were he to recollect how often he has been uſed as a Pimp to raviſhing Tyrants, or ſucceſsful Rakes. When the Actors make their *Exit* on this good Occaſion, the Ladies are ſure to have an examining Glance from the Pit, to ſee how they reliſh what paſſes; and a few lewd Fools are very ready to employ their Talents upon the Compoſure or Freedom of their Looks. Such Incidents as theſe make ſome Ladies wholly abſent themſelves from the Play-houſe; and others never miſs the firſt Day of a Play, leſt it ſhould prove too luſcious to admit their going with any Countenance to it on the ſecond.

IF Men of Wit, who think fit to write for the Stage, inſtead of this pitiful way of giving Delight, would turn their Thoughts upon raiſing it from good natural Impulſes as are in the Audience, but are choaked up by Vice and Luxury, they would not only pleaſe, but befriend us at the ſame time. If a Man had a mind to be new in his way of Writing, might not he who is now repreſented as a fine Gentleman, tho' he betrays the Honour and Bed of his Neighbour and Friend, and lyes with half the Women in the Play, and is at laſt rewarded with her of the beſt Character in it; I ſay, upon giving the Comedy another Caſt, might not ſuch a one divert the Audience quite as well, if at the Cataſtrophe he were found out for a Traytor, and met with Contempt accordingly? There is ſeldom a Perſon devoted to above one Darling Vice at a time, ſo that there is room enough to catch at Mens Hearts to their Good and Advantage, if the Poets will attempt it with the Honeſty which becomes their Characters.

THERE is no Man who loves his Bottle or his Miſtreſs, in a manner ſo very abandoned, as not [illegible] capable

ble of reliſhing an agreeable Character, that is no way a Slave to either of thoſe Purſuits. A Man that is Temperate, Generous, Valiant, Chaſte, Faithful and Honeſt; may, at the ſame time, have Wit, Humour, Mirth, good Breeding, and Gallantry. While he exerts theſe latter Qualities, twenty Occaſions might be invented to ſhew he is Maſter of the other noble Virtues. Such Characters would ſmite and reprove the Heart of a Man of Senſe, when he is given up to his Pleaſures. He would ſee he has been miſtaken all this while, and be convinced that a ſound Conſtitution and an innocent Mind are the true Ingredients for becoming and enjoying Life. All Men of true Taſte would call a Man of Wit, who ſhould turn his Ambition this way, a Friend and Benefactor to his Country; but I am at a loſs what Name they would give him, who makes uſe of his Capacity for contrary Purpoſes. R

N° 52. *Monday, April* 30.

Omnes ut Tecum meritis pro Talibus annos
Exigat, & pulchra faciat Te prole parentem. Virg.

AN ingenious Correſpondent, like a ſprightly Wife, will always have the laſt Word. I did not think my laſt Letter to the deformed Fraternity would have occaſioned any Anſwer, eſpecially ſince I had promiſed them ſo ſudden a Viſit: But as they think they cannot ſhew too great a Veneration for my Perſon, they have already ſent me up an Anſwer. As to the Propoſal of a Marriage between my ſelf and the matchleſs *Hecatiſſa*, I have but one Objection to it; which is, That all the Society will expect to be acquainted with her; and who can be ſure of keeping a Woman's Heart long, where ſhe may have ſo much Choice? I am the more alarmed at this, becauſe the Lady ſeems particularly ſmitten with Men of their Make.

I

I believe I ſhall ſet my Heart upon her; and think never the worſe of my Miſtreſs for an Epigram a ſmart Fellow writ, as he thought, againſt her; it does but the more recommend her to me. At the ſame Time I cannot but diſcover that his Malice is ſtolen from *Martial*.

Tacta places, Audita places, ſi non videare
Tota places, neutro ſi, videare, places.

Whilſt in the Dark on thy ſoft Hand I hung,
And heard the tempting Syren *in thy Tongue,*
What Flames, what Darts, what Anguiſh I endur'd?
But when the Candle enter'd I was cur'd.

SIR,

YOUR Letter to us we have received, as a ſignal Mark of your Favour and brotherly Affection. We ſhall be heartily glad to ſee your ſhort Face in *Oxford*: And ſince the Wiſdom of our Legiſlature has been immortalized in your Speculations, and our perſonal Deformities in ſome ſort by you recorded to all Poſterity; we hold our ſelves in Gratitude bound to receive, with the higheſt Reſpect, all ſuch Perſons as for their extraordinary Merit you ſhall think fit, from Time to Time, to recommend unto the Board. As for the Pictiſh Damſel, we have an eaſie Chair prepared at the upper End of the Table; which we doubt not but ſhe will grace with a very hideous Aſpect, and much better become the Seat in the native and unaffected Uncomelineſs of her Perſon, than with all the ſuperficial Airs of the Pencil, which (as you have very ingeniouſly obſerved) vaniſh with a Breath, and the moſt innocent Adorer may deface the Shrine with a Salutation, and in the literal Senſe of our Poets, ſnatch and imprint his balmy Kiſſes, and devour her melting Lips: In ſhort, the only Faces of the Pictiſh Kind that will endure the Weather, muſt be of Dr. *Carbuncle*'s Die; tho' his, in truth, has coſt him a World the Painting; but then he boaſts with *Zeuxes*, *In eternitatem pingo*; and oft jocoſely tells the Fair Ones, would they acquire Colours that would ſtand kiſſing, they muſt no longer Paint but Drink for a Complexion: A Maxim that in this our Age has been purſued with no ill Succeſs; and has been as admi-

admirable in its Effects, as the famous Cosmetick mentioned in the *Post-man*, and invented by the renowned *British Hippocrates* of the Pestle and Mortar; making the Party, after a due Course, rosie, hale and airy; and the best and most approved Receipt now extant for the Fever of the Spirits. But to return to our female Candidate, who, I understand, is returned to her self, and will no longer hang out false Colours; as she is the first of her Sex that has done us so great an Honour, she will certainly, in a very short Time, both in Prose and Verse, be a Lady of the most celebrated Deformity now living; and meet with Admirers here as frightful as her self. But being a long-headed Gentlewoman, I am apt to imagine she has some further Design than you have yet penetrated; and perhaps has more Mind to the SPECTATOR than any of his Fraternity, as the Person of all the World she could like for a Paramour: And if so, really I cannot but applaud her Choice; and should be glad, if it might lye in my Power, to effect an amicable Accommodation betwixt two Faces of such different Extreams, as the only possible Expedient to mend the Breed, and rectifie the Phisiognomy of the Family on both Sides. And again, as she is a Lady of a very fluent Elocution, you need not fear that your first Child will be born dumb, which otherwise you might have some Reason to be apprehensive of. To be plain with you, I can see nothing shocking in it; for though she has not a Face like a *John-Apple*, yet as a late Friend of mine, who at sixty five ventured on a Lass of fifteen, very frequently, in the remaining five Years of his Life, gave me to understand, That, as old as he then seemed, when they were first married he and his Spouse could make but Fourscore; so may Madam *Hecatissa* very justly alledge hereafter, That, as long visaged as she may then be thought, upon their Wedding-day Mr. SPECTATOR and she had but Half an Ell of Face betwixt them: And this my very worthy Predecessor, Mr. Sergeant *Cbin*, always maintained to be no more than the true oval Proportion between Man and Wife. But as this may be a new thing to you, who have hitherto had no Expectations from Women,

'men, I shall allow you what Time you think fit to consider on't; not without some Hope of seeing at last 'your Thoughts hereupon subjoined to mine, and which 'is an Honour much desired by,

SIR, Your assured Friend,
and most humble Servant,
Hugh Goblin, Præses.

THE following Letter has not much in it, but as it is written in my own Praise I cannot for my Heart suppress it.

SIR,

'YOU proposed in your SPECTATOR of last *Tuesday* Mr. *Hobbs*'s Hypothesis, for solving that very 'odd Phænomenon of Laughter. You have made the 'Hypothesis valuable by espousing it your self; for had 'it continued Mr. *Hobbs*'s, no Body would have minded 'it. Now here this perplexed Case arises. A certain 'Company laughed very heartily upon the Reading of 'that very Paper of yours: And the Truth on it is, he 'must be a Man of more than ordinary Constancy that 'could stand it out against so much Comedy, and not do 'as we did. Now there are few Men in the World so 'far lost to all good Sense, as to look upon you to be a 'Man in a State of Folly *inferior to himself*. Pray then, 'how do you justifie your Hypothesis of Laughter?

Thursday, *the 26th of the Month of* Fools. *Your most humble,* Q. R.

SIR,

'IN answer to your Letter, I must desire you to re-'collect your self; and you will find, that when 'you did me the Honour to be so merry over my Paper, 'you laughed at the Ideot, the *German* Courtier, the Gaper, the Merry-Andrew, the Haberdasher, the Biter, the 'Butt, and not at

Your humble Servant,
The SPECTATOR.

Nº. 53. *Tueſday, May* 1.

——*Aliquando bonus dormidat Homerus.* Hor.

MY Correſpondents grow ſo numerous, that I cannot avoid frequently inſerting their Applications to me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am glad I can inform you, that your Endeavours 'to adorn that Sex, which is the faireſt Part of the 'viſible Creation, are well received, and like to prove not 'unſucceſsful. The Triumph of *Daphne* over her Siſter '*Letitia* has been the Subject of Converſation at ſeveral 'Tea-Tables where I have been preſent; and I have ob-'ſerved the fair Circle not a little pleaſed to find you con-'ſidering them as reaſonable Creatures, and endeavouring 'to baniſh that *Mahometan* Cuſtom which had too much 'prevailed even in this Iſland, of treating Women as if 'they had no Souls. I muſt do them the Juſtice to ſay, 'that there ſeems to be nothing wanting to the finiſhing 'of theſe lovely Pieces of Human Nature, beſides the 'turning and applying their Ambition properly, and the 'keeping them up to a Senſe of what is their true Merit. '*Epictetus*, that plain honeſt Philoſopher, as little as he had 'of Gallantry, appears to have underſtood them, as well 'as the Polite *St. Evremont*, and has hit this Point very 'luckily. *When Young Women*, ſays he, *arrive at a certain 'Age, they hear themſelves called* Miſtreſſes, *and are made 'to believe that their only Buſineſs is to pleaſe the Men; they 'immediately begin to dreſs, and place all their Hopes in the 'adorning of their Perſons; it is therefore*, continues he, *worth 'the while to endeavour by all Means to make them ſenſible, 'that the Honour payed to them is only upon Account of their 'conducting themſelves with Virtue, Modeſty, and Diſcretion.*

'NOW to purſue the Matter yet further, and to ren-'der your Cares for the Improvement of the Fair Ones

'more

'more effectual, I would propose a new Method, like 'those Applications which are said to convey their Virtue 'by Sympathy; and that is, that in order to embellish 'the Mistress, you should give a new Education to the Lo-'ver, and teach the Men not to be any longer dazled by 'false Charms and unreal Beauty. I cannot but think that 'if our Sex knew always how to place their Esteem justly, 'the other would not be so often wanting to themselves 'in deserving it. For as the being enamoured with a 'Woman of Sense and Virtue is an Improvement to a 'Man's Understanding and Morals, and the Passion is en-'nobled by the Object which inspires it; so on the other 'side, the appearing amiable to a Man of a wise and ele-'gant Mind, carries in it self no small Degree of Merit 'and Accomplishment. I conclude therefore, that one 'way to make the Women yet more agreeable is, to 'make the Men more virtuous.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

R. B.

SIR, *April 26.*

'YOURS of *Saturday* last I read, not without some 'Resentment; but I will suppose when you say you 'expect an Inundation of Ribbons and Brocades, and to see 'many new Vanities which the Women will fall into up-'on a Peace with *France*, that you intend only the un-'thinking part of our Sex; And what Methods can reduce 'them to Reason is hard to imagine.

'BUT, Sir, there are others yet that your Instructi-'ons might be of great use to, who, after their best En-'deavours, are sometimes at a loss to acquit themselves 'to a Censorious World: I am far from thinking you 'can altogether disapprove of Conversation between La-'dies and Gentlemen, regulated by the Rules of Ho-'nour and Prudence; and have thought it an Observati-'on not ill made, that where that was wholly denied, 'the Women lost their Wit, and the Men their good 'Manners. 'Tis sure, from those improper Liberties you

'mentioned, that a ſort of undiſtinguiſhing People ſhall 'baniſh from their Drawing-Rooms the beſt bred Men 'in the World, and condemn thoſe that do not. Your 'ſtating this Point might, I think, be of good uſe, as 'well as much oblige,

SIR, Your Admirer, and
moſt Humble Servant,
ANNA BELLA.

No Anſwer to this, 'till Anna Bella *ſends a Deſcription of thoſe ſhe calls the Beſt bred Men in the World.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a Gentleman who for many Years laſt paſt have 'been well known to be truly Splenatick, and that 'my Spleen ariſes from having contracted ſo great a De'licacy, by reading the beſt Authors, and keeping the 'moſt refined Company, that I cannot bear the leaſt Im'propriety of Language, or Ruſticity of Behaviour. Now, 'Sir, I have ever looked upon this as a wiſe Diſtemper, 'but by late Obſervations find that every heavy Wretch, 'who has nothing to ſay, excuſes his Dulneſs by complain'ing of the Spleen. Nay, I ſaw, the other Day, two 'Fellows in a Tavern Kitchen ſet up for it, call for a 'Pint and Pipes, and only by Guzling Liquor to each o'ther's Health, and wafting Smoak in each other's Face, 'pretend to throw off the Spleen. I appeal to you, whe'ther theſe Diſhonours are to be done to the Diſtemper 'of the Great and the Polite. I beſeech you, Sir, to inform 'theſe Fellows that they have not the Spleen, becauſe 'they cannot talk without the help of a Glaſs at their 'Mouths, or convey their Meaning to each other without 'the Interpoſition of Clouds. If you will not do this with 'all ſpeed, I aſſure you, for my part, I will wholly quit 'the Diſeaſe, and for the future be merry with the Vul'gar.

I am, SIR,
Your Humble Servant.

SIR,

SIR,

'THIS is to let you understand, that I am a reformed Starer, and conceived a Detestation for that 'Practice from what you have writ upon the Subject. 'But as you have been very severe upon the Behaviour of 'us Men at Divine Service, I hope you will not be so 'apparently partial to the Women, as to let them go 'wholly unobserved. If they do every thing that is pos-'sible to attract our Eyes, are we more culpable than they 'for looking at them? I happened last *Sunday* to be shut 'into a Pew, which was full of young Ladies in the Bloom 'of Youth and Beauty. When the Service began, I had 'not room to kneel at the Confession, but as I stood kept 'my Eyes from wandring as well as I was able, 'till one 'of the young Ladies, who is a Peeper, resolved to bring 'down my Looks, and fix my Devotion on her self. You 'are to know, Sir, that a Peeper works with her Hands, 'Eyes, and Fan; one of which is continually in Motion, 'while she thinks she is not actually the Admiration of 'some Ogler or Starer in the Congregation. As I stood 'utterly at a Loss how to behave my self, surrounded as 'I was, this Peeper so placed her self as to be kneeling 'just before me. She displayed the most beautiful Bosom 'imaginable, which heaved and fell with some Fervour, 'while a delicate well-shaped Arm held a Fan over her 'Face. It was not in Nature to command ones Eyes 'from this Object. I could not avoid taking notice also 'of her Fan, which had on it various Figures, very im-'proper to behold on that Occasion. There lay in the Bo-'dy of the Piece a *Venus*, under a Purple Canopy furled 'with curious Wreaths of Drapery, half naked, attended 'with a Train of *Cupids*, who were busied in Fanning 'her as she slept. Behind her was drawn a Satyr peeping 'over the silken Fence, and threatening to break through 'it. I frequently offered to turn my Sight another way; 'but was still detained by the Fascination of the Peeper's 'Eyes, who had long practised a Skill in them, to recal 'the parting Glances of her Beholders. You see my Com-'plaint, and hope you will take these mischievous Peo-'ple, the Peepers, into your Consideration: I doubt not but

'you

'you will think a Peeper as much more pernicious than a 'Starer, as an Ambuſcade is more to be feared than an 'open Aſſault.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt Obedient Servant.

This Peeper uſing both Fan and Eyes to be conſidered as a Pict, *and proceed accordingly.*

King Latinus *to the* Spectator, *Greeting.*

'THO' ſome may think we deſcend from our Impe'rial Dignity, in holding Correſpondence with a 'private *Litterato*; yet as we have great Reſpect to all 'good Intentions for our Service, we do not eſteem it 'beneath us to return you our Royal Thanks for what 'you publiſhed in our Behalf, while under Confinement 'in the inchanted Caſtle of the *Savoy*, and for your Men'tion of a Subſidy for a Prince in Misfortune. This your 'timely Zeal has inclined the Hearts of divers to be aid'ing unto us, if we could propoſe the Means. We have 'taken their Good-will into Conſideration, and have con'trived a Method which will be eaſie to thoſe who ſhall 'give the Aid, and not unacceptable to us who receive it. 'A Conſort of Muſick ſhall be prepared at *Haberdaſhers-hall* for *Wedneſday* the Second of *May*, and we will ho'nour the ſaid Entertainment with our own Preſence, 'where each Perſon ſhall be aſſeſſed but at two Shillings 'and ſix Pence. What we expect from you is, that you 'publiſh theſe our Royal Intentions, with Injunction that 'they be read at all Tea-Tables within the Cities of *Lon'don* and *Weſtminſter*; and ſo we bid you heartily Fare'well.

Latinus, *King of the* Volſcians.

Given at our Court in Vinegar-Yard, *Story the Third from the Earth.* April 28, 1711. R

Wedneſ-

N° 54. *Wednesday, May* 2.

——Strenua nos exercet inertia. Hor.

THE following Letter being the first that I have received from the learned University of *Cambridge*, I could not but do my self the Honour of publishing it. It gives an Account of a new Sect of Philosophers which has arose in that famous Residence of Learning, and is, perhaps, the only Sect this Age is likely to produce.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Cambridge, April* 26.

'BELIEVING you to be an universal Encourager of liberal Arts and Sciences, and glad of any Information from the learned World, I thought an Account of a Sect of Philosophers very frequent among us, but not taken Notice of, as far as I can remember, by any Writers either ancient or modern, would not be unacceptable to you. The Philosophers of this Sect are in the Language of our University called *Loungers*. I am of Opinion, that, as in many other things, so likewise in this, the Ancients have been defective, *viz.* in mentioning no Philosophers of this sort. Some indeed will affirm that they are a kind of Peripateticks, because we see them continually walking about. But I would have these Gentlemen consider, that though the ancient Peripateticks walked much, yet they wrote much also; (witness, to the Sorrow of this Sect, *Aristotle* and others:) Whereas it is notorious that most of our Professors never lay out a Farthing either in Pen, Ink, or Paper. Others are for deriving them from *Diogenes*, because several of the leading Men of the Sect have a great deal of the cynical Humour in them, and delight much in Sun-shine. But then again, *Diogenes* was content to have his constant Habitation in a narrow Tub; whilst

our

'our Philoſophers are ſo far from being of his Opinion, 'that it's Death to them to be confined within the Limits 'of a good handſome convenient Chamber but for half 'an Hour. Others there are, who from the Clearneſs 'of their Heads deduce the Pedigree of *Lowngers* from that 'great Man (I think it was either *Plato* or *Socrates*) who 'after all his Study and Learning profeſſed, That all he 'then knew was, that he knew nothing. You eaſily 'ſee this is but a ſhallow Argument, and may be ſoon 'confuted.

'I have with great Pains and Induſtry made my Ob-'ſervations, from Time to Time, upon theſe Sages; and 'having now all Materials ready, am compiling a Trea-'tiſe, wherein I ſhall ſet forth the Riſe and Progreſs of 'this famous Sect, together with their Maxims, Auſteri-'ties, Manner of living, *&c.* Having prevailed with a 'Friend who deſigns ſhortly to publiſh a new Edition of '*Diogenes Laertius*, to add this Treatiſe of mine by way 'of Supplement; I ſhall now, to let the World ſee what 'may be expected from me (firſt begging Mr. SPECTA-'TOR's Leave that the World may ſee it) briefly touch 'upon ſome of my chief Obſervations, and then ſubſcribe 'my ſelf your humble Servant. In the firſt Place I ſhall 'give you two or three of their Maxims: The funda-'mental one, upon which their whole Syſtem is built, is 'this, *viz.* That Time being an implacable Enemy to and 'Deſtroyer of all things, ought to be paid in his own Coin, 'and be deſtroyed and murdered without Mercy, by all 'the Ways that can be invented. Another favourite Say-'ing of theirs is, That Buſineſs was deſigned only for 'Knaves, and Study for Blockheads. A Third ſeems to 'be a ludicrous one, but has a great Effect upon their 'Lives; and is this, That the Devil is at Home. Now 'for their manner of Living: And here I have a large 'Field to expatiate in; but I ſhall reſerve Particulars for 'my intended Diſcourſe, and now only mention one or 'two of their principal Exerciſes. The elder Proficients 'employ themſelves in inſpecting *mores hominum multo-'rum*, in getting acquainted with all the Signs and Win-'dows in the Town. Some are arrived to ſo great Know-'ledge, that they can tell every time any Butcher kills a

'Calf,

'Calf, every time any old Woman's Cat is in the Straw; 'and a thouſand other Matters as important. One ancient Philoſopher contemplates two or three Hours every 'Day over a Sun-Dial; and is true to the Dial.

——As the Dial to the Sun,
Although it be not ſhone upon.

'Our younger Students are content to carry their Speculations as yet no farther than Bowling-Greens, Billiard-Tables, and ſuch like Places: This may ſerve for a 'Sketch of my Deſign; in which I hope I ſhall have 'your Encouragement. I am,

SIR, Yours.

I muſt be ſo juſt as to obſerve I have formerly ſeen of this Sect at our other Univerſity; tho' not diſtinguiſhed by the Appellation which the learned Hiſtorian, my Correſpondent, reports they bear at *Cambridge*. They were ever looked upon as a People that impaired themſelves more by their ſtrict Application to the Rules of their Order, than any other Students whatever. Others ſeldom hurt themſelves, any further than to gain weak Eyes and ſometimes Head-Aches; but theſe Philoſophers are ſeized all over with a general Inability, Indolence, and Wearineſs, and a certain Impatience of the Place they are in, with an Heavineſs in removing to another.

THE *Loungers* are ſatisfied with being merely Part of the Number of Mankind, without diſtinguiſhing themſelves from amongſt them. They may be ſaid rather to ſuffer their Time to paſs, than to ſpend it, without Regard to the paſt, or Proſpect of the future. All they know of Life is only the preſent Inſtant, and do not taſte even that. When one of this Order happens to be a Man of Fortune, the Expence of his Time is transferred to his Coach and Horſes, and his Life is to be meaſured by their Motion, not his own Enjoyments or Sufferings. The chief Entertainment one of theſe Philoſophers can poſſibly propoſe to him, is to get a Reliſh of Dreſs. This, methinks, might diverſifie the Perſon he is weary of (his own dear ſelf) to himſelf. I have known theſe two Amuſements make one of theſe Philoſophers make a tolerable

tolerable Figure in the World; [illegible] Variety of Dreſſes in publick Aſſemblies in Town, and quick Motion of his Horſes out of it, now to *Bath*, now to *Tunbridge*, then to *New-Market*, and then to *London*, he has in Proceſs of Time brought it to paſs, that his Coach and his Horſes have been mentioned in all thoſe Places. When the *Lowngers* leave an Academick Life, and inſtead of this more elegant way of appearing in the polite World, retire to the Seats of their Anceſtors, they uſually join a Pack of Dogs, and employ their Days in defending their Poultry from Foxes: I do not know any other Method that any of this Order has ever taken to make a Noiſe in the World; but I ſhall enquire into ſuch about this Town as have arrived at the Dignity of being *Lowngers* by the Force of natural Parts, without having ever ſeen an Univerſity; and ſend my Correſpondent, for the Embelliſhment of his Book, the Names and Hiſtory of thoſe who paſs their Lives without any Incidents at all; and how they ſhift Coffee-houſes and Chocolate-houſes from Hour to Hour, to get over the inſupportable Labour of doing nothing. R

N° 55. *Thurſday, May* 3.

——*Intus, & in jecore agro*
Naſcuntur Domini—— Pers.

MOST of the Trades, Profeſſions, and Ways of Living among Mankind, take their Original either from the Love of Pleaſure, or the Fear of Want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into *Luxury*, and the latter into *Avarice*. As theſe two Principles of Action draw different Ways, *Perſius* has given us a very humorous Account of a young Fellow who was rouzed out of his Bed, in order to be ſent upon a long Voyage by *Avarice*, and afterwards over-perſuaded and kept at Home by *Luxury*. I ſhall ſet down at length the Plead-

Pleadings of these two Imaginary Persons, as they are in the Original, with Mr. [illegible]'s Translation of them.

Mane, piger, stertis: surge inquit Avaritia; eja
Surge. Negas, instat, surge inquit. Non queo. Surge.
Et quid agam? Rogitas? Saperdas advehe Ponto,
Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa.
Tolle recens primus piper è sitiente camelo.
Verte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter Audiet. Eheu!
Baro, regustatum digito terebrare salinum
Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis.
Jam pueris pellem succinctus & cænophorum aptas;
Ocyus ad Navem. Nil obstat quin trabe vastâ
Ægaum rapias, nisi solers Luxuria ante
Seductum moneat; quò deinde, insane vnis? Quo?
Quid tibi vis? Calido sub pectore masculа bilis
Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicuta?
Tun' mare transilias? Tibi tortâ cannabe fulto
Cana sit in transtro? Veientanumque rubellum
Exhalet vapida læsum pice fessilis obba?
Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modesto
Nutrieras, pergant avidos sudare denunces?
Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia; nostrum est
Quod vivis; cinis, & manes, & fabula fies.
Vive memor lethi: fugit hora. Hoc quod loquor, inde est.
En quid agis? Dupliei in diversum scinderis hamo.
Hunccine, an hunc sequeris? ——

Whether alone, or in thy Harlot's Lap,
When thou would'st take a lazy Morning's Nap;
Up, up, says *AVARICE*; thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy Limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain.
The rugged Tyrant no Denial takes;
At his Command th' unwilling Sluggard wakes.
What must I do? he cries; What? says his Lord:
Why rise, make ready, and go streight Aboard:
With Fish, from *Euxine* Seas, thy Vessel freight;
Flax, Castor, *Coan* Wines, the precious Weight
Of Pepper, and *Sabean* Incense, take
With thy own Hands, from the tir'd Camel's Back,
And with Post-haste thy running Markets make.

Be-

Be ſure to turn the Penny; [illegible] Swear,
'Tis wholeſome Sin: But [illegible]ou ſay'ſt, will hear.
Swear, Fool, or Starve; for the *Dilemma's* even:
A Tradeſman thou! and hope to go to Heav'n?
Reſolv'd for Sea, the Slaves thy Baggage pack,
Each ſaddled with his Burden on his Back:
Nothing retards thy Voyage, now; but He,
That ſoft voluptuous Prince, call'd *LUXURY*;
And he may ask this civil Queſtion; Friend,
What doſt thou make a Shipboard? To what end?
Art thou of *Bethlem*'s noble College free?
Stark, ſtaring mad, that thou wou'dſt tempt the Sea?
Cubb'd in a Cabbin, on a Mattreſs laid,
On a brown *George*, with lowſie Swobbers fed,
Dead Wine that ſtinks of the *Borachio*, ſup
From a foul Jack, or greaſie Maple Cup?
Say, wou'dſt thou bear all this, to raiſe thy Store,
From Six i'th' Hundred, to Six Hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give;
For, not to live at Eaſe, is not to live:
Death ſtalks behind thee, and each flying Hour
Does ſome looſe Remnant of thy Life devour.
Live, while thou liv'ſt; for Death will make us all
A Name, a Nothing but an Old Wife's Tale.
Speak; wilt thou *Avarice* or *Pleaſure* chuſe
To be thy Lord? Take one, and one refuſe.

WHEN a Government flouriſhes in Conqueſts, and is ſecure from foreign Attacks, it naturally falls into all the Pleaſures of Luxury; and as theſe Pleaſures are very expenſive, they put thoſe who are addicted to them upon raiſing freſh Supplies of Mony, by all the Methods of Rapaciouſneſs and Corruption; ſo that Avarice and Luxury very often become one complicated Principle of Action, in thoſe whoſe Hearts are wholly ſet upon Eaſe, Magnificence, and Pleaſure. The moſt Elegant and Correct of all the *Latin* Hiſtorians obſerves, that in his time, when the moſt formidable States of the World were ſubdued by the *Romans*, the Republick ſunk into thoſe two Vices of a quite different Nature, Luxury and Avarice: And accordingly

cordingly deſcribes Cat[illegible] one who coveted the Wealth of other Men, at the ſame time that he ſquandred away his own. This Obſervation on the Commonwealth, when it was in its height of Power and Riches, holds good of all Governments that are ſettled in a State of Eaſe and Proſperity. At ſuch times Men naturally endeavour to outſhine one another in Pomp and Splendor, and having no Fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themſelves in the Enjoyment of all the Pleaſures they can get into their Poſſeſſion; which naturally produces Avarice, and an immoderate Purſuit after Wealth and Riches.

AS I was humouring my ſelf in the Speculation of theſe two great Principles of Action, I could not forbear throwing my Thoughts into a little kind of Allegory or Fable, with which I ſhall here preſent my Reader.

THERE were two very powerful Tyrants engaged in a perpetual War againſt each other: The Name of the firſt was *Luxury*, and of the ſecond *Avarice*. The Aim of each of them was no leſs than Univerſal Monarchy over the Hearts of Mankind. *Luxury* had many Generals under him, who did him great Service, as *Pleaſure*, *Mirth*, *Pomp*, and *Faſhion*. *Avarice* was likewiſe very ſtrong in his Officers, being faithfully ſerved by *Hunger*, *Induſtry*, *Care* and *Watchfulneſs*: He had likewiſe a Privy-Counſellor who was always at his Elbow, and whiſpering ſomething or other in his Ear: the Name of this Privy Counſellor was *Poverty*. As *Avarice* conducted himſelf by the Counſels of *Poverty*, his Antagoniſt was entirely guided by the Dictates and Advice of *Plenty*, who was his firſt Counſellor and Miniſter of State, that concerted all his Meaſures for him, and never departed out of his Sight. While theſe two great Rivals were thus contending for Empire, their Conqueſts were very various. *Luxury* got Poſſeſſion of one Heart, and *Avarice* of another. The Father of a Family would often range himſelf under the Banners of *Avarice*, and the Son under thoſe of *Luxury*. The Wife and Husband would often declare themſelves on the two different Parties; nay, the ſame Perſon would very often ſide with one in his Youth, and revolt to the other in his old Age. Indeed the Wiſe Men of the World

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ſtood *Neuter*; but alas! their [illegible]rs were not conſiderable. At length, when theſe two Potentates had wearied themſelves with waging War upon one another, they agreed upon an Interview, at which neither of their Counſellors were to be preſent. It is ſaid that *Luxury* began the Parly, and after having repreſented the endleſs State of War in which they were engaged, told his Enemy, with a Frankneſs of Heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two ſhould be very good Friends, were it not for the Inſtigations of *Poverty*, that pernicious Counſellor, who made an ill uſe of his Ear, and filled him with groundleſs Apprehenſions and Prejudices. To this *Avarice* replied, that he looked upon *Plenty* (the firſt Miniſter of his Antagoniſt) to be a much more deſtructive Counſellor than *Poverty*, for that he was perpetually ſuggeſting Pleaſures, baniſhing all the neceſſary Cautions againſt Want, and conſequently undermining thoſe Principles on which the Government of *Avarice* was founded. At laſt, in order to an Accommodation, they agreed upon this Preliminary; That each of them ſhould immediately diſmiſs his Privy-Counſellor. When things were thus far adjuſted towards a Peace, all other Differences were ſoon accommodated, inſomuch that for the future they reſolved to live as good Friends and Confederates, and to ſhare between them whatever Conqueſts were made on either ſide. For this Reaſon, we now find *Luxury* and *Avarice* taking Poſſeſſion of the ſame Heart, and dividing the ſame Perſon between them. To which I ſhall only add, that ſince the diſcarding of the Counſellors above mentioned, *Avarice* ſupplies *Luxury* in the room of *Plenty*, as *Luxury* Prompts *Avarice* in the place of *Poverty*. C.

Friday,

N° 56. *Friday, May* 4.

Felices errore ſuo —— Lucan.

THE *Americans* believe that all Creatures have Souls, not only Men and Women, but Brutes, Vegetables, nay even the moſt inanimate things, as Stocks and Stones. They believe the ſame of all the Works of Art, as of Knives, Boats, Looking-glaſſes: And that as any of theſe things periſh, their Souls go into another World, which is inhabited by the Ghoſts of Men and Women. For this Reaſon they always place by the Corpſe of their dead Friend a Bow and Arrows, that he may make uſe of the Souls of them in the other World, as he did of their wooden Bodies in this. How abſurd ſoever ſuch an Opinion as this may appear, our *European* Philoſophers have maintained ſeveral Notions altogether as improbable. Some of *Plato*'s Followers in particular, when they talk of the World of Ideas, entertain us with Subſtances and Beings no leſs extravagant and chymerical. Many *Ariſtotelians* have likewiſe ſpoken as unintelligibly of their ſubſtantial Forms. I ſhall only inſtance *Albertus Magnus*, who in his Diſſertation upon the Loadſtone obſerving that Fire will deſtroy its magnetick Virtues, tells us that he took particular Notice of one as it lay glowing amidſt an Heap of burning Coals, and that he perceived a certain blue Vapour to ariſe from it, which he believed might be the *ſubſtantial Form*, that is, in our *Weſt-Indian* Phraſe, the *Soul* of the Load-ſtone.

THERE is a Tradition among the *Americans*, that one of their Countrymen deſcended in a Viſion to the great Repoſitory of Souls, or, as we call it here, to the other World; and that upon his Return he gave his Friends a diſtinct Account of every thing he ſaw among thoſe Regions of the Dead. A Friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the Interpreters of the *Indian* Kings, to enquire of them, if poſſible, what

what Tradition they have among them of this Matter: Which, as well as he could learn by thoſe many Queſtions which he asked them at ſeveral Times, was in Subſtance as follows.

THE Viſionary, whoſe Name was *Marraton*, after having travelled for a long Space under an hollow Mountain, arrived at length on the Confines of this World of Spirits; but could not enter it by reaſon of a thick Foreſt made up of Buſhes, Brambles, and pointed Thorns, ſo perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impoſſible to find a Paſſage through it. Whilſt he was looking about for ſome Track or Path-way that might be worn in any Part of it, he ſaw an huge Lion couched under the Side of it, who kept his Eye upon him in the ſame Poſture as when he watches for his Prey. The *Indian* immediately ſtarted back, whilſt the Lion roſe with a Spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly deſtitute of all other Weapons, he ſtooped down to take up an huge Stone in his Hand; but to this infinite Surprize graſped nothing, and found the ſuppoſed Stone to be only the Apparition of one. If he was diſappointed on this Side, he was as much pleaſed on the other, when he found the Lion, which had ſeized on his left Shoulder, had no Power to hurt him, and was only the Ghoſt of that ravenous Creature which it appeared to be. He no ſooner got rid of his impotent Enemy, but he marched up to the Wood, and after having ſurveyed it for ſome Time, endeavoured to preſs into one Part of it that was a little thinner than the reſt; when again, to his great Surprize, he found the Buſhes made no Reſiſtance, but that he walked through Briars and Brambles with the ſame Eaſe as through the open Air; and, in ſhort, that the whole Wood was nothing elſe but a Wood of Shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge Thicket of Thorns and Brakes was deſigned as a kind of Fence or quick-ſet Hedge to the Ghoſts it incloſed; and that probably their ſoft Subſtances might be torn by theſe ſubtle Points and Prickles, which were too weak to make any Impreſſions in Fleſh and Blood. With this Thought he reſolved to travel through this intricate Wood; when by Degrees he felt a Gale of Perfumes breathing upon him,

that grew ſtronger and ſweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further when he obſerved the Thorns and Briars to end, and give Place to a thouſand beautiful green Trees covered with Bloſſoms of the fineſt Scents and Colours, that formed a Wilderneſs of Sweets, and were a kind of Lining to thoſe ragged Scenes which he had before paſſed through. As he was coming out of this delightful Part of the Wood, and entering upon the Plains it incloſed, he ſaw ſeveral Horſemen ruſhing by him, and a little while after heard the Cry of a Pack of Dogs. He had not liſtned long before he ſaw the Apparition of a milk-white Steed, with a young Man on the Back of it, advancing upon full Stretch after the Souls of about an hundred Beagles that were hunting down the Ghoſt of an Hare, which ran away before them with an unſpeakable Swiftneſs. As the Man on the milk-white Steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince *Nicharagua*, who died about half a Year before, and, by reaſon of his great Virtues, was at that Time lamented over all the Weſtern Parts of *America*.

HE had no ſooner got out of the Wood, but he was entertained with ſuch a Landskip of flowry Plains, green Meadows, running Streams, ſunny Hills, and ſhady Vales, as were not to be repreſented by his own Expreſſions, nor, as he ſaid, by the Conceptions of others. This happy Region was peopled with innumerable Swarms of Spirits, who applied themſelves to Exerciſes and Diverſions according as their Fancies led them. Some of them were toſſing the Figure of a Coit; others were pitching the Shadow of a Bar; others were breaking the Apparition of a Horſe; and Multitudes employing themſelves upon ingenious Handicrafts with the Souls of *departed Utenſils*; for that is the Name which in the *Indian* Language they give their Tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful Scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the Flowers that roſe every where about him in the greateſt Variety and Profuſion, having never ſeen ſeveral of them in his own Country: But he quickly found that though they were Objects of his Sight, they were not liable to his Touch. He at length came to the Side of a great River, and being

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a good Fiſherman himſelf, ſtood upon the Banks of it ſome time to look upon an Angler that had taken a great many Shapes of Fiſhes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I ſhould have told my Reader, that this *Indian* had been formerly married to one of the greateſt Beauties of his Country, by whom he had ſeveral Children. This Couple were ſo famous for their Love and Conſtancy to one another, that the *Indians* to this Day, when they give a married Man Joy of his Wife, wiſh that they may live together like *Marraton* and *Yaratilda*. *Marraton* had not ſtood long by the Fiſherman when he ſaw the Shadow of his beloved *Yaratilda*, who had for ſome time fixed her Eye upon him, before he diſcovered her. Her Arms were ſtretched out towards him, Floods of Tears ran down her Eyes; her Looks, her Hands, her Voice called him over to her; and at the ſame time ſeemed to tell him that the River was unpaſſable. Who can deſcribe the Paſſion made up of Joy, Sorrow, Love, Deſire, Aſtoniſhment, that roſe in the *Indian* upon the Sight of his dear *Yaratilda*? He could expreſs it by nothing but his Tears, which ran like a River down his Cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not ſtood in this Poſture long, before he plunged into the Stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the Phantom of a River, walked on the Bottom of it till he aroſe on the other Side. At his Approach *Yaratilda* flew into his Arms, whilſt *Marraton* wiſhed himſelf diſencumbered of that Body which kept her from his Embraces. After many Queſtions and Endearments on both Sides, ſhe conducted him to a Bower which ſhe had dreſſed with her own Hands, with all the Ornaments that could be met with in thoſe blooming Regions. She had made it gay beyond Imagination, and was every Day adding ſomething new to it. As *Marraton* ſtood aſtoniſhed at the unſpeakable Beauty of her Habitation, and raviſhed with the Fragrancy that came from every Part of it, *Yaratilda* told him that ſhe was preparing this Bower for his Reception, as well knowing that his Piety to his God, and his faithful Dealing towards Men, would certainly bring him to that happy Place, whenever his Life ſhould be at an End. She then brought two of her Children

dren to him, who died ſome Years before, and reſided with her in the ſame delightful Bower; adviſing him to breed up thoſe others which were ſtill with him in ſuch a manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy Place.

THE Tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a Sight of thoſe diſmal Habitations which are the Portion of ill Men after Death; and mentions ſeveral Molten Seas of Gold, in which were plunged the Souls of barbarous *Europeans*, who put to the Sword ſo many Thouſands of poor *Indians* for the ſake of that precious Metal: But having already touched upon the chief Points of this Tradition, and exceeded the Meaſure of my Paper, I ſhall not give any further Account of it. C

N° 57. *Saturday, May 5.*

Quem præſtare poteſt mulier galeata pudorem,
Quæ fugit à Sexu? ——— Juv.

WHEN the Wife of *Hector*, in *Homer's Iliads*, diſcourſes with her Husband about the Battel in which he was going to engage, the Hero, deſiring her to leave that Matter to his Care, bids her go to her Maids and mind her Spinning: By which the Poet intimates, that Men and Women ought to buſie themſelves in their proper Spheres, and on ſuch Matters only as are ſuitable to their reſpective Sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young Gentleman, who has paſſed a great Part of his Life in the Nurſery, and, upon Occaſion, can make a Caudle or a Sack Poſſet better than any Man in *England*. He is likewiſe a wonderful Critick in Cambrick and Muſlins, and will talk an Hour together upon a Sweet-meat. He entertains his Mother every Night with Obſervations that he makes both in Town and Court: As what Lady ſhews the niceſt Fancy in her Dreſs; what Man of Quality wears the faireſt Whig; who has the fineſt Linnen, who the pret-

tieſt Snuff-box, with many other the like curious Remarks that may be made in good Company.

ON the other hand I have very frequently the Opportunity of ſeeing a Rural *Andromache*, who came up to Town laſt Winter, and is one of the greateſt Fox Hunters in the Country. She talks of Hounds and Horſes, and makes nothing of leaping over a Six-bar Gate. If a Man tells her a waggiſh Story, ſhe gives him a Puſh with her Hand in jeſt, and calls him an impudent Dog; and if her Servant neglects his Buſineſs, threatens to kick him out of the Houſe. I have heard her, in her Wrath, call a Subſtantial Trades-man a Louſie Cur; and remember one Day, when ſhe could not think of the Name of a Perſon, ſhe deſcribed him, in a large Company of Men and Ladies, by the Fellow with the Broad Shoulders.

IF thoſe Speeches and Actions, which in their own Nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong Sex, the Faults and Imperfections of one Sex tranſplanted into another, appear black and monſtrous. As for the Men, I ſhall not in this Paper any further concern my ſelf about them; but as I would fain contribute to make Woman-kind, which is the moſt beautiful Part of the Creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all thoſe little Spots and Blemiſhes that are apt to riſe among the Charms which Nature has poured out upon them, I ſhall dedicate this Paper to their Service. The Spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that Party-Rage which of late Years is very much crept into their Converſation. This is, in its Nature, a Male Vice, and made up of many angry and cruel Paſſions that are altogether repugnant to the Softneſs, the Modeſty, and thoſe other endearing Qualities which are natural to the Fair Sex. Women were formed to temper Mankind, and ſooth them into Tenderneſs and Compaſſion; not to ſet an Edge upon their Minds, and blow up in them thoſe Paſſions which are too apt to riſe of their own Accord. When I have ſeen a pretty Mouth uttering Calumnies and Invectives, what would I not have given to have ſtopt it? How have I been troubled to ſee ſome of the fineſt Features in the World grow pale, and tremble with

with Party-Rage? *Camilla* is one of the greateſt Beauties in the *Britiſh* Nation, and yet values her ſelf more upon being the *Virago* of one Party, than upon being the Toaſt of both. The Dear Creature, about a Week ago, encountered the fierce and beautiful *Penthesilea* acroſs a Tea-Table; but in the height of her Anger, as her Hand chanced to ſhake with the Earneſtneſs of her Diſpute, ſhe ſcalded her Fingers, and ſpilt a Diſh of Tea upon her Petticoat. Had not this Accident broke off the Debate, no Body knows where it would have ended.

THERE is one Conſideration which I would earneſtly recommend to all my Female Readers, and which, I hope, will have ſome weight with them. In ſhort it is this, that there is nothing ſo bad for the Face as Party-Zeal. It gives an ill-natured Caſt to the Eye, and a diſagreeable Sourneſs to the Look; beſides, that it makes the Lines too ſtrong, and flushes them worſe than Brandy. I have ſeen a Woman's Face break out in Heats, as ſhe has been talking againſt a great Lord, whom ſhe had never ſeen in her Life; and indeed never knew a Party-Woman that kept her Beauty for a Twelve-month. I would therefore adviſe all my Female Readers, as they value their Complexions, to let alone all Diſputes of this Nature; though, at the ſame time, I would give free Liberty to all ſuperannuated motherly Partizans to be as violent as they pleaſe, ſince there will be no danger either of their ſpoiling their Faces, or of their gaining Converts.

FOR my own part, I think a Man makes an odious and deſpicable Figure, that is violent in a Party; but a Woman is too ſincere to mitigate the Fury of her Principles with Temper and Diſcretion, and to act with that Caution and Reſervedneſs which are requiſite in our Sex. When this unnatural Zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thouſand Heats and Extravagances; their generous Souls ſet no Bounds to their Love, or to their Hatred; and whether a Whig or Tory, a Lap Dog or a Gallant, an Opera or a Puppet-Show, be the Object of it, the Paſſion, while it reigns, engroſſes the whole Woman.

I remember when Dr. *Titus Oates* was in all his Glory, I accompanied my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB in a Viſit to a Lady of his Acquaintance: We were no ſooner ſate down, but upon caſting my Eyes about the Room, I found in almoſt every Corner of it a Print that repreſented the Doctor in all Magnitudes and Dimenſions. A little after, as the Lady was diſcourſing my Friend, and held her Snuff-Box in her Hand, who ſhould I ſee in the Lid of it but the Doctor. It was not long after this, when ſhe had occaſion for her Handkerchief, which upon the firſt opening diſcovered among the Plaites of it the Figure of the Doctor. Upon this my Friend WILL. who loves Raillery, told her, That if he was in Mr. *True love's* Place (for that was the Name of her Husband) he ſhould be made as uneaſie by a Handkerchief as ever *Othello* was. *I am afraid*, ſaid ſhe, *Mr.* HONEYCOMB, *you are a Tory; tell me truly, are you a Friend to the Doctor or not?* WILL. inſtead of making her a Reply, ſmiled in her Face (for indeed ſhe was very pretty) and told her that one of her Patches was dropping off. She immediately adjuſted it, and looking a little ſeriouſly, *Well*, ſays ſhe, *I'll be hanged if you and your ſilent Friend there are not againſt the Doctor in your Hearts, I ſuſpected as much by his ſaying nothing.* Upon this ſhe took her Fan into her Hand, and upon the opening of it again diſplayed to us the Figure of the Doctor, who was placed with great Gravity among the Sticks of it. In a word, I found that the Doctor had taken Poſſeſſion of her Thoughts, her Diſcourſe, and moſt of her Furniture; but finding my ſelf preſſed too cloſe by her Queſtion, I winked upon my Friend to take his Leave, which he did accordingly. C

Monday,

N° 58. *Monday, May 7.*

Ut pictura poeſis erit —— —— Hor.

NOTHING is ſo much admired, and ſo little underſtood, as Wit. No Author that I know of has written profeſſedly upon it; and as for thoſe who make any Mention of it, they only treat on the Subject as it has accidentally fallen in their Way, and that too in little ſhort Reflections, or in general declamatory Flouriſhes, without entring into the Bottom of the Matter. I hope therefore I ſhall perform an acceptable Work to my Countrymen, if I treat at large upon this Subject; which I ſhall endeavour to do in a Manner ſuitable to it, that I may not incur the Cenſure which a famous Critick beſtows upon one who had written a Treatiſe upon *the Sublime* in a low groveling Stile. I intend to lay aſide a whole Week for this Undertaking, that the Scheme of my Thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promiſe my ſelf, if my Readers will give me a Week's Attention, that this great City will be very much changed for the better by next *Saturday* Night. I ſhall endeavour to make what I ſay intelligible to ordinary Capacities; but if my Readers meet with any Paper that in ſome Parts of it may be a little out of their Reach, I would not have them diſcouraged, for they may aſſure themſelves the next ſhall be much clearer.

AS the great and only End of theſe my Speculations is to baniſh Vice and Ignorance out of the Territories of *Great Britain*, I ſhall endeavour as much as poſſible to eſtabliſh among us a Taſte of polite Writing. It is with this View that I have endeavoured to ſet my Readers right in ſeveral Points relating to Opera's and Tragedies; and ſhall from Time to Time impart my Notions of Comedy, as I think they may tend to its Refinement and Perfection. I find by my Bookſeller that theſe Papers of Criticiſm, with that upon Humour, have met with a more kind Reception than indeed I could have hoped for from ſuch

Subjects; for which Reaſon I ſhall enter upon my preſent Undertaking with greater Chearfulneſs.

IN this, and one or two following Papers, I ſhall trace out the Hiſtory of falſe Wit, and diſtinguiſh the ſeveral Kinds of it as they have prevailed in different Ages of the World. This I think the more neceſſary at preſent, becauſe I obſerved there were Attempts on foot laſt Winter to revive ſome of thoſe antiquated Modes of Wit that have been long exploded out of the Common-wealth of Letters. There were ſeveral Satyrs and Panegyricks handed about in Acroſtick, by which Means ſome of the moſt arrant undiſputed Blockheads about the Town began to entertain ambitious Thoughts, and to ſet up for polite Authors. I ſhall therefore deſcribe at length thoſe many Arts of falſe Wit, in which a Writer does not ſhew himſelf a Man of a beautiful Genius, but of great Induſtry.

THE firſt Species of falſe Wit, which I have met with is very venerable for its Antiquity, and has produced ſeveral Pieces which have lived very near as long as the *Iliad* it ſelf: I mean thoſe ſhort Poems printed among the minor *Greek* Poets, which reſemble the Figure of an Egg, a Pair of Wings, an Ax, a Shepherd's Pipe, and an Altar.

AS for the firſt, it is a little oval Poem, and may not improperly be called a Scholar's Egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or, in a more intelligible Language, to tranſlate it into *Engliſh*, did not I find the Interpretation of it very difficult; for the Author ſeems to have been more intent upon the Figure of his Poem, than upon the Senſe of it.

THE Pair of Wings conſiſt of twelve Verſes, or rather Feathers, every Verſe decreaſing gradually in its Meaſure according to its Situation in the Wing. The Subject of it (as in the reſt of the Poems which follow) bears ſome remote Affinity with the Figure, for it deſcribes a God of Love, who is always painted with Wings.

THE Ax methinks would have been a good Figure for a Lampoon, had the Edge of it conſiſted of the moſt Satyrical Parts of the Work; but as it is in the Original, I take it to have been nothing elſe but the Poſie of an Ax which was conſecrated to *Minerva*, and was thought to have been the ſame that *Epeus* made uſe of in the building

of

of the *Trojan* Horſe; which is a Hint I ſhall leave to the Conſideration of the Criticks. I am apt to think that the Poſie was written originally upon the Ax, like thoſe which our modern Cutlers inſcribe upon their Knives; and that therefore the Poſie ſtill remains in its ancient Shape, tho' the Ax it ſelf is loſt.

THE Shepherd's Pipe may be ſaid to be full of Muſick, for it is compoſed of nine different Kinds of Verſes, which by their ſeveral Lengths reſemble the nine Stops of the old muſical Inſtrument, that is likewiſe the Subject of the Poem.

THE Altar is inſcribed with the Epitaph of *Troilus* the Son of *Hecuba*; which, by the way, makes me believe, that theſe falſe Pieces of Wit are much more ancient than the Authors to whom they are generally aſcribed; at leaſt I will never be perſwaded, that ſo fine a Writer as *Theocritus* could have been the Author of any ſuch ſimple Works.

IT was impoſſible for a Man to ſucceed in theſe Performances who was not a kind of Painter, or at leaſt a Deſigner: He was firſt of all to draw the Out-line of the Subject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the Deſcription to the Figure of his Subject. The Poetry was to contract or dilate it ſelf according to the Mould in which it was caſt. In a Word, the Verſes were to be cramped or extended to the Dimenſions of the Frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the Fate of thoſe Perſons whom the Tyrant *Procruſtes* uſed to lodge in his Iron Bed; if they were too ſhort he ſtretched them on a Rack, and if they were too long chopped off a Part of their Legs, till they fitted the Couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. *Dryden* hints at this obſolete kind of Wit in one of the following Verſes, in his *Mac Flecno*; which an *Engliſh* Reader cannot underſtand, who does not know that there are thoſe little Poems abovementioned in the Shape of Wings and Altars.

——*Chuſe for thy Command*
Some peaceful Province in Acroſtick Land;
There may'ſt thou Wings *diſplay, and* Altars *raiſe,*
And torture one poor Word a thouſand Ways.

THIS Faſhion of falſe Wit was revived by ſeveral Poets of the laſt Age, and in particular may be met with among Mr. *Herbert*'s Poems; and, if I am not miſtaken, in the Tranſlation of *Du Bartas*. I do not remember any other Kind of Work among the Moderns which more reſembles the Performances I have mentioned, than that famous Picture of King *Charles* the Firſt, which has the whole Book of *Pſalms* written in the Lines of the Face and the Hair of the Head. When I was laſt at *Oxford* I peruſed one of the Whiskers; and was reading the other, but could not go ſo far in it as I would have done, by reaſon of the Impatience of my Friends and Fellow-Travellers, who all of them preſſed to ſee ſuch a Piece of Curioſity. I have ſince heard, that there is now an eminent Writing-Maſter in Town, who has tranſcribed all the *Old Teſtament* in a full-bottomed Perriwig; and if the Faſhion ſhould introduce the thick kind of Wigs which were in Vogue ſome few Years ago, he promiſes to add two or three ſupernumerary Locks that ſhall contain all the *Apocrypha*. He deſigned this Wig originally for King *William*, having diſpoſed of the two Books of *Kings* in the two Forks of the Foretop; but that glorious Monarch dying before the Wig was finiſhed, there is a Space left in it for the Face of any one that has a Mind to purchaſe it.

BUT to return to our ancient Poems in Picture, I would humbly propoſe, for the Benefit of our modern Smatterers in Poetry, that they would imitate their Brethren among the Ancients in thoſe ingenious Devices. I have communicated this Thought to a young Poetical Lover of my Acquaintance, who intends to preſent his Miſtreſs with a Copy of Verſes made in the Shape of her Fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finiſhed the three firſt Sticks of it. He has likewiſe promiſed me to get the Meaſure of his Miſtreſs's Marriage-Finger, with a Deſign to make a Poſie in the Faſhion of a Ring which ſhall exactly fit it. It is ſo very eaſie to enlarge upon a good Hint, that I do not queſtion but my ingenious Readers will apply what I have ſaid to many other Particulars; and that we ſhall ſee the Town filled in a very little time with Poetical Tippets, Handkerchiefs, Snuff-Boxes, and the like Female-Ornaments. I ſhall therefore conclude

clude with a Word of Advice to thoſe admirable *Engliſh* Authors who call themſelves Pindarick Writers, that they would apply themſelves to this kind of Wit without Loſs of Time, as being provided better than any other Poets with Verſes of all Sizes and Dimenſions. C

N° 59. *Tueſday, May* 8.

Operosè Nihil agunt. Sen.

THERE is nothing more certain than that every Man would be a Wit if he could, and notwithſtanding Pedants of pretended Depth and Solidity are apt to decry the Writings of a polite Author, as *Flaſh* and *Froth*, they all of them ſhew upon Occaſion that they would ſpare no Pains to arrive at the Character of thoſe whom they ſeem to deſpiſe. For this Reaſon we often find them endeavouring at Works of Fancy, which coſt them infinite Pangs in the Production. The Truth of it is, a Man had better be a Gally-Slave than a Wit, were one to gain that Title by thoſe Elaborate Trifles which have been the Inventions of ſuch Authors as were often Maſters of Great Learning but no Genius.

IN my laſt Paper I mentioned ſome of theſe falſe Wits among the Ancients, and in this ſhall give the Reader two or three other Species of them, that flouriſhed in the ſame early Ages of the World. The firſt I ſhall produce are the *Lipogrammatiſts* or *Letter-droppers* of Antiquity, that would take an Exception, without any Reaſon, againſt ſome particular Letter in the Alphabet, ſo as not to admit it once into a whole Poem. One *Tryphiodorus* was a great Maſter in this kind of Writing. He compoſed an *Odiſſey* or Epick Poem on the Adventures of *Ulyſſes*, conſiſting of four and twenty Books, having entirely baniſhed the Letter *A* from his firſt Book, which was called *Alpha* (as *Lucus a non lucendo*) becauſe there was not an *Alpha* in it. His Second Book was inſcribed *Beta*, for the ſame Reaſon. In ſhort, the Poet excluded the whole four and twenty Letters in their turns, and ſhewed them, one after another, that he could do his Buſineſs without them.

IT muſt have been very pleaſant to have ſeen this Poet avoiding the reprobate Letter, as much as another would a falſe Quantity, and making his Eſcape from it through the ſeveral *Greek* Dialects, when he was preſſed with it in any particular Syllable. For the moſt apt and elegant Word in the whole Language was rejected, like a Diamond with a Flaw in it, if it appeared blemiſhed with a wrong Letter. I ſhall only obſerve upon this Head, that if the Work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the *Odiſſey* of *Tryphiodorus*, in all probability, would have been oftner quoted by our learned Pedants, than the *Odiſſey* of *Homer*. What a perpetual Fund would it have been of obſolete Words and Phraſes, unuſual Barbariſms and Ruſticities, abſurd Spellings and complicated Dialects? I make no Queſtion but it would have been looked upon as one of the moſt valuable Treaſuries of the *Greek* Tongue.

I find likewiſe among the Ancients that ingenious kind of Conceit, which the Moderns diſtinguiſh by the Name of a *Rebus*, that does not ſink a Letter but a whole Word, by ſubſtituting a Picture in its place. When *Caſar* was one of the Maſters of the *Roman* Mint, he placed the Figure of an Elephant upon the Reverſe of the Publick Money; the Word *Caſar* ſignifying an Elephant in the *Punick* Language. This was artificially contrived by *Caſar*, becauſe it was not lawful for a private Man to ſtamp his own Figure upon the Coin of the Common-wealth. *Cicero*, who was ſo called from the Founder of his Family, that was marked on the Noſe with a little Wenn like a Vetch (which is *Cicer* in *Latin*) inſtead of *Marcus Tullus Cicero*, ordered the Words *Marcus Tullius* with the Figure of a Vetch at the end of 'em to be inſcribed on a Publick Monument. This was done probably to ſhew that he was neither aſhamed of his Name or Family, notwithſtanding the Envy of his Competitors had often reproached him with both. In the ſame manner we read of a famous Building that was marked in ſeveral Parts of it with the Figures of a Frog and a Lizard: Thoſe Words in *Greek* having been the Names of the Architects, who by the Laws of their Country were never permitted to inſcribe their own Names upon their Works. For the

ſame

ſame Reaſon it is thought, that the Forelock of the Horſe in the Antique-Equeſtrian Statue of *Marcus Aurelius*, repreſents at a diſtance the Shape of an Owl, to intimate the Country of the Statuary, who, in all probability, was an *Athenian*. This kind of Wit was very much in Vogue among our own Country-men about an Age or two ago, who did not practiſe it for any oblique Reaſon, as the Ancients abovementioned, but purely for the ſake of being Witty. Among innumerable Inſtances that may be given of this Nature, I ſhall produce the Device of one Mr. *Newberry*, as I find it mentioned by our learned *Camden* in his Remains. Mr. *Newberry*, to repreſent his Name by a Picture, hung up at his Door the Sign of a Yew-tree, that had ſeveral Berries upon it, and in the midſt of them a great golden *N* hung upon a Bough of the Tree, which by the help of a little falſe Spelling made up the Word *N-ew-berry*.

I ſhall conclude this Topick with a *Rebus*, which has been lately hewn out in Free-ſtone, and erected over two of the Portals of *Blenheim* Houſe, being the Figure of a monſtrous Lion tearing to Pieces a little Cock. For the better underſtanding of which Device, I muſt acquaint my *Engliſh* Reader that a Cock has the Misfortune to be called in *Latin* by the ſame Word that ſignifies a *French-Man*, as a Lion is the Emblem of the *Engliſh* Nation. Such a Device in ſo noble a Pile of Building looks like a Punn in an Heroick Poem; and I am very ſorry the truly ingenious Architect would ſuffer the Statuary to blemiſh his excellent Plan with ſo poor a Conceit: But I hope what I have ſaid will gain Quarter for the Cock, and deliver him out of the Lion's Paw.

I find likewiſe in ancient Times the Conceit of making an Eccho talk ſenſibly, and give rational Anſwers. If this could be excuſable in any Writer it would be in *Ovid*, where he introduces the Eccho as a Nymph, before ſhe was worn away into nothing but a Voice. The learned *Eraſmus*, tho' a Man of Wit and Genius, has compoſed a Dialogue upon this ſilly kind of Device, and made uſe of an Eccho who ſeems to have been a very extraordinary Linguiſt, for ſhe anſwers the Perſon ſhe talks with in *Latin*, *Greek* and *Hebrew*, according as ſhe found the Syllables

Syllables which she was to repeat in any of those learned Languages. *Hudibras*, in Ridicule of this false kind of Wit, has described *Bruin* bewailing the Loss of his Bear to a solitary Eccho, who is of great use to the Poet in several Distichs, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his Verse, and furnishes him with *Rhymes*.

He rag'd, and kept as heavy a Coil as
Stout Hercules *for loss of* Hylas;
Forcing the Vallies to repeat
The Accents of his sad Regret:
He beat his Breast, and tore his Hair,
For Loss of his dear Crony Bear,
That Eccho from the hollow Ground
His doleful Wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small Poets Splay foot Rhymes,
That make her, in their rueful Stories,
To answer to Int'rogatories,
And most unconscionably depose
Things of which She nothing knows:
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the Lover's Fancy.
Quoth he, O *whither, wicked* Bruin,
Art thou fled to my —— Eccho, Ruin?
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a Step
For Fear. (*Quoth Eccho*) Marry guep.
Am not I here to take thy Part!
Then what has quell'd thy stubborn Heart?
Have these Bones rattled, and this Head
So often in thy Quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear Sake. (*Quoth she*) Mum budget.
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' Dish
Thou turn'dst thy Back? *Quoth Eccho,* Pish.
To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? *Quoth Eccho,* Mum.
But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine Enemy?
Or if thou hadst no Thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for Thee,

Yet

Yet Shame and Honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning Tail:
For who wou'd grudge to ſpend his Blood in
His Honour's Cauſe? Quoth ſhe, A Pudding. C

N° 60. *Wedneſday, May* 9.

Hoc eſt quod palles? Cur quis non prandeat, Hoc eſt?
Per. Sat. 3.

SEVERAL kinds of falſe Wit that vaniſhed in the refined Ages of the World, diſcovered themſelves again in the Times of Monkiſh Ignorance.

AS the Monks were the Maſters of all that little Learning which was then extant, and had their whole Lives entirely diſengaged from Buſineſs, it is no wonder that ſeveral of them, who wanted Genius for higher Performances, employed many Hours in the Compoſition of ſuch Tricks in Writing as required much Time and little Capacity. I have ſeen half the *Æneid* turned into *Latin* Rhymes by one of the *Beaux Eſprits* of that dark Age; who ſays in his Preface to it, that the *Æneid* wanted nothing but the Sweets of Rhyme to make it the moſt perfect Work in its kind. I have likewiſe ſeen an Hymn in Hexameters to the Virgin *Mary*, which filled a whole Book, tho' it conſiſted but of the eight following Words;

Tot, tibi, ſunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, ſidera, Cœlo.

Thou haſt as many Virtues, O Virgin, as there are Stars in Heaven.

The Poet rung the Changes upon theſe eight ſeveral Words, and by that Means made his Verſes almoſt as numerous as the Virtues and the Stars which they celebrated. It is no Wonder that Men who had ſo much Time upon their Hands, did not only reſtore all the antiquared Pieces of falſe Wit, but enriched the World with Inventions of their own. It was to this Age that we owe the Production

of

of Anagrams, which is nothing elſe but a Tranſmutation of one Word into another, or the turning of the ſame Set of Letters into different Words; which may change Night into Day, or Black into White, if Chance, who is the Goddeſs that preſides over theſe Sorts of Compoſition, ſhall ſo direct. I remember a witty Author, in Alluſion to this Kind of Writing, calls his Rival, who (it ſeems) was diſtorted, and had his Limbs ſet in Places that did not properly belong to them, *The Anagram of a Man.*

WHEN the Anagrammatiſt takes a Name to work upon, he conſiders it at firſt as a Mine not broken up, which will not ſhew the Treaſure it contains till he ſhall have ſpent many Hours in the Search of it: For it is his Buſineſs to find out one Word that conceals it ſelf in another, and to examine the Letters in all the Variety of Stations in which they can poſſibly be ranged. I have heard of a Gentleman who, when this Kind of Wit was in faſhion, endeavoured to gain his Miſtreſs's Heart by it. She was one of the fineſt Women of her Age, and known by the Name of the Lady *Mary Boon*. The Lover not being able to make any thing of *Mary*, by certain Liberties indulged to this kind of Writing converted it into *Moll*; and after having ſhut himſelf up for half a Year, with indefatigable Induſtry produced an Anagram. Upon the preſenting it to his Miſtreſs, who was a little vexed in her Heart to ſee her ſelf degraded into *Moll Boon*, ſhe told him, to his infinite Surprize, that he had miſtaken her Sirname, for that it was not *Boon* but *Bohun*.

——— Ibi omnis
Effuſus labor ———

The Lover was thunder-ſtruck with his Misfortune, inſomuch that in a little Time after he loſt his Senſes, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual Application he had given to his Anagram.

THE Acroſtick was probably invented about the ſame time with the Anagram, tho' it is impoſſible to decide whether the Inventor of the one or the other were the greater Blockhead. The *Simple* Acroſtick is nothing but the Name or Title of a Perſon or Thing made out of the initial

initial Letters of ſeveral Verſes, and by that Means written, after the Manner of the *Chineſe*, in a perpendicular Line. But beſides theſe there are *Compound* Acroſticks, where the principal Letters ſtand two or three deep. I have ſeen ſome of them where the Verſes have not only been edged by a Name at each Extremity, but have had the ſame Name running down like a Seam through the Middle of the Poem.

THERE is another near Relation of the Anagrams and Acroſticks, which is commonly called a Chronogram. This Kind of Wit appears very often on many modern Medals, eſpecially thoſe of *Germany*, when they repreſent in the Inſcription the Year in which they were coined. Thus we ſee on a Medal of *Guſtaphus Adolphus* the following Words, CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the Pains to pick the Figures out of the ſeveral Words, and range them in their proper Order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVVII, or 1627, the Year in which the Medal was ſtamped: For as ſome of the Letters diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt, and overtop their Fellows, they are to be conſidered in a double Capacity, both as Letters and as Figures. Your laborious *German* Wits will turn over a whole Dictionary for one of theſe ingenious Devices. A Man would think they were ſearching after an apt claſſical Term, but inſtead of that they are looking out a Word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When therefore we meet with any of theſe Inſcriptions, we are not ſo much to look in 'em for the Thought, as for the Year of the Lord.

THE *Bouts Rimez* were the Favourites of the *French* Nation for a whole Age together, and that at a Time when it abounded in Wit and Learning. They were a Liſt of Words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another Hand, and given to a Poet, who was to make a Poem to the Rhymes in the ſame Order that they were placed upon the Liſt: The more uncommon the Rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the Genius of the Poet that could accommodate his Verſes to them. I do not know any greater Inſtance of the Decay of Wit and Learning among the *French* (which generally follows the Declenſion of Empire) than the endeavouring to reſtore

ſtore this fooliſh Kind of Wit. If the Reader will be at the Trouble to ſee Examples of it, let him look into the new *Mercure Galant*; where the Author every Month gives a Liſt of Rhymes to be filled up by the Ingenious, in order to be communicated to the Publick in the *Mercure* for the ſucceeding Month. That for the Month of *November* laſt, which now lies before me, is as follows.

. . . . . *Lauriers*
. . . . . *Guerriers*
. . . . . *Muſette*
. . . . . *Liſette*

. . . . . *Ceſars*
. . . . . *Etendars*
. . . . . *Houlette*
. . . . . *Foleta*

One would be amazed to ſee ſo learned a Man as *Menage* talking ſeriouſly on this Kind of Trifle in the following Paſſage.

MONSIEUR de la Chambre *has told me, that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his Pen into his Hand; but that one Sentence always produced another. For my own Part, I never knew what I ſhould write next when I was making Verſes. In the firſt Place I got all my Rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four Months in filling them up. I one Day ſhewed Monſieur* Gombaud *a Compoſition of this Nature, in which among others I had made uſe of the four following Rhymes,* Amaryllis, Phillis, Marne, Arne, *deſiring him to give me his Opinion of it. He told me immediately, That my Verſes were good for nothing. And upon my asking his Reaſon, he ſaid, Becauſe the Rhymes are too common; and for that Reaſon eaſie to be put into Verſe. Marry, ſays I, if it be ſo, I am very well rewarded for all the Pains I have been at. But by Monſieur* Gombaud's *Leave, notwithſtanding the Severity of the Criticiſm the Verſes were good.* Vid. MENAGIANA. Thus far the learned *Menage*, whom I have tranſlated Word for Word.

THE

THE firſt Occaſion of theſe *Bouts Rimez* made them in ſome Manner excuſable, as they were Tasks which the *French* Ladies uſed to impoſe on their Lovers. But when a grave Author, like him above mentioned, tasked himſelf, could there be any thing more ridiculous? Or would not one be apt to believe that the Auther played booty, and did not make his Liſt of Rhymes till he had finiſhed his Poem?

I ſhall only add, that this Piece of falſe Wit has been finely ridiculed by Monſieur *Saraſin*, in a Poem entituled *La Defaite des Bouts-Rimez*, *The Rout of the Bouts-Rimez*.

I muſt ſubjoin to this laſt Kind of Wit the double Rhymes, which are uſed in Doggeral Poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant Readers. If the Thought of the Couplet in ſuch Compoſitions is good, the Rhyme adds little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the Power of the Rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great Numbers of thoſe who admire the incomparable *Hudibras*, do it more on account of theſe Doggerel Rhymes than of the Parts that really deſerve Admiration. I am ſure I have heard the

Pulpit, Drum Eccleſiaſtick,
Was beat with Fiſt inſtead of a Stick.

and

There was an antient ſage Philoſopher
Who had read Alexander Roſs *over.*

more frequently quoted, than the fineſt Pieces of Wit in the whole Poem.

C

Thuſ-

N° 61. *Thurſday, May* 10.

Non equidem ſtudeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgeſcat, dare pondus idonea fumo. Perſ.

THERE is no kind of falſe Wit which has been ſo recommended by the Practice of all Ages, as that which conſiſts in a Jingle of Words, and is comprehended under the general Name of *Punning*. It is indeed impoſſible to kill a Weed, which the Soil has a natural Diſpoſition to produce. The Seeds of Punning are in the Minds of all Men, and tho' they may be ſubdued by Reaſon, Reflection, and good Senſe, they will be very apt to ſhoot up in the greateſt Genius, that is not broken and cultivated by the Rules of Art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raiſe the Mind to Poetry, Painting, Muſick, or other more noble Arts, it often breaks out in Punns and Quibbles.

ARISTOTLE, in the Eleventh Chapter of his Book of Rhetorick, deſcribes two or three kinds of Punns, which he calls Paragrams, among the Beauties of good Writing, and produces Inſtances of them out of ſome of the greateſt Authors in the *Greek* Tongue. *Cicero* has ſprinkled ſeveral of his Works with Punns, and in his Book where he lays down the Rules of Oratory, quotes abundance of Sayings as Pieces of Wit, which alſo upon Examination prove arrant Punns. But the Age in which *the Punn* chiefly flouriſhed, was the Reign of King *James* the Firſt. That learned Monarch was himſelf a tolerable Punnſter, and made very few Biſhops or Privy-Counſellors that had not ſome time or other ſignalized themſelves by a Clinch, or a *Conundrum*. It was therefore in this Age that the Punn appeared with Pomp and Dignity. It had before been admitted into merry Speeches and ludicrous Compoſitions, but was now delivered with great Gravity from the Pulpit, or pronounced in the moſt ſolemn manner at the Council-Table. The greateſt Authors,

thors, in their moſt ſerious Works, made frequent uſe of Punns. The Sermons of Biſhop *Andrews*, and the Tragedies of *Shakeſpear*, are full of them. The Sinner was punned into Repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more uſual than to ſee a Hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen Lines together.

I muſt add to theſe great Authorities, which ſeem to have given a kind of Sanction to this Piece of falſe Wit, that all the Writers of Rhetorick have treated of Punning with very great Reſpect, and divided the ſeveral kinds of it into hard Names, that are reckoned among the Figures of Speech, and recommended as Ornaments in Diſcourſe. I remember a Country School-maſter of my Acquaintance told me once, that he had been in Company with a Gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greateſt *Paragrammatiſt* among the Moderns. Upon Enquiry, I found my learned Friend had dined that Day with Mr. *Swan*, the famous Punniſter; and deſiring him to give me ſome Account of Mr. *Swan*'s Converſation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paranomaſia*, that he ſometimes gave into the *Ploce*, but that in his humble Opinion he ſhined moſt in the *Antanaclaſis*.

I muſt not here omit, that a famous Univerſity of this Land was formerly very much infeſted with Punns; but whether or no this might not ariſe from the Fens and Marſhes in which it was ſituated, and which are now drained, I muſt leave to the Determination of more ſkilful Naturaliſts.

AFTER this ſhort Hiſtory of Punning, one would wonder how it ſhould be ſo entirely baniſhed out of the Learned World, as it is at preſent, eſpecially ſince it had found a Place in the Writings of the moſt ancient Polite Authors. To account for this, we muſt conſider, that the firſt Race of Authors, who were the great Heroes in Writing, were deſtitute of all Rules and Arts of Criticiſm; and for that Reaſon, though they excel later Writers in Greatneſs of Genius, they fall ſhort of them in Accuracy and Correctneſs. The Moderns cannot reach their Beauties, but can avoid their Imperfections. When the World was furniſhed with theſe Authors of the firſt Eminence, there grew up another Set of Writers, who

who gained themſelves a Reputation by the Remarks which they made on the Works of thoſe who preceded them. It was one of the Employments of theſe Secondary Authors, to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral Kinds of Wit by Terms of Art, and to conſider them as more or leſs perfect, according as they were founded in Truth. It is no wonder therefore, that even ſuch Authors as *Iſocrates*, *Plato*, and *Cicero*, ſhould have ſuch little Blemiſhes as are not to be met with in Authors of a much inferior Character, who have written ſince thoſe ſeveral Blemiſhes were diſcovered. I do not find that there was a proper Separation made between Punns and true Wit by any of the Ancient Authors, except *Quintilian* and *Longinus*. But when this Diſtinction was once ſettled, it was very natural for all Men of Senſe to agree in it. As for the Revival of this falſe Wit, it happened about the time of the Revival of Letters; but as ſoon as it was once detected, it immediately vaniſhed and diſappeared. At the ſame time there is no queſtion, but as it has ſunk in one Age and roſe in another, it will again recover it ſelf in ſome diſtant Period of Time, as Pedantry and Ignorance ſhall prevail upon Wit and Senſe. And, to ſpeak the Truth, I do very much apprehend, by ſome of the laſt Winter's Productions, which had their Sets of Admirers, that our Poſterity will in a few Years degenerate into a Race of Punniſters: At leaſt, a Man may be very excuſable for any Apprehenſions of this kind, that has ſeen *Acroſticks* handed about the Town with great Secreſie and Applauſe; to which I muſt alſo add a little *Epigram* called the *Witches Prayer*, that fell into Verſe when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it Curſed one way and Bleſſed the other. When one ſees there are actually ſuch Pain-takers among our *Britiſh* Wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we muſt Laſh one another, let it be with the manly Strokes of Wit and Satyr; for I am of the old Philoſopher's Opinion, That if I muſt ſuffer from one or the other, I would rather it ſhould be from the Paw of a Lion, than the Hoof of an Aſs. I do not ſpeak this out of any Spirit of Party. There is a moſt crying Dulneſs on both Sides. I have ſeen Tory *Acroſticks* and Whig *Anagrams*, and do not quarrel with either of them,

them, becauſe they are *Whigs* or *Tories*, but becauſe they are *Anagrams* and *Acroſticks*.

BUT to return to Punning. Having purſued the Hiſtory of a Punn, from its Original to its Downfal, I ſhall here define it to be a Conceit ariſing from the uſe of two Words that agree in the Sound, but differ in the Senſe. The only way therefore to try a Piece of Wit, is to tranſlate it into a different Language: If it bears the Teſt you may pronounce it true; but if it vaniſhes in the Experiment you may conclude it to have been a Punn. In ſhort, one may ſay of a Punn as the Country-man deſcribed his Nightingale, that it is *vox & præterea nihil*, a Sound, and nothing but a Sound. On the contrary, one may repreſent true Wit by the Deſcription which *Ariſtinetus* makes of a fine Woman, When ſhe is *dreſſed* ſhe is Beautiful, when ſhe is *undreſſed* ſhe is Beautiful: Or, as *Mercerus* has tranſlated it more Emphatically, *Induitur, formoſa eſt: Exuitur, ipſa forma eſt.* C

N° 62. *Friday, May* 11.

Scribendi recte Sapere eſt & principium & fons. Hor.

MR. *Lock* has an admirable Reflection upon the Difference of Wit and Judgment, whereby he endeavours to ſhew the Reaſon why they are not always the Talents of the ſame Perſon. His Words are as follow: *And hence, perhaps, may be given ſome Reaſon of that common Obſervation, That Men who have a great deal of Wit and prompt Memories, have not always the clearеſt Judgment or deepeſt Reaſon. For Wit lying moſt in the Aſſemblage of Ideas, and putting thoſe together with Quickneſs and Variety, wherein can be found any Reſemblance or Congruity, thereby to make up pleaſant Pictures and agreeable Viſions in the Fancy; Judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other Side, In ſeparating carefully one from another, Ideas wherein can be found the leaſt Difference, thereby to avoid being miſ-led by Similitude, and by Affinity to take one thing for another. This is a Way of proceeding quite contra-*

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ry to Metaphor and Alluſion; wherein, for the moſt Part, lies that Entertainment and Pleaſantry of Wit which ſtrikes ſo livily on the Fancy, and is therefore ſo acceptable to all People.

THIS is, I think, the beſt and moſt philoſophical Account that I have ever met with of Wit, which generally, though not always, conſiſts in ſuch a Reſemblance and Congruity of Ideas as this Author mentions. I ſhall only add to it, by way of Explanation, That every Reſemblance of Ideas is not that which we call Wit, unleſs it be ſuch an one that gives *Delight* and *Surprize* to the Reader: Theſe two Properties ſeem eſſential to Wit, more particularly the laſt of them. In order therefore that the Reſemblance in the Ideas be Wit, it is neceſſary that the Ideas ſhould not lye too near one another in the Nature of things; for where the Likeneſs is obvious, it gives no Surprize. To compare one Man's Singing to that of another, or to repreſent the Whiteneſs of any Object by that of Milk and Snow, or the Variety of its Colours by thoſe of the Rainbow, cannot be called Wit, unleſs, beſides this obvious Reſemblance, there be ſome further Congruity diſcovered in the two Ideas that is capable of giving the Reader ſome Surprize. Thus when a Poet tells us, the Boſom of his Miſtreſs is as white as Snow, there is no Wit in the Compariſon; but when he adds, with a Sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into Wit. Every Reader's Memory may ſupply him with innumerable Inſtances of the ſame Nature. For this Reaſon, the Similitudes in Heroick Poets, who endeavour rather to fill the Mind with great Conceptions, than to divert it with ſuch as are new and ſurprizing, have ſeldom any thing in them that can be called Wit. *Mr. Locke*'s Account of Wit, with this ſhort Explanation, comprehends moſt of the Species of Wit, as Metaphors, Similitudes, Allegories, Ænigmas, Mottos, Parables, Fables, Dreams, Viſions, dramatick Writings, Burleſque, and all the Methods of Alluſion: As there are many other Pieces of Wit, (how remote ſoever they may appear at firſt Sight from the foregoing Deſcription) which upon Examination will be found to agree with it.

AS

AS *true Wit* generally conſiſts in this Reſemblance and Congruity of Ideas, *falſe Wit* chiefly conſiſts in the Reſemblance and Congruity ſometimes of ſingle Letters, as in Anagrams, Chronograms, Lipograms, and Acroſticks: Sometimes of Syllables, as in Ecchos and Doggerel Rhymes: Sometimes of Words, as in Punns and Quibbles; and ſometimes of whole Sentences, or Poems, caſt into the Figures of *Eggs*, *Axes* or *Altars*: Nay, ſome carry the Notion of Wit ſo far, as to aſcribe it even to external Mimickry; and to look upon a Man as an ingenious Perſon, that can reſemble the Tone, Poſture, or Face of another.

AS *true Wit* conſiſts in the Reſemblance of Ideas, and *falſe Wit* in the Reſemblance of Words, according to the foregoing Inſtances; there is another kind of Wit which conſiſts partly in the Reſemblance of Ideas, and partly in the Reſemblance of Words; which for Diſtinction Sake I ſhall call *mixt Wit*. This kind of Wit is that which abounds in *Cowley*, more than in any Author that ever wrote. Mr. *Waller* has likewiſe a great deal of it. Mr. *Dryden* is very ſparing in it. *Milton* had a Genius much above it. *Spenſer* is in the ſame Claſs with *Milton*. The *Italians*, even in their Epic Poetry, are full of it. Monſieur *Boileau*, who formed himſelf upon the Ancient Poets, has every where rejected it with Scorn. If we look after mixt Wit among the *Greek* Writers, we ſhall find it no where but in the Epigrammatiſts. There are indeed ſome Strokes of it in the little Poem aſcribed to *Muſæus*, which by that, as well as many other Marks, betrays it ſelf to be a Modern Compoſition. If we look into the *Latin* Writers, we find none of this mixt Wit in *Virgil*, *Lucretius* or *Catullus*; very little in *Horace*, but a great deal of it in *Ovid*, and ſcarce any Thing elſe in *Martial*.

OUT of the innumerable Branches of *mixt Wit*, I ſhall chuſe one Inſtance which may be met with in all the Writers of this Claſs. The Paſſion of Love in its Nature has been thought to reſemble Fire; for which Reaſon the Words Fire and Flame are made uſe of to ſignifie Love. The witty Poets therefore have taken an Advantage from the doubtful Meaning of the Word Fire, to make an infinite Number of Witticiſms. *Cowley* obſerving the cold Regard of his Miſtreſs's Eyes, and at the

the ſame Time their Power of producing Love in him, conſiders them as Burning-Glaſſes made of Ice; and finding himſelf able to live in the greateſt Extremities of Love, concludes the Torrid Zone to be habitable. When his Miſtreſs has read his Letter written in Juſtice of Lemmon by holding it to the Fire, he deſires her to read it over a ſecond time by Love's Flames. When ſhe weeps, he wiſhes it were inward Heat that diſtilled thoſe Drops from the Limbeck. When ſhe is abſent he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty Degrees nearer the Pole than when ſhe is with him. His ambitious Love is a Fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy Love is the Beams of Heaven and his unhappy Love Flames of Hell. When it does not let him ſleep, it is a Flame that ſends up no Smoak; when it is oppoſed by Counſel and Advice, it is a Fire that rages the more by the Wind's blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a Tree in which he had cut his Loves, he obſerves that his written Flames had burnt up and withered the Tree. When he reſolves to give over his Paſſion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the Fire. His Heart is an *Ætna*, that inſtead of *Vulcan*'s Shop incloſes *Cupid*'s Forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his Love in Wine, is throwing Oil upon the Fire. He would inſinuate to his Miſtreſs, that the Fire of Love, like that of the Sun (which produces ſo many living Creatures) ſhould not only warm but beget. Love in another Place cooks Pleaſure at his Fire. Sometimes the Poet's Heart is frozen in every Breaſt, and ſometimes ſcorched in every Eye. Sometimes he is drowned in Tears, and burnt in Love, like a Ship ſet on fire in the Middle of the Sea.

THE Reader may obſerve in every one of theſe Inſtances, that the Poet mixes the Qualities of Fire with thoſe of Love; and in the ſame Sentence ſpeaking of it both as a Paſſion, and as real Fire, ſurprizes the Reader with thoſe ſeeming Reſemblances or Contradictions that make up all the Wit in this Kind of Writing. Mixt Wit therefore is a Compoſition of Punn and true Wit, and is more or leſs perfect as the Reſemblance lyes in the Ideas or in the Words: Its Foundations are laid partly in Falſehood and partly in Truth: Reaſon puts in her Claim for one Half

Half of it, and Extravagance for the other. The only Province therefore for this kind of Wit, is Epigram, or thoſe little occaſional Poems that in their own Nature are nothing elſe but a Tiſſue of Epigrams. I cannot conclude this Head of *mixt Wit*, without owning that the admirable Poet out of whom I have taken the Examples of it, had as much true Wit as any Author that ever writ; and indeed all other Talents of an extraordinary Genius.

IT may be expected, ſince I am upon this Subject, that I ſhould take Notice of Mr. *Dryden*'s Definition of Wit; which, with all the Deference that is due to the Judgment of ſo great a Man, is not ſo properly a Definition of Wit, as of good Writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is 'a Propriety of Words and Thoughts adapted to the Sub-'ject. If this be a true Definition of Wit, I am apt to think that *Euclid* was the greateſt Wit that ever ſet Pen to Paper: It is certain there never was a greater Propriety of Words and Thoughts adapted to the Subject, than what that Author has made uſe of in his Elements. I ſhall only appeal to my Reader, if this Definition agrees with any Notion he has of Wit: If it be a true one, I am ſure Mr. *Dryden* was not only a better Poet, but a greater Wit than Mr. *Cowley*; and *Virgil* a much more facetious Man than either *Ovid* or *Martial*.

BOUHOURS, whom I look upon to be the moſt penetrating of all the *French* Criticks, has taken Pains to ſhew, That it is impoſſible for any Thought to be beautiful which is not juſt, and has not its Foundation in the Nature of things: That the Baſis of all Wit is Truth; and that no Thought can be valuable, of which good Senſe is not the Ground-Work. *Boileau* has endeavoured to inculcate the ſame Notion in ſeveral Parts of his Writings, both in Proſe and Verſe. This is that natural Way of Writing, that beautiful Simplicity, which we ſo much admire in the Compoſitions of the Ancients; and which no Body deviates from, but thoſe who want Strength of Genius to make a Thought ſhine in its own natural Beauties. Poets who want this Strength of Genius to give that Majeſtick Simplicity to Nature, which we ſo much admire in the Works of the Ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign Ornaments, and not to let any Piece of Wit of what Kind ſoever eſcape them. I look

upon these Writers as *Goths* in Poetry, who, like those in Architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful Simplicity of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*, have endeavoured to supply its Place with all the Extravagances of an irregular Fancy. Mr. *Dryden* makes a very handsome Observation on *Ovid*'s Writing a Letter from *Dido* to *Æneas*, in the following Words: "*Ovid* (says he, speaking of *Virgil*'s Fiction of *Dido* and *Æneas*) 'takes it up after 'him, even in the same Age, and makes an Ancient Heroine of *Virgil*'s new-created *Dido*; dictates a Letter for 'her just before her Death to the ungrateful Fugitive; 'and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a 'Sword with a Man so much superior in Force to him, 'on the same Subject. I think I may be Judge of this, 'because I have translated both. The famous Author of 'the Art of Love has nothing of his own; he borrows 'all from a greater Master in his own Profession, and, 'which is worse, improves nothing which he finds: Nature fails him, and being forced to his old Shift, he has 'Recourse to Witticism. This passes indeed with his soft 'Admirers, and gives him the Preference to *Virgil* in 'their Esteem.

WERE not I supported by so great an Authority as that of Mr. *Dryden*, I should not venture to observe, That the Taste of most of our *English* Poets, as well as Readers, is extremely *Gothick*. He quotes Monsieur *Segrais* for a threefold Distinction of the Readers of Poetry: In the first of which he comprehends the Rabble of Readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their Quality, but to their Numbers and the Coarseness of their Taste. His Words are as follow: 'Segrais has di-'stinguished the Readers of Poetry, according to their 'Capacity of judging, into three Classes. [He might 'have said the same of Writers too, if he had pleased.] 'in the lowest Form he places those whom he calls *Les* '*Petits Esprits*, such things as are our Upper-Gallery Au-'dience in a Play-house; who like nothing but the Husk 'and Rind of Wit, prefer a Quibble, a Conceit, an Epi-'gram, before solid Sense and elegant Expression: These 'are Mob-Readers. If *Virgil* and *Martial* stood for Par-'liament-Men, we know already who would carry it. 'But though they make the greatest Appearance in the

'Field,

'Field, and cry the loudeſt, the beſt on't is they are but a 'Sort of *French* Huguenots, or *Dutch* Boors, brought over 'in Herds, but not Naturalized; who have not Lands of 'two Pounds *per Annum* in *Parnaſſus*, and therefore are 'not privileged to Poll. Their Authors are of the ſame 'Level, fit to repreſent them on a Mountebank's Stage, 'or to be Maſters of the Ceremonies in a Bear-Garden: 'Yet theſe are they who have the moſt Admirers. But 'it often happens, to their Mortification, that as their 'Readers improve their Stock of Senſe, (as they may by 'reading better Books, and by Converſation with Men of 'Judgment) they ſoon forſake them.

I muſt not diſmiſs this Subject without obſerving, that as Mr. *Lock* in the Paſſage above-mentioned has diſcovered the moſt fruitful Source of Wit, ſo there is another of a quite contrary Nature to it, which does likewiſe branch it ſelf out into ſeveral Kinds. For not only the *Reſemblance* but the *Oppoſition* of Ideas does very often produce Wit; as I could ſhew in ſeveral little Points, Turns, and Antitheſes, that I may poſſibly enlarge upon in ſome future Speculation. C

N° 63. *Saturday, May* 12.

Humano Capiti cervicem pictor Equinam
Jungere ſi velit & varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne;
Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis amici?
Credite Piſones iſti tabulæ fore libram
Perſimilem, cujus, velut ægri ſomnia, vanæ
Fingnntur ſpecies——— Hor.

IT is very hard for the Mind to diſengage it ſelf from a Subject in which it has been long employed. The Thoughts will be riſing of themſelves from time to time, tho' we give them no Encouragement; as the

Toſſings and Fluctuations of the Sea continue ſeveral Hours after the Winds are laid.

IT is to this that I impute my laſt Night's Dream or Viſion, which formed into one continued Allegory the ſeveral Schemes of Wit, whether Falſe, Mixed, or True, that have been the Subject of my late Papers.

METHOUGHTS I was tranſported into a Country that was filled with Prodigies and Enchantments, governed by the Gooddeſs of FALSEHOOD and entitled the *Region of Falſe Wit*. There was nothing in the Fields, the Woods, and the Rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the Trees bloſſomed in Leaf-Gold, ſome of them produced Bone-Lace, and ſome of them precious Stones. The Fountains bubbled in an Opera Tune, and were filled with Stags, Wild-Boars, and Mermaids, that lived among the Waters; at the ſame time that Dolphins and ſeveral kinds of Fiſh played upon the Banks, or took their Paſtime in the Meadows. The Birds had many of them golden Beaks, and human Voices. The Flowers perfumed the Air with Smells of Incenſe, Amber-greeſe, and Pulvillios; and were ſo interwoven with one another, that they grew up in Pieces of Embroidery. The Winds were filled with Sighs and Meſſages of diſtant Lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted Wilderneſs, I could not forbear breaking out into Soliloquies upon the ſeveral Wonders which lay before me, when to my great Surpriſe I found there were artificial Ecchoes in every Walk, that by Repetitions of certain Words which I ſpoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me, in every thing I ſaid. In the midſt of my Converſation with theſe inviſible Companions, I diſcovered in the Center of a very dark Grove a monſtrous Fabrick built after the *Gothick* manner, and covered with innumerable Devices in that barbarous kind of Sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of Heathen Temple conſecrated to the God of *Dulneſs*. Upon my Entrance I ſaw the Deity of the Place dreſſed in the Habit of a Monk, with a Book in one Hand and a Rattle in the other. Upon his right Hand was *Induſtry*, with a Lamp burning before her; and on his left *Caprice*, with a Monky ſitting on her

her Shoulder. Before his Feet there ſtood an *Altar* of a very odd Make, which, as I afterwards found, was ſhaped in that manner, to comply with the Inſcription that ſurrounded it. Upon the Altar there lay ſeveral Offerings of *Axes*, *Wings*, and *Eggs*, cut in Paper, and inſcribed with Verſes. The Temple was filled with Votaries, who applied themſelves to different Diverſions, as their Fancies directed them. In one Part of it I ſaw a Regiment of *Anagrams*, who were continually in motion, turning to the Right or to the Left, facing about, doubling their Ranks, ſhifting their Stations and throwing themſelves into all the Figures and Counter-marches of the moſt changeable and perplexed Exerciſe.

NOT far from theſe was a Body of *Acroſticks*, made up of very diſproportioned Perſons. It was diſpoſed into three Columns, the Officers planting themſelves in a Line on the left Hand of each Column. The Offices were all of them at leaſt Six Foot high, and made three Rows of very proper Men; but the Common Soldiers, who filled up the Spaces between the Officers were ſuch Dwarfs, Cripples, and Scarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the *Acroſticks* two or three Files of *Chronograms*, which differed only from the former, as their Officers were equipped (like the Figure of Time) with an Hour-glaſs in one Hand, and a Scythe in the other, and took their Poſts promiſcuouſly among the private Men whom they commanded.

IN the Body of the Temple, and before the very Face of the Diety, methoughts I ſaw the Phantom of *Tryphiodorus* the *Lipogrammatiſt*, engaged in a Ball with four and twenty Perſons, who purſued him by turns thro' all the Intricacies and Labyrinths of a Country Dance, without being able to overtake him.

OBSERVING ſeveral to be very buſie at the Weſtern End of the *Temple*, I enquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that Quarter the great Magazine of *Rebus's*. Theſe were ſeveral things of the moſt different Natures tied up in Bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like Faggots. You might behold an

Anchor, a Night-rail, and an Hobby-horſe bound up together. One of the Workmen ſeeing me very much ſurpriſed, told me, there was an infinite deal of Wit in ſeveral of thoſe Bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleaſed: I thanked him for his Civility, but told him I was in very great haſte at that time. As I was going out of the Temple, I obſerved in one Corner of it a Cluſter of Men and Women laughing very heartily, and diverting themſelves at a Game of *Crambo*. I heard ſeveral *double Rhymes* as I paſſed by them, which raiſed a great deal of Mirth.

NOT far from theſe was another Set of merry People engaged at a Diverſion, in which the whole Jeſt was to miſtake one Perſon for another. To give Occaſion for theſe ludicrous Miſtakes, they were divided into Pairs, every Pair being covered from Head to Foot with the ſame kind of Dreſs, though perhaps there was not the leaſt Reſemblance in their Faces. By this means an old Man was ſometimes miſtaken for a Boy, a Woman for a Man, and a Black-a-moor for an *European*, which very often produced great Peals of Laughter. Theſe I gueſſed to be a Party of *Punns*. But being very deſirous to get out of this World of Magick, which had almoſt turned my Brain, I left the Temple, and croſſed over the Fields that lay about it with all the Speed I could make. I was not gone far before I heard the Sound of Trumpets and Alarms, which ſeemed to proclaim the March of an Enemy; and, as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great Diſtance a very ſhining Light, and in the midſt of it a Perſon of a moſt beautiful Aſpect; her Name was TRUTH. On her Right Hand there marched a Male Deity, who bore ſeveral Quivers on his Shoulders, and graſped ſeveral Arrows in his Hand. His Name was *Wit*. The Approach of theſe two Enemies filled all the Territories of *Falſe Wit* with an unſpeakable Conſternation, inſomuch that the Goddeſs of thoſe Regions appeared in Perſon upon her Frontiers, with the ſeveral inferior Deities, and the different Bodies of Forces which I had before ſeen in the Temple, who were now drawn up in Array, and prepared to give their

heir Foes a warm Reception. As the March of the Enemy was very ſlow, it gave time to the ſeveral Inhabitants who bordered upon the *Regions of* FALSEHOOD to draw their Forces into a Body, with a Deſign to ſtand upon their Guard as Neuters, and attend the Iſſue of the Combat.

I muſt here inform my Reader, that the Frontiers of the Enchanted Region, which I have before deſcribed, were inhabited by the Species of MIXED WIT, who made a very odd Appearance when they were muſtered together in an Army. There were Men whoſe Bodies were ſtuck full of Darts, and Women whoſe Eyes were Burning-glaſſes: Men that had Hearts of Fire, and Women that had Breaſts of Snow. It would be endleſs to deſcribe ſeveral Monſters of the like Nature, that compoſed this great Army; which immediately fell aſunder, and divided it ſelf into two Parts, the one half throwing themſelves behind the Banners of TRUTH, and the others behind thoſe of FALSEHOOD.

THE Goddeſs of FALSEHOOD was of a Gigantick Stature, and advanced ſome Paces before the Front of her Army; but as the dazling Light, which flowed from TRUTH, began to ſhine upon her, ſhe faded inſenſibly; inſomuch that in a little ſpace ſhe looked rather like an huge Phantom, than a real Subſtance. At length as the Goddeſs of TRUTH approached ſtill nearer to her, ſhe fell away entirely, and vaniſhed amidſt the Brightneſs of her Preſence; ſo that there did not remain the leaſt Trace or Impreſſion of her Figure in the Place where ſhe had been ſeen.

AS at the riſing of the Sun the Conſtellations grow thin, and the Stars go out one after another, till the whole Hemiſphere is extinguiſhed; ſuch was the vaniſhing of the Goddeſs; and not only of the Goddeſs her ſelf, but of the whole Army that attended her, which ſympathized with their Leader, and ſhrunk into Nothing, in proportion as the Goddeſs diſappeared. At the ſame time the whole Temple ſunk, the Fiſh betook themſelves to the Streams, and the wild Beaſts to the Woods; the Fountains recovered their Murmurs, the Birds their Voices, the Trees their Leaves, the Flowers their Scents, and the

whole Face of Nature its true and genuine Appearance. Tho' I ſtill continued aſleep, I fancied my ſelf as it were awakened out of a Dream, when I ſaw this Region of Prodigies reſtored to Woods and Rivers, Fields and Meadows.

UPON the Removal of that wild Scene of Wonders, which had very much diſturbed my Imagination, I took a full Survey of the Perſons of WIT and TRUTH; for indeed it was impoſſible to look upon the firſt, without ſeeing the other at the ſame time. There was behind them a ſtrong and compact Body of Figures. The Genius of *Heroick Poetry* appeared with a Sword in her Hand, and a Lawrel on her Head. *Tragedy* was crowned with Cypreſs and covered with Ropes dipped in Blood. *Satyr* had Smiles in her Look, and a Dagger under her Garment. *Rhetorick* was known by her Thunderbolt; and *Comedy* by her Mask. After ſeveral other Figures, *Epigram* marched up in the Rear, who had been poſted there at the Beginning of the Expedition, that he might not revolt to the Enemy, whom he was ſuſpected to favour in his Heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the Appearance of the God of *Wit*; there was ſomething ſo amiable and yet ſo piercing in his Looks, as inſpired me at once with Love and Terror. As I was gazing on him to my unſpeakable Joy, he took a Quiver of Arrows from his Shoulder, in order to make me a Preſent of it; but as I was reaching out my Hand to receive it of him, I knocked it againſt a Chair, and by that means awaked. C

Nº 64. *Monday, May* 14.

—— Hic vivimus Ambitioſa
Paupertate omnes—— Juv.

THE moſt improper things we commit in the Conduct of our Lives, we are led into by the Force of Faſhion. Inſtances might be given, in which a prevailing Cuſtom makes us act againſt the Rules of Nature,

ture, Law, and common Senſe: But at preſent I ſhall confine my Conſideration of the Effect it has upon Mens Minds, by looking into our Behaviour when it is the Faſhion to go into Mourning. The Cuſtom of repreſenting the Grief we have for the Loſs of the Dead by our Habits, certainly had its Riſe from the real Sorrow of ſuch as were too much diſtreſſed to take the proper Care they ought of their Dreſs. By Degrees it prevailed, that ſuch as had this inward Oppreſſion upon their Minds, made an Apology for not joining with the reſt of the World in in their ordinary Diverſions, by a Dreſs ſuited to their Condition. This therefore was at firſt aſſumed by ſuch only as were under real Diſtreſs to whom it was a Relief that they had nothing about them ſo light and gay, as to be irkſome to the Gloom and Melancholy of their inward Reflections, or that might miſrepreſent them to others. In Proceſs of Time this laudable Diſtinction of the Sorrowful was loſt and Mourning is now worn by Heir and Widows. You ſee nothing but Magnificence and Solemnity in the Equipage of the Relict, and an Air of Releaſe from Servitude in the Pomp of a Son who has loſt a wealthy Father. This Faſhion of Sorrow is now become a generous Part of the Ceremonial between Princes and Sovereigns, who in the Language of all Nations are ſtiled Brothers to each other, and put on the Purple upon the Death of any Potentate with whom they live in Amity. Courtiers, and all who wiſh themſelves ſuch, are immediately ſeized with Grief from Head to Foot upon this Diſaſter to their Prince; ſo that one may know by the very Buckles of a Gentleman-Uſher, what Degree of Friendſhip any deceaſed Monarch maintained with the Court to which he belongs. A good Courtier's Habit and Behaviour is hieroglyphical on theſe Occaſions: He deals much in Whiſpers, and you may ſee he dreſſes according to the beſt Intelligence.

THE general Affectation among Men, of appearing greater than they are, makes the whole World run into the Habit of the Court. You ſee the Lady, who the Day before was as various as a Rainbow, upon the Time appointed for beginning to mourn, as dark as a Cloud. This Humour does not prevail only on thoſe whoſe Fortunes

can ſupport any Change in their Equipage, not on thoſe only whoſe Incomes demand the Wantonneſs of new Appearances; but on ſuch alſo who have juſt enough to cloath them. And old Acquaintance of mine, of Ninety Pounds a Year, who has naturally the Vanity of being a Man of Faſhion deep at his Heart, is very much put to it to bear the Mortality of Princes. He made a new black Suit upon the Death of the King of *Spain*, he turned it for the King of *Portugal*, and he now keeps his Chamber while it is ſcouring for the Emperor. He is a good Oeconomiſt in his Extravagance, and makes only a freſh black Button upon his Iron-grey Suit for any Potentate of ſmall Territories; he indeed adds his Crape Hatband for a Prince whoſe Exploits he has admired in the *Gazette*. But whatever Compliments may be made on theſe Occaſions, the true Mourners are the Mercers, Silkmen, Lacemen and Milliners. A Prince of a merciful and royal Diſpoſition would reflect with great Anxiety upon the Proſpect of his Death, if he conſidered what Numbers would be reduced to Miſery by that Accident only: He would think it of Moment enough to direct, that in the Notification of his Departure, the Honour done to him might be reſtrained to thoſe of the Houſhold of the Prince to whom it ſhould be ſignified. He would think a general Mourning to be in a leſs Degree the ſame Ceremony which is practiſed in barbarous Nations, of killing their Slaves to attend the Obſequies of their Kings.

I had been wonderfully at a Loſs for many Months together, to gueſs at the Character of a Man who came now and then to our Coffee-houſe: He ever ended a News-paper with this Reflexion, *Well, I ſee all the Foreign Princes are in good Health.* If you asked, Pray, Sir, What ſays the *Poſtman* from *Vienna?* he anſwered, *Make us thankful, the* German *Princes are all well:* What does he ſay from *Barcelona? He does not ſpeak but that the Country agrees very well with the new Queen.* After very much Enquiry, I found this Man of univerſal Loyalty was a wholeſale Dealer in Silks and Ribbons: His Way is, it ſeems, if he hires a Weaver or Workman, to have it inſerted in his Articles, 'That all this ſhall be well and 'truly performed, provided no foreign Potentate ſhall

'depart

' depart this Life within the Time above-mentioned. It happens in all publick Mournings, that the many Trades which depend upon our Habits, are during that Folly either pinched with preſent Want, or terrified with the apparent Approach of it. All the Atonement which Men can make for wanton Expences (which is a Sort of inſulting the Scarcity under which others labour) is, that the Superfluities of the Wealthy give Supplies to the Neceſſities of the Poor; but inſtead of any other Good ariſing from the Affectation of being in courtly Habits of Mourning, all Order ſeems to be deſtroyed by it; and the true Honour which one Court does to another on that Occaſion, loſes its Force and Efficacy. When a foreign Miniſter beholds the Court of a Nation (which flouriſhes in Riches and Plenty) lay aſide, upon the Loſs of his Maſter, all Marks of Splendor and Magnificence, though the Head of ſuch a joyful People, he will conceive a greater Idea of the Honour done his Maſter, than when he ſees the Generality of the People in the ſame Habit. When one is afraid to aſk the Wife of a Tradeſman whom ſhe has loſt of her Family; and after ſome Preparation endeavours to know whom ſhe mourns for; how ridiculous is it to hear her explain her ſelf, That we have loſt one of the Houſe of *Auſtria*? Princes are elevated ſo highly above the reſt of Mankind, that it is a preſumptuous Diſtinction to take a Part in Honours done to their Memories, except we have Authority for it, by being related in a particular Manner to the Court which pays that Veneration to their Friendſhip; and ſeems to expreſs on ſuch an Occaſion the Senſe of the Uncertainty of human Life in general, by aſſuming the Habit of Sorrow though in the full Poſſeſſion of Triumph and Royalty. R

Tueſday,

No 65. *Tuesday, May* 15.

——Demetri teque Tigelli
Diſcipularum inter Jubeo plorare cathedras. Hor.

AFTER having at large explained what Wit is, and deſcribed the falſe Appearances of it, all that Labour ſeems but an uſeleſs Enquiry, without ſome Time be ſpent in conſidering the Application of it. The Seat of Wit, when one ſpeaks as a Man of the Town and the World, is the Play-houſe; I ſhall therefore fill this Paper with Reflections upon the Uſe of it in that Place. The Application of Wit in the Theatre has as ſtrong an Effect upon the Manners of our Gentlemen, as the Taſte of it has upon the Writings of our Authors. It may, perhaps, look like a very preſumptuous Work, though not Foreign from the Duty of a SPECTATOR, to tax the Writings of ſuch as have long had the general Applauſe of a Nation: But I ſhall always make Reaſon, Truth and Nature, the Meaſures of Praiſe and Diſpraiſe; if thoſe are for me, the Generality of Opinion is of no Conſequence againſt me; if they are againſt me, the general Opinion cannot long upport me.

WITHOUT further Preface, I am going to look into ſome of our moſt applauded Plays, and ſee whether they deſerve the Figure they at preſent bear in the Imaginations of Men, or not.

IN reflecting upon theſe Works, I ſhall chiefly dwell upon that for which each reſpective Play is moſt celebrated. The preſent Paper ſhall be employed upon Sir *Fopling Flutter*. The received Character of this Play is, That it is the Pattern of Genteel Comedy. *Dorimant* and *Harriot* are the Characters of greateſt Conſequence, and if theſe are Low and Mean, the Reputation of the Play is very Unjuſt.

I will take it for granted, that a fine Gentleman ſhould be honeſt in his Actions, and refined in his Language. Inſtead

ſtead of this, our Hero, in this Piece, is a direct Knave in his Deſigns, and a Clown in his Language. *Bellair* is his Admirer and Friend; in return for which, becauſe he is forſooth a greater Wit than his ſaid Friend, he thinks it reaſonable to perſwade him to Marry a young Lady, whoſe Virtue, he thinks, will laſt no longer than till ſhe is a Wife, and then ſhe cannot but fall to his Share, as he is an irreſiſtable fine Gentleman. The Falſhood to Mrs. *Loveit*, and the Barbarity of Triumphing over her Anguiſh for loſing him, is another Inſtance of his Honeſty, as well as his Good-Nature. As to his fine Language; he calls the Orange-Woman, who, it ſeems, is inclined to grow Fat, *An Over-grown Jade, with a Flasket of Guts before her*; and ſalutes her with a pretty Phraſe of, *How now, Double Tripe?* Upon the Mention of a Country Gentlewoman, whom he knows nothing of, (no one can imagine why) he *will lay his Life ſhe is ſome awkard ill-faſhioned Country Toad, who not having above four Dozen of Hairs on her Head, has adorned her Baldneſs with a large white Frux. that ſhe may look Sparkiſhly in the Fore-front of the King's Box at an old Play.* Unnatural Mixture of ſenſeleſs Common-place!

AS to the Generoſity of his Temper, he tells his poor Footman, *If he did not wait better* —— he would turn him away, in the inſolent Phraſe of, *I'll Uncaſe you.*

NOW for Mrs. *Harriet*: She laughs at Obedience to an abſent Mother, whoſe Tenderneſs *Buſie* deſcribes to be very exquiſite, for *that ſhe is ſo pleaſed with finding* Harriet *again, that ſhe cannot chide her for being out of the Way.* This Witty Daughter, and Fine Lady, has ſo little Reſpect for this good Woman, that ſhe Ridicules her Air in taking Leave, and cries, *In what Struggle is my poor Mother yonder? See, ſee, her Head tottering, her Eyes ſtaring, and her under Lip trembling.* But all this is atoned for, becauſe *ſhe has more Wit than is uſual in her Sex, and as much Malice, tho' ſhe is as wild as you would wiſh her, and has a Demureneſs in her Looks that makes it ſo ſurprizing!* Then to recommend her as a fit Spouſe for his Hero, the Poet makes her ſpeak her Senſe of Marriage very ingeniouſly. *I think*, ſays ſhe, *I might be brought to endure him, and that is all a reaſonable Woman ſhould expect in an Husband* It is, methinks, unnatural that we are not made to underſtand how

ſhe

ſhe that was bred under a ſilly pious old Mother, that would never truſt her out of her Sight, came to be ſo Polite.

IT cannot be denied, but that the Negligence of every thing, which engages the Attention of the ſober and valuable Part of Mankind, appears very well drawn in this Piece: But it is denied, that it is neceſſary to the Character of a Fine Gentleman that he ſhould in that manner Trample upon all Order and Decency. As for the Character of *Dorimant*, it is more of a Coxcomb than that of *Foplin*. He ſays of one of his Companions, that a good Correſpondence between them is their mutual Intereſt. Speaking of that Friend, he declares, their being much together *makes the Women think the better of his Underſtanding, and judge more favourably of my Reputation. It makes him paſs upon ſome for a Man of very good Senſe, and me upon others for a very civil Perſon.*

THIS whole celebrated Piece is a perfect Contradiction to good Manners, good Senſe, and common Honeſty; and as there is nothing in it but what is built upon the Ruin of Virtue and Innocence, according to the Notion of Merit in this Comedy, I take the Shoemaker to be, in reality, the Fine Gentleman of the Play: For it ſeems he is an Atheiſt, if we may depend upon his Character as given by the Orange-Woman, who is her ſelf far from being the loweſt in the Play. She ſays of a Fine Man, who is *Dorimant*'s Companion, There *is not ſuch another Heathen in the Town, except the Shoemaker.* His Pretention to be the Hero of the *Drama* appears ſtill more in his own Deſcription of his way of Living with his Lady. *There is*, ſays he, *never a Man in Town lives more like a Gentleman with his Wife than I do; I never mind her Motions; ſhe never enquires into mine. We ſpeak to one another civilly, hate one another heartily; and becauſe it is vulgar to Lie and Soak together, we have each of us our ſeveral Settle-Bed.* That of *Soaking together* is as good as if *Dorimant* had ſpoken it himſelf; and, I think, ſince he puts human Nature in as ugly a Form as the Circumſtance will bear, and is a ſtaunch Unbeliever, he is very much Wronged in having no part of the good Fortune beſtowed in the laſt Act.

TO

TO ſpeak plainly of this whole Work, I think nothing but being loſt to a Senſe of Innocence and Virtue can make any one ſee this Comedy, without obſerving more frequent Occaſion to move Sorrow and Indignation, than Mirth and Laughter. At the ſame time I allow it to be Nature, but it is Nature in its utmoſt Corruption and Degeneracy. R

N° 66. *Wedneſday, May* 16.

Motus Doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura Virgo, & ſingitur Artubus
Jam nunc, & inceſſus amores
De Tenero meditatur Ungui. Hor.

THE two following Letters are upon a Subject of very great Importance, tho' expreſſed without any Air of Gravity.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'I Take the Freedom of asking your Advice in Behalf 'of a young Country Kinſwoman of mine who is 'lately come to Town, and under my Care for her Edu- 'cation. She is very pretty, but you can't imagine how 'unformed a Creature it is. She comes to my Hands juſt 'as Nature left her, half finiſhed, and without any ac- 'quired Improvements. When I look on her I often 'think of the *Belle Sauvage* mentioned in one of your 'Papers. Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, help me to make her 'comprehend the viſible Graces of Speech, and the dumb 'Eloquence of Motion; for ſhe is at preſent a perfect 'Stranger to both. She knows no Way to expreſs her ſelf but by her Tongue, and that always to ſignifie her 'Meaning. Her Eyes ſerve her yet only to ſee with, and 'ſhe is utterly a Foreigner to the Language of Looks and 'Glances. In this I fancy you could help her better than 'any Body. I have beſtowed two Months in teaching

'her

'her to Sigh when she is not concerned, and to Smile 'when she is not pleased; and am ashamed to own she 'makes little or no Improvement. Then she is no more 'able now to walk, than she was to go at a Year old. 'By Walking you will easily know I mean that regular 'but easie Motion, which gives our Persons so irresistible 'a Grace as if we moved to Musick, and is a kind of 'disengaged Figure, or, if I may so speak, recitative 'Dancing. But the want of this I cannot blame in her, 'for I find she has no Ear, and means nothing by Walk-'ing but to change her Place. I could pardon too her 'Blushing, if she knew how to carry her self in it, and 'if it did not manifestly injure her Complexion.

'THEY tell me you are a Person who have seen the 'World, and are a Judge of fine Breeding; which makes 'me ambitious of some Instructions from you for her 'Improvement: Which when you have favoured me with, 'I shall further advise with you about the Disposal of this 'fair Forrester in Marriage; for I will make it no Secret 'to you, that her Person and Education are to be her 'Fortune.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

CELIMENE.

SIR,

'BEING employed by *Celimene* to make up and send 'to you her Letter, I make bold to recommend 'the Case therein mentioned to your Consideration, be-'cause she and I happen to differ a little in our Notions. 'I, who am a rough Man, am afraid the young Girl is 'in a fair Way to be spoiled: Therefore pray, Mr. SPEC-'TATOR, let us have your Opinion of this fine thing 'called *Fine Breeding*; for I am afraid it differs too much 'from that plain thing called *Good Breeding*.

Your most humble Servant.

THE general Mistake among us in the Educating our Children, is, That in our Daughters we take Care of their Persons and neglect their Minds; in our Sons, we are so intent upon adorning their Minds, that we wholly neglect their

their Bodies. It is from this that you ſhall ſee a young Lady celebrated and admired in all the Aſſemblies about Town; when her elder Brother is afraid to come into a Room. From this ill Management it ariſes, That we frequently obſerve a Man's Life is half ſpent before he is taken Notice of; and a Woman in the Prime of her Years is out of Faſhion and neglected. The Boy I ſhall conſider upon ſome other Occaſion, and at preſent ſtick to the Girl: And I am the more inclined to this, becauſe I have ſeveral Letters which complain to me that my Female Readers have not underſtood me for ſome Days laſt paſt, and take themſelves to be unconcerned in the preſent Turn of any Writings. When a Girl is ſafely brought from her Nurſe, before ſhe is capable of forming one ſimple Notion of any thing in Life, ſhe is delivered to the Hands of her Dancing-Maſter; and with a Collar round her Neck, the pretty wild Thing is taught a fantaſtical Gravity of Behaviour, and forced to a particular Way of holding her Head, heaving her Breaſt, and moving with her whole Body; and all this under Pain of never having an Huſband, if ſhe ſteps, looks, or moves awry. This gives the young Lady wonderful workings of Imagination, what is to paſs between her and this Huſband, that ſhe is every Moment told of, and for whom ſhe ſeems to be educated. Thus her Fancy is engaged to turn all her Endeavours to the Ornament of her Perſon, as what muſt determine her Good and Ill in this Life; and ſhe naturally thinks, if ſhe is tall enough, ſhe is wiſe enough for any thing for which her Education makes her think ſhe is deſigned. To make her an agreeable Perſon is the main Purpoſe of her Parents, to that is all their Coſt, to that all their Care directed; and from this general Folly of Parents we owe our preſent numerous Race of Coquets. Theſe Reflections puzzle me, when I think of giving my Advice on the Subject of managing the wild Thing mentioned in the Letter of my Correſpondent. But ſure there is a middle Way to be followed; the Management of a young Lady's Perſon is not to be overlooked, but the Erudition of her Mind is much more to be regarded. According as this is managed, you will ſee the Mind following the Appe-

tites

ties of the Body, or the Body expreſs the Virtues of the Mind.

In *CLEOMIRA* dances with all the Elegance of Motion imaginable; but her Eyes are ſo chaſtiſed with the Simplicity and Innocence of her Thoughts, that ſhe raiſes in her Beholders Admiration and good Will, but no looſe Hope or wild Imagination. The true Art in this Caſe is, To make the Mind and Body improve together; and if poſſible, to make Geſture follow Thought, and not let Thought be employed upon Geſture. R

N° 67. *Thurſday, May* 17.

Saltare elegantiùs quam neceſſe eſt proba. Sal.

LUCIAN, in one of his Dialogues, introduces a Philoſopher chiding his Friend for his being a Lover of Dancing, and a Frequenter of Balls. The other undertakes the Defence of his Favourite Diverſion, which, he ſays, was at firſt invented by the Goddeſs *Rhea*, and preſerved the Life of *Jupiter* himſelf, from the Cruelty of his Father *Saturn*. He proceeds to ſhew, that it had been Approved by the greateſt Men in all Ages; that *Homer* calls *Merion* a *Fine Dancer*; and ſays, That the graceful Mein and great Agility which he had acquired by that Exerciſe, diſtinguiſhed him above the reſt in the Armies, both of *Greeks* and *Trojans*.

HE adds, that *Pyrrhus* gained more Reputation by Inventing the Dance which is called after his Name, than by all his other Actions: That the *Lacedæmonians*, who were the braveſt People in *Greece*, gave great Encouragement to this Diverſion, and made their *Hormus* (a Dance much reſembling the *French Brawl*) famous over all *Aſia*: That there were ſtill extant ſome *Theſſalian* Statues erected to the Honour of their beſt Dancers: And that he wondered how his Brother Philoſopher could declare himſelf againſt the Opinions of thoſe two Perſons, whom he profeſſed ſo much to Admire, *Homer* and *Heſiod*; the latter

ter of which compares Valour and Dancing together; and ſays, That *the Gods have beſtowed Fortitude on ſome Men, and on others a Diſpoſition for Dancing.*

LASTLY, He puts him in mind that *Socrates*, (who, in the Judgment of *Apollo*, was the Wiſeſt of Men) was not only a profeſſed Admirer of this Exerciſe in others, but learned it himſelf when he was an old Man.

THE Moroſe Philoſopher is ſo much affected by theſe, and ſome other Authorities, that he becomes a Convert to his Friend, and deſires he would take him with him when he went to his next Ball.

I love to ſhelter my ſelf under the Examples of great Men; and, I think, I have ſufficiently ſhewed that it is not below the Dignity of theſe my Speculations, to take Notice of the following Letter, which, I ſuppoſe, is ſent me by ſome ſubſtantial Tradeſman about *Change*.

SIR,

'I Am a Man in Years, and by an honeſt Induſtry in 'the World have acquired enough to give my Chil- 'dren a liberal Education, though I was an utter Stranger 'to it my ſelf. My eldeſt Daughter, a Girl of Sixteen, 'has for ſome time been under the Tuition of *Monſieur 'Rigadoon*, a Dancing-Maſter in the City; and I was pre- 'vailed upon by her and her Mother to go laſt Night to 'one of his Balls. I muſt own to you, Sir, that having 'never been at any ſuch Place before, I was very much 'pleaſed and ſurprized with that part of his Entertainment 'which he called *French Dancing*. There were ſeveral 'young Men and Women, whoſe Limbs ſeemed to have 'no other Motion, but purely what the Muſick gave them. 'After this Part was over, they began a Diverſion which 'they call *Country Dancing*, and wherein there were alſo 'ſome things not diſagreeable, and divers *Emblematical 'Figures*, Compoſed, as I gueſs, by Wiſe Men, for the In- 'ſtruction of Youth.

'AMONG the reſt I obſerved one, which, I think, 'they call *Hunt the Squirrel*, in which while the Woman 'flies the Man purſues her; but as ſoon as ſhe turns, he 'runs away, and ſhe is obliged to follow.

'THE

'THE Moral of this Dance does, I think, very aptly recommend Modeſty and Diſcretion to the Female Sex.

'BUT as the beſt Inſtitutions are liable to Corruptions, ſo, Sir, I muſt acquaint you, that very great Abuſes are crept into this Entertainment. I was amazed to ſee my Girl handed by, and handing young Fellows with ſo much Familiarity; and I could not have thought it had been in the Child. They very often made uſe of a moſt impudent and laſcivious Step called *Setting*, which I know not how to deſcribe to you, but by telling you that it is the very reverſe of *Back to Back*. At laſt an impudent young Dog bid the Fidlers play a Dance called *Mol. Pately*, and after having made two or three Capers, ran to his Partner, locked his Arms in hers, and whisked her round cleverly above Ground in ſuch manner, that I, who ſate upon one of the loweſt Benches, ſaw further above her Shooe than I can think fit to acquaint you with. I could no longer endure theſe Enormities, wherefore juſt as my Girl was going to be made a Whirligig, I ran in, ſeized on the Child, and carried her home.

'SIR, I am not yet old enough to be a Fool. I ſuppoſe this Diverſion might be at firſt invented to keep up a good Underſtanding between young Men and Women, and ſo far I am not againſt it; but I ſhall never allow of theſe things. I know not what you will ſay to this Caſe at preſent, but am ſure that had you been with me you would have ſeen matter of great Speculation. I am

Yours, &c.

I muſt confeſs I am afraid that my Correſpondent had too much Reaſon to be a little out of Humour at the Treatment of his Daughter, but I conclude that he would have been much more ſo, had he ſeen one of thoſe *kiſſing Dances* in which WILL. HONEYCOMB aſſures me they are obliged to dwell almoſt a Minute on the Fair One's Lips, or they will be too quick for the Muſick, and dance quite out of Time.

I am not able however to give my final Sentence againſt this Diverſion; and am of Mr. *Cowley*'s Opinion, that ſo much of Dancing, at leaſt, as belongs to the Behaviour and an handſome Carriage of the Body, is extreamly uſeful, if not abſolutely neceſſary.

WE generally form ſuch Ideas of People at firſt Sight, as we are hardly ever perſwaded to lay aſide afterwards: For this Reaſon, a Man would wiſh to have nothing diſagreeable or uncomely in his Approaches, and to be able to enter a Room with a good Grace.

I might add, that a moderate Knowledge in the little Rules of Good-breeding gives a Man ſome Aſſurance, and makes him eaſie in all Companies. For Want of this, I have ſeen a Profeſſor of a Liberal Science at a Loſs to ſalute a Lady; and a moſt excellent Mathematician not able to determine whether he ſhould ſtand or ſit while my Lord drank to him.

IT is the proper Buſineſs of a Dancing-Maſter to regulate theſe matters; tho' I take it to be a juſt Obſervation, that unleſs you add ſomething of your own to what theſe fine Gentlemen teach you, and which they are wholly ignorant of themſelves, you will much ſooner get the Character of an Affected Fop, than of a Well-bred Man.

AS for *Country Dancing*, it muſt indeed be confeſſed, that the great Familiarities between the two Sexes on this Occaſion may ſometimes produce very dangerous Conſequences; and I have often thought that few Ladies Hearts are ſo obdurate as not to be melted by the Charms of Muſick, the Force of Motion, and an handſome young Fellow who is continually playing before their Eyes, and convincing them that he has the perfect Uſe of all his Limbs.

BUT as this kind of Dance is the particular Invention of our own Country, and as every one is more or leſs a Proficient in it, I would not Diſcountenance it; but rather ſuppoſe it may be practiſed innocently by others, as well as my ſelf, who am often Partner to my Landlady's Eldeſt Daughter.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

HAVING heard a good Character of the Collection of Pictures which is to be Expoſed to Sale on *Friday* next; and concluding, from the following Letter, that the Perſon who Collected them is a Man of no unelegant Taſte, I will be ſo much his Friend as to Publiſh it, provided the Reader will only look upon it as filling up the Place of an Advertiſement.

From the three Chairs in the Piazza Covent-Garden.

SIR, *May* 16, 1711.

'AS you are SPECTATOR, I think we, who make 'it our Buſineſs to exhibit any thing to publick 'View, ought to apply our ſelves to you for your Ap-'probation. I have travelled *Europe* to furniſh out a 'Show for you, and have brought with me what has 'been admired in every Country thro' which I paſſed. 'You have declared in many Papers, that your greateſt 'Delights are thoſe of the Eye, which I do not doubt 'but I ſhall gratifie with as Beautiful Objects as yours 'ever beheld. If Caſtles, Foreſts, Ruins, Fine Women, 'and Graceful Men, can pleaſe you, I dare promiſe you 'much Satisfaction, if you will appear at my Auction on '*Friday* next. A Sight is, I ſuppoſe, as grateful to a 'SPECTATOR, as a Treat to another Perſon, and there-'fore I hope you will pardon this Invitation from,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant,

J. GRAHAM.

X

Friday,

N° 68. *Friday, May* 18.

Nos duo turba ſumus —— Ovid.

ONE would think that the larger the Company is in which we are engaged, the greater Variety of Thoughts and Subjects would be ſtarted in Diſcourſe; but inſtead of this, we find that Converſation is never ſo much ſtreightned and confined as in numerous Aſſemblies. When a Multitude meet together upon any Subject of Diſcourſe, their Debates are taken up chiefly with Forms and general Poſitions; nay, if we come into a more contracted Aſſembly of Men and Women, the Talk generally runs upon the Weather, Faſhions, News, and the like publick Topicks. In Proportion, as Converſation gets into Clubs and Knots of Friends, it deſcends into Particulars, and grows more free and communicative: But the moſt open, inſtructive, and unreſerved Diſcourſe, is that which paſſes between two Perſons who are familiar and intimate Friends. On theſe Occaſions, a Man gives a Looſe to every Paſſion and every Thought that is uppermoſt, diſcovers his moſt retired Opinions of Perſons and Things, tries the Beauty and Strength of his Sentiments, and expoſes his whole Soul to the Examination of his Friend.

TULLY was the firſt who obſerved, that Friendſhip improves Happineſs and abates Miſery, by the doubling of our Joy and dividing of our Grief; a Thought in which he hath been followed by all the Eſſayers upon Friendſhip, that have written ſince his Time. Sir *Francis Bacon* has finely deſcribed other Advantages, or, as he calls them, Fruits of Friendſhip; and indeed there is no Subject of Morality which has been better handled and more exhauſted than this. Among the ſeveral fine things which have been ſpoken of it, I ſhall beg Leave to quote ſome out of a very ancient Author, whoſe Book would be regarded by our Modern Wits as one of the moſt ſhining Tracts of Morality that is extant, if it appeared under the Name

Name of a *Confucius*, or of any celebrated *Grecian* Philoſopher: I mean the little Apocryphal Treatiſe entitled, *The Wiſdom of the Son of* Sirach. How finely has he deſcribed the Art of making Friends, by an obliging and affable Behaviour? And laid down that Precept which a late excellent Author has delived as his own, 'That 'we ſhould have many Well-wiſhers, but few Friends. *Sweet Language will multiply Friends; and a fair-ſpeaking Tongue will encreaſe kind Greetings. Be in Peace with many, nevertheleſs have but one Counſellor of a thouſand.* With what Prudence does he caution us in the Choice of our Friends? And with what Strokes of Nature (I could almoſt ſay of Humour) has he deſcribed the Behaviour of a treacherous and ſelf-intereſted Friend? *If thou would'ſt get a Friend, prove him firſt, and be not haſty to credit him: For ſome Man is a Friend for his own Occaſion, and will not abide in the Day of thy Trouble. And there is a Friend who being turned to Enmity and Strife will diſcover thy Reproach.* Again, *Some Friend is a Companion at the Table, and will not continue in the Day of thy Affliction: But in thy Proſperity he will be as thy ſelf, and will be bold over thy Servants. If thou be brought low he will be againſt thee, and hide himſelf from thy Face.* What can be more ſtrong and pointed than the following Verſe? *Separate thy ſelf from thine Enemies, and take Heed of thy Friends.* In the next Words he particularizes one of thoſe Fruits of Friendſhip which is deſcribed at length by the two famous Authors above-mentioned, and falls into a general Elogium of Friendſhip, which is very juſt as well as very ſublime. *A faithful Friend is a ſtrong Defence; and he that hath found ſuch an one hath found a Treaſure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful Friend, and his Excellency is unvaluable. A faithful Friend is the Medicine of Life; and they that fear the Lord ſhall find him. Whoſo feareth the Lord ſhall direct his Friendſhip aright; for as he is, ſo ſhall his Neighbour* (that is his Friend) *be alſo.* I do not remember to have met with any Saying that has pleaſed me more than that of a Friend's being the Medicine of Life, to expreſs the Efficacy of Friendſhip in healing the Pains and Anguiſh which naturally cleave to our Exiſtence in this World; and am wonderfully pleaſed with the Turn in the laſt Sentence, That a virtuous Man ſhall

as a Bleſſing meet with a Friend who is as virtuous as himſelf. There is another Saying in the ſame Author, which would have been very much admired in an Heathen Writer; *Forſake not an old Friend, for the new is not comparable to him: A new Friend is as new Wine; when it is old thou ſhalt drink it with Pleaſure.* With what Strength of Alluſion, and Force of Thought, has he deſcribed the Breaches and Violations of Friendſhip? *Whoſo caſteth a Stone at the Birds, frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his Friend, breaketh Friendſhip. Tho' thou draweſt a Sword at a Friend, yet deſpair not, for there may be a returning to Favour: If thou haſt opened thy Mouth againſt thy Friend fear not, for there may be a Reconciliation; except for upbraiding, or Pride, or diſcloſing of Secrets, or a treacherous Wound; for, for theſe things every Friend will depart.* We may obſerve in this and ſeveral other Precepts in this Author, thoſe little familiar Inſtances and Illuſtrations which are ſo much admired in the moral Writings of *Horace* and *Epictetus*. There are very beautiful Inſtances of this Nature in the following Paſſages, which are likewiſe written upon the ſame Subject: *Whoſo diſcovereth Secrets loſeth his Credit, and ſhall never find a Friend to his Mind. Love thy Friend, and be faithful unto him; but if thou bewrayeſt his Secrets, follow no more after him: For as a Man hath deſtroyed his Enemy, ſo haſt thou loſt the Love of thy Friend; as one that letteth a Bird go out of his Hand, ſo haſt thou let thy Friend go, and ſhalt not get him again: Follow after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a Roe eſcaped out of the Snare. As for a Wound, it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be Reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth Secrets, is without Hope.*

AMONG the ſeveral Qualifications of a good Friend, this wiſe Man has very juſtly ſingled out Conſtancy and Faithfulneſs as the principal: To theſe others have added Virtue, Knowledge, Diſcretion, Equality in Age and Fortune, and, as *Cicero* calls it, *Morum Comitas*, a Pleaſantneſs of Temper. If I were to give my Opinion upon ſuch an exhauſted Subject, I ſhould join to theſe other Qualifications a certain Æquability or Evenneſs of Behaviour. A Man often contracts a Friendſhip with one whom perhaps he does not find out 'till after a Year's Converſation; when on a ſudden ſome latent ill Humour

breaks out upon him, which he never diſcovered or ſuſpected at his firſt entring into an Intimacy with him. There are ſeveral Perſons who in ſome certain Periods of their Lives are inexpreſſibly agreeable, and in others as odious and deteſtable. *Martial* has given us a very pretty Picture of one of this Species in the following Epigram;

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,
Nec tecum poſſum vivere, nec ſine te.

In all thy Humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt ſuch a touchy, teſty, pleaſant Fellow;
Haſt ſo much Wit, and Mirth, and Spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a Man to be entangled in a Friendſhip with one, who by theſe Changes and Viciſſitudes of Humour is ſometimes amiable and ſometimes odious: And as moſt Men are at ſome Times in an admirable Frame and Diſpoſition of Mind, it ſhould be one of the greateſt Tasks of Wiſdom to keep our ſelves well when we are ſo, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable Part of our Character. C

N° 69. *Saturday, May* 19.

Hic ſegetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ:
Arborei fatus alibi, atque injuſſa vireſcunt
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles ſua thura Sabæi?
At Calybes nudi ferrum, viroſaque Pontus
Caſtorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?
Continuo has leges æternæque fœdera certis
Impoſuit Natura locis---------- Vir.

THERE is no Place in the Town which I ſo much love to frequent as the *Royal Exchange*. It gives me a ſecret Satisfaction, and, in ſome meaſure gratifies

tifies my Vanity, as I am an *Engliſhman*, to ſee ſo rich an Aſſembly of Country-men and Foreigners conſulting together upon the private Buſineſs of Mankind, and making this Metropolis a kind of *Emporium* for the whole Earth. I muſt confeſs I look upon High-Change to be a great Council, in which all conſiderable Nations have their Repreſentatives. Factors in the Trading World are what Ambaſſadors are in the Politick World; they negotiate Affairs, conclude Treaties, and maintain a good Correſpondence between thoſe wealthy Societies of Men that are divided from one another by Seas and Oceans, or live on the diſterent Extremities of a Continent. I have often been pleaſed to hear Diſputes adjuſted between an Inhabitant of *Japan* and an Alderman of *London*, or to ſee a Subject of the *Great Mogul* entering into a League with one of the *Czar* of *Muſcovy*. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with theſe ſeveral Miniſters of Commerce, as they are diſtinguiſhed by their different Walks and different Languages: Sometimes I am juſtled among a Body of *Armenians*: Sometimes I am loſt in a Crowd of *Jews*; and ſometimes make one in a Groupe of *Dutchmen*. I am a *Dane*, *Swede*, or *Frenchman* at different times; or rather fancy my ſelf like the old Philoſopher, who upon being asked what Country-man he was, replied, That he was a Citizen of the World.

THOUGH I very frequently viſit this buſie Multitude of People, I am known to no Body there but my Friend Sir ANDREW, who often ſmiles upon me as he ſees me buſtling in the Crowd, but at the ſame time connives at my Preſence without taking any further Notice of me. There is indeed a Merchant of *Egypt*, who juſt knows me by ſight, having formerly remitted me ſome Mony to *Grand Cairo*; but as I am not verſed in the Modern *Coptick*, our Conferences go no further than a Bow and a Grimace.

THIS grand Scene of Buſineſs gives me an infinite Variety of ſolid and ſubſtantial Entertainments. As I am a great Lover of Mankind, my Heart naturally overflows with Pleaſure at the ſight of a proſperous and happy Multitude, inſomuch that at many publick Solemnities I cannot forbear expreſſing my Joy with Tears that have ſtoln down my Cheeks. For this Reaſon I am wonderfully

delighted to ſee ſuch a Body of Men thriving in their own private Fortunes, and at the ſame time promoting the Publick Stock; or, in other Words, raiſing Eſtates for their own Families, by bringing into their Country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is ſuperfluous.

NATURE ſeems to have taken a particular Care to diſſeminate her Bleſſings among the different Regions of the World, with an Eye to this mutual Intercourſe and Traffick among Mankind, that the Natives of the ſeveral Parts of the Globe might have a kind of Dependance upon one another, and be united together by their Common Intereſt. Almoſt every *Degree* produces ſomething peculiar to it. The Food often grows in one Country, and the Sauce in another. The Fruits of *Portugal* are corrected by the Products of *Barbadoes:* The Infuſion of a *China* Plant ſweetned with the Pith of an *Indian* Cane. The *Philippick* Iſlands give a Flavour to our *European* Bowls. The ſingle Dreſs of a Woman of Quality is often the Product of an Hundred Climates. The Muff and the Fan come together from the different Ends of the Earth. The Scarf is ſent from the Torrid Zone, and the Tippet from beneath the Pole. The Brocade Petticoat riſes out of the Mines of *Peru*, and the Diamond Necklace out of the Bowels of *Indoſtan*.

IF we conſider our own Country in its natural Proſpect, without any of the Benefits and Advantages of Commerce, what a barren uncomfortable Spot of Earth falls to our Share! Natural Hiſtorians tell us, that no Fruit grows Originally among us, beſides Hips and Haws, Acorns and Pig-Nutts, with other Delicacies of the like Nature; That our Climate of it ſelf, and without the Aſſiſtances of Art, can make no further Advances towards a Plumb than to a Sloe, and carries an Apple to no greater Perfection than a Crab. That our Melons, our Peaches, our Figs, our Apricots, and Cherries, are Strangers among us, imported in different Ages, and naturalized in our *Engliſh* Gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the Traſh of our own Country, if they were wholly neglected by the Planter, and left to the Mercy of our Sun and Soil. Nor has Traffick more enriched our Vegetable World, than it has improved the whole Face of Nature among us. Our Ships are laden with the Harveſt

Harveſt of every Climate: Our Tables are ſtored with Spices, and Oils, and Wines: Our Rooms are filled with Pyramids of *China*, and adorned with the Workmanſhip of *Japan*: Our Morning's-Draught comes to us from the remoteſt Corners of the Earth: We repair our Bodies by the Drugs of *America*, and repoſe our ſelves under *Indian* Canopies. My Friend Sir ANDREW calls the Vineyards of *France* our Gardens; the Spice-Iſlands our Hot-Beds; the *Perſians* our Silk-Weavers, and the *Chineſe* our Potters. Nature indeed furniſhes us with the bare Neceſſaries of Life, but Traffick gives us a great Variety of what is uſeful, and at the ſame time ſupplies us with every thing that is Convenient and Ornamental. Nor is it the leaſt Part of this our Happineſs, that whilſt we enjoy the remoteſt Products of the North and South, we are free from thoſe Extremities of Weather which give them Birth; That our Eyes are refreſhed with the green Fields of *Britain*, at the ſame time that our Palates are feaſted with Fruits that riſe between the Tropicks.

FOR theſe Reaſons there are not more uſeful Members in a Commonwealth than Merchants. They knit Mankind together in a mutual Intercourſe of good Offices, diſtribute the Gifts of Nature, find Work for the Poor, add Wealth to the Rich, and Magnificence to the Great. Our *Engliſh* Merchant converts the Tin of his own Country into Gold, and exchanges his Wooll for Rubies. The *Mahometans* are cloathed in our *Britiſh* Manufacture, and the Inhabitants of the Frozen Zone warmed with the Fleeces of our Sheep.

WHEN I have been upon the *Change*, I have often fancied one of our old Kings ſtanding in Perſon, where he is repreſented in Effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy Concouſe of People with which that Place is every Day filled. In this Caſe, how would he be ſurprized to hear all the Languages of *Europe* ſpoken in this little Spot of his former Dominions, and to ſee ſo many private Men, who in his Time would have been the Vaſſals of ſome powerful Baron, negotiating like Princes for greater Sums of Money than were formerly to be met with in the Royal Treaſury! Trade, without enlarging the *Britiſh* Territories, has given us a kind of additional Empire: It has multiplied the Number of the Rich, made our Land-

ed Estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an Accession of other Estates as valuable as the Lands themselves. C

N° 70. *Monday, May* 21.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt. Hor.

WHEN I travelled, I took a particular Delight in hearing the Songs and Fables that are come from Father to Son, and are most in vogue among the common People of the Countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that any thing should be universally tasted and approved by a Multitude, tho' they are only the Rabble of a Nation, which hath not in it some peculiar Aptness to please and gratifie the Mind of Man. Human Nature is the same in all reasonable Creatures; and whatever falls in with it, will meet with Admirers amongst Readers of all Qualities and Conditions. *Moliere*, as we are told by Monsieur *Boileau*, used to read all his Comedies to an old Woman who was his House-keeper, as she sat with him at her Work by the Chimney-Corner; and could foretel the Success of his Play in the Theatre, from the Reception it met at his Fire-Side: For he tells us the Audience always followed the old Woman, and never failed to laugh in the same Place,

I know nothing which more shews the essential and inherent Perfection of Simplicity of Thought, above that which I call the Gothick Manner in Writing, than this, that the first pleases all Kinds of Palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial Taste upon little fanciful Authors and Writers of Epigram. *Homer*, *Virgil*, or *Milton*, so far as the Language of their Poems is understood, will please a Reader of plain common Sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an Epigram of *Martial*, or a Poem of *Cowley*: So, on the contrary, an ordinary Song or Ballad that is the Delight of the common People, cannot fail to please all such Readers as are not unqualified for the Entertainment by their Affectati-

Affectation or Ignorance; and the Reaſon is plain, becauſe the ſame Paintings of Nature which recommend it to the moſt ordinary Reader, will appear beautiful to the moſt refined.

THE old Song of *Chevy-Chace* is the Favourite Ballad of the common People of *England*, and *Ben. Johnſon* uſed to ſay he had rather have been the Author of it than of all his Works. Sir *Philip Sidney* in his Diſcourſe of Poetry ſpeaks of it in the following Words; *I never heard the old Song of* Piercy *and* Douglas, *that I found not my Heart more moved than with a Trumpet; and yet is ſung by ſome blind Crowder with no rougher Voice than rude Stile; which being ſo evil apparelled in the Duſt and Cobweb of that uncivil Age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous Eloquence of* Pindar? For my own Part, I am ſo profeſſed an Admirer of this antiquated Song, that I ſhall give my Reader a Critick upon it, without any further Apology for ſo doing.

THE greateſt Modern Criticks have laid it down as a Rule, That an Heroick Poem ſhould be founded upon ſome important Precept of Morality, adapted to the Conſtitution of the Country in which the Poet writes. *Homer* and *Virgil* have formed their Plans in this View. As *Greece* was a Collection of many Governments, who ſuffered very much among themſelves, and gave the *Perſian* Emperor, who was their common Enemy, many Advantages over them by their mutual Jealouſies and Animoſities, *Homer*, in order to eſtabliſh among them an Union, which was ſo neceſſary for their Safety, grounds his Poem upon the Diſcords of the ſeveral *Grecian* Princes who were engaged in a Confederacy againſt an *Aſiatick* Prince, and the ſeveral Advantages which the Enemy gained by ſuch their Diſcords. At the Time the Poem we are now treating of was written, the Diſſentions of the Barons, who were then ſo many petty Princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themſelves or with their Neighbours, and produced unſpeakable Calamities to the Country: The Poet, to deter Men from ſuch unnatural Contentions, deſcribes a bloody Battel and dreadful Scene of Death, occaſioned by the mutual Feuds which reigned in the Families of an *Engliſh* and *Scotch* Nobleman. That he deſigned this for the Inſtruction of his Poem, we may

learn from his four laſt Lines, in which, after the Example of the Modern Tragedians, he draws from it a Precept for the Benefit of his Readers,

God ſave the King, and bleſs the Land
In Plenty, Joy, and Peace,
And grant henceforth that foul Debate
'Twixt Noblemen may ceaſe.

The next Point obſerved by the greateſt Heroic Poets, hath been to celebrate Perſons and Actions which do Honour to their Country: Thus *Virgil*'s Hero was the Founder of *Rome*, *Homer*'s a Prince of *Greece*; and for this Reaſon *Valerius Flaccus* and *Statius*, who were both *Romans*, might be juſtly derided for having choſen the Expedition of the *Golden Fleece* and *the Wars of Thebes*, for the Subjects of their Epic Writings.

THE Poet before us, has not only found out an Hero in his own Country, but raiſes the Reputation of it by ſeveral beautiful Incidents. The *Engliſh* are the firſt who take the Field, and the laſt who quit it. The *Engliſh* bring only Fifteen hundred to the Battel. the *Scotch* Two thouſand. The *Engliſh* keep the Field with Fifty three: The *Scotch* retire with Fifty five; All the reſt on each Side being ſlain in Battel. But the moſt remarkable Circumſtance of this Kind, is the different Manner in which the *Scotch* and *Engliſh* Kings receive the News of this Fight, and of the great Mens Deaths who commanded in it.

This News was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's *King did reign,*
That brave Earl Douglas *ſuddenly*
Was with an Arrow ſlain.

Oh heavy News, King James *did ſay,*
Scotland *can Witneſs be,*
I have not any Captain more
Of ſuch Account as he.

Like Tydings to King Henry *came*
Within as ſhort a Space,
That Piercy *of* Northumberland
Was ſlain in Chevy-Chace,

Now

Now God be with him, ſaid our King,
Sith 'twill no better be,
I truſt I have within my Realm
Five hundred as good as he.

Yet ſhall not Scot *nor* Scotland *ſay*
But I will Vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all
For brave Lord Piercy*'s Sake.*

This Vow full well the King perform'd
After on Humble-down,
In one Day Fifty Knights were ſlain,
With Lords of great Renown.

And of the reſt of ſmall Account
Did many Thouſands dye, &c.

At the ſame Time that our Poet ſhews a laudable Partiality to his Country-men, he repreſents the *Scots* after a Manner not unbecoming ſo bold and brave a People.

Earl Douglas *on a milk-white Steed,*
Moſt like a Baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the Company
Whoſe Armour ſhone like Gold.

His Sentiments and Actions are every Way ſuitable to an Hero. One of us two, ſays he, muſt dye: I am an Earl as well as your ſelf, ſo that you can have no Pretence for refuſing the Combat: However, ſays he, 'tis Pity, and indeed would be a Sin, that ſo many innocent Men ſhould periſh for our Sakes; rather let you and I end our Quarrel in ſingle Fight.

E'er thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two ſhall dye;
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord Piercy, *ſo am I.*

But truſt me, Piercy, *Pity it were,*
And great Offence, to kill
Any of theſe our harmleſs Men,
For they have done no Ill.

Let thou and I the Battel try,
And set our Men aside;
Accurſt be he, Lord Piercy *ſaid,*
By whom this is deny'd.

WHEN theſe brave Men had diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the Battel and in ſingle Combat with each other, in the Midſt of a generous Parly, full of heroic Sentiments, the *Scotch* Earl falls; and with his Dying Words encourages his Men to revenge his Death, repreſenting to them, as the moſt bitter Circumſtance of it, that his Rival ſaw him fall.

With that there came an Arrow keen
Out of an Engliſh *Bow,*
Which ſtruck Earl Douglas *to the Heart*
A deep and deadly Blow.

Who never ſpoke more Words than theſe.
Fight on my merry Men all;
For why, my Life is at an End,
Lord Piercy *ſees my Fall.*

Merry Men, in the Language of thoſe Times is no more than a chearful Word for Companions and Fellow-Soldiers. A Paſſage in the Eleventh Book of *Virgil*'s *Æneids* is very much to be admired, where *Camilla* in her laſt Agonies, inſtead of weeping over the Wound ſhe had received, as one might have expected from a Warrior of her Sex, conſiders only (like the Hero of whom we are now ſpeaking) how the Battel ſhould be continued after her Death.

Tum ſic expirans, &c.

A gathering Miſt o'erclouds her chearful Eyes;
And from her Cheeks the roſie Colour flies.
Then, turns to her, whom, of her Female Train,
She truſted moſt, and thus ſhe ſpeaks with Pain.
Acca, 'tis paſt! He ſwims before my Sight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his Right.
Bear my laſt Words to Turnus, *fly with Speed,*
And bid him timely to my Charge ſucceed:
Repel the Trojans, *and the Town relieve:*
Farewel.——

TUR-

TURNUS did not die in ſo heroic a Manner; tho' our Poet ſeems to have had his Eye upon *Turnus*'s Speech in the laſt Verſe,

Lord Piercy *ſees my Fall.*

——Victiſti, & victum tendere palmas
Auſonii videre ——

EARL *Piercy*'s Lamentation over his Enemy is generous, beautiful, and paſſionate; I muſt only caution the Reader not to let the Simplicity of the Stile, which one may well pardon in ſo old a Poet, prejudice him againſt the Greatneſs of the Thought.

Then leaving Life Earl Piercy *took*
The dead Man by the Hand,
And ſaid, Earl Douglas *for thy Life*
Would I had loſt my Land.

O Chriſt! My very Heart doth bleed
With Sorrow for thy Sake;
For ſure a more renowned Knight
Miſchance did never take.

That beautiful Line *Taking the dead Man by the Hand*, will put the Reader in Mind of *Æneas*'s Behaviour towards *Lauſus*, whom he himſelf had Slain as he came to the Reſcue of his aged Father.

At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, & ora,
Ora modis Anchiſiades, pallentia miris:
Ingemuit miſerans graviter, dextramque tetendit, &c.

The pious Prince beheld young Lauſus *dead;*
He griev'd, he wept, then graſp'd his Hand, and ſaid,
Poor hapleſs Youth! What Praiſes can be paid
To Worth ſo great ——— !

I ſhall take another Opportunity to conſider the other Parts of this old Song. C

Tueſday,

Nº 71. *Tueſday, May* 22.

——*Scribere juſſit amor.* Ovid.

THE entire Conqueſt of our Paſſions is ſo difficult a Work, that they who deſpair of it ſhould think of a leſs difficult Task, and only attempt to Regulate them. But there is a third thing which may contribute not only to the Eaſe, but alſo to the Pleaſure of our Life; and that is, refining our Paſſions to a greater Elegance, than we receive them from Nature. When the Paſſion is Love, this Work is performed in innocent, tho' rude and uncultivated Minds, by the mere Force and Dignity of the Object. There are Forms which naturally create Reſpect in the Beholders, and at once inflame and chaſtiſe the Imagination. Such an Impreſſion as this gives an immediate Ambition to deſerve, in order to pleaſe. This Cauſe and Effect are beautifully deſcribed by Mr. *Dryden*, in the Fable of *Cymon* and *Iphigenia*. After he has repreſented *Cymon* ſo ſtupid, that

He whiſtled as he went, for want of Thought,

he makes him fall into the following Scene, and ſhews its Influence upon him ſo excellently, that it appears as Natural as Wonderful.

It happen'd on a Summer's Holiday,
That to the Greenwood ſhade he took his way;
His Quarter-ſtaff, which he cou'd ne'er forſake,
Hung half before, and half behind his Back.
He trudg'd along unknowing what he ſought,
And whiſtled as he went, for want of Thought.
By Chance conducted, or by Thirſt conſtrain'd,
The deep Receſſes of the Grove he gain'd;
Where in a Plain, defended by the Wood
Crept thro' the matted Graſs a Cryſtal Flood,
By which an Alablaſter Fountain ſtood:
And on the Margin of the Fount was laid
(Attended by her Slaves) a ſleeping Maid,

Like

Like Dian, *and her Nymphs, when tir'd with Sport,*
To reſt by cool Eurotas *they reſort:*
The Dame her ſelf the Goddeſs well expreſs'd,
Not more diſtinguiſh'd by her Purple Veſt,
Than by the charming Features of her Face,
And even in Slumber a ſuperior Grace:
Her comely Limbs compos'd with decent Care,
Her Body ſhaded with a ſlight Cymarr;
Her Boſom to the View was only bare;
The fanning Wind upon her Boſom blows,
To meet the fanning Wind the Boſom roſe;
The fanning Wind and purling Streams continue her Repoſe.
The Fool of Nature ſtood with ſtupid Eyes
And gaping Mouth, that teſtify'd Surprize,
Fix'd on her Face, nor could remove his Sight,
New as he was to Love, and Novice in Delight:
Long mute he ſtood, and leaning on his Staff,
His Wonder witneſs'd with an Ideot Laugh;
Then would have ſpoke, but by his glimm'ring Senſe
Firſt found his want of Words, and fear'd Offence:
Doubted for what he was he ſhould be known,
By his Clown-Accent, and his Country-Tone.

BUT leſt this fine Deſcription ſhould be excepted againſt, as the Creation of that great Maſter Mr. *Dryden*, and not an Account of what has really ever happened in the World; I ſhall give you *verbatim*, the Epiſtle of an enamoured Footman in the Country, to his Miſtreſs. Their Sirnames ſhall not be inſerted, becauſe their Paſſion demands a greater Reſpect than is due to their Quality. *James* is Servant in a great Family, and *Elizabeth* waits upon the Daughter of one as numerous, ſome Miles off of her Lover. *James*, before he beheld *Betty*, was vain of his Strength, a rough Wreſtler, and quarreſſom Cudgel-Player; *Betty* a publick Dancer at May-poles, a Romp at Stool Ball: He always following idle Women, ſhe playing among the Peaſants: He a Country Bully, ſhe a Country Coquette. But Love has made her conſtantly in her Miſtreſs's Chamber, where the young Lady gratifies a ſecret Paſſion of her own, by making *Betty* talk of *James*; and *James* is become a conſtant Waiter near his Maſter's Apart-

Apartment, in reading, as well as he can, Romances. I cannot learn who *Molly* is, who it ſeems walked ten Mile to carry the angry Meſſage, which gave Occaſion to what follows.

To *ELIZABETH*——

My Dear Betty. *May* 14, 1711.

'REMEMBER your bleeding Lover, who lyes 'bleeding at the Wounds *Cupid* made with the 'Arrows he borrowed at the Eyes of *Venus*, which is 'your ſweet Perſon.

'Nay more, with the Token you ſent me for my Love 'and Service offered to your ſweet Perſon, which was 'your baſe Reſpects to my ill Conditions, when alas! 'there is no ill Conditions in me, but quite contrary; all 'Love and Purity, eſpecially to your ſweet Perſon; but 'all this I take as a Jeſt.

'BUT the ſad and diſmal News which *Molly* brought 'me, ſtruck me to the Heart, which was, it ſeems, and 'is your ill Conditions for my Love and Reſpects to you.

'FOR ſhe told me, if I came Forty times to you, 'you would not ſpeak with me, which Words I am ſure 'is a great Grief to me.

'Now, my Dear, if I may not be permitted to your 'ſweet Company, and to have the Happineſs of ſpeaking 'with your ſweet Perſon, I beg the Favour of you to 'accept of this my ſecret Mind and Thoughts, which 'hath ſo long lodged in my Breaſt, the which if you do 'not accept, I believe will go nigh to break my Heart.

'FOR indeed, my Dear, I love you above all the Beau-'ties I ever ſaw in all my Life.

'THE young Gentleman, and my Maſter's Daughter, 'the *Londoner* that is come down to marry her, ſate in 'the Arbour moſt part of laſt Night. Oh! dear *Betty*, 'muſt the Nightingales ſing to thoſe who marry for Mo-'ny, and not to us true Lovers! Oh! my dear *Betty*, that 'we could meet this Night where we uſed to do in the 'Wood!

'NOW, my Dear, if I may not have the Bleſſing of 'kiſſing your ſweet Lips, I beg I may have the Happi-'neſs of kiſſing your fair Hand, with a few Lines from 'your dear ſelf, preſented by whom you pleaſe or think fit.

'fit. I believe, if Time would permit me, I could write 'all Day; but the Time being ſhort, and Paper little, no 'more from your never-failing Lover till Death,

James ——

POOR *James!* Since his Time and Paper were ſo ſhort; I, that have more than I can uſe well of both, will put the Sentiments of his kind Letter, (the Stile of which ſeems to be confuſed with Scraps he had got in hearing and reading what he did not underſtand) into what he meant to expreſs.

Dear Creature,

CAN you then neglect him who has forgot all his Recreations and Enjoyments, to pine away his Life in thinking of you? When I do ſo, you appear more amiable to me than *Venus* does in the moſt beautiful Deſcription that was ever made of her. All this Kindneſs you return with an Accuſation, that I do not love you: But the contrary is ſo manifeſt, that I cannot think you in earneſt. But the Certainty given me in your Meſſage by *Molly*, that you do not love me, is what robs me of all Comfort. She ſays you will not ſee me: If you can have ſo much Cruelty, at leaſt write to me, that I may kiſs the Impreſſion made by your fair Hand. I love you above all things, and, in my Condition, what you look upon with Indifference is to me the moſt exquiſite Pleaſure or Pain. Our young Lady, and a fine Gentleman from *London*, who are to marry for mercenary Ends, walk about our Gardens, and hear the Voice of Evening Nightingales, as if for Faſhion-ſake they courted thoſe Solitudes, becauſe they have heard Lovers do ſo. Oh *Betty!* could I hear theſe Rivulets murmur, and Birds ſing while you ſtood near me, how little ſenſible ſhould I be that we are both Servants, that there is any thing on Earth above us. Oh! I could write to you as long as I love you, till Death it ſelf.

JAMES.

N. B. By the Words *Ill Conditions*, JAMES means, in a Woman *Coquetry*, in a Man *Inconſtancy*. R

Wedneſday,

N° 72. *Wedneſday, May* 23.

——Genus immortale manet, multoſque per annos
Stat fortuna Domus, & avi numerantur avorum. Virg.

HAVING already given my Reader an Account of ſeveral extraordinary Clubs both ancient and modern, I did not deſign to have troubled him with any more Narratives of this Nature; but I have lately received Information of a Club which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare ſay will be no leſs ſurpriſing to my Reader than it was to my ſelf; for which Reaſon I ſhall communicate it to the Publick as one of the greateſt Curioſities in its kind.

A Friend of mine complaining of a Tradeſman who is related to him, after having repreſented him as a very idle worthleſs Fellow, who neglected his Family, and ſpent moſt of his Time over a Bottle, told me, to conclude his Character, that he was a Member of the *Everlaſting Club*. So very odd a Title raiſed my Curioſity to enquire into the Nature of a Club that had ſuch a ſounding Name; upon which my Friend gave me the following Account.

THE *Everlaſting Club* conſiſts of a hundred Members, who divide the whole twenty four Hours among them in ſuch a manner, that the Club ſits Day and Night from one end of the Year to another; no Party preſuming to riſe till they are relieved by thoſe who are in courſe to ſucceed them. By this means a Member of the *Everlaſting Club* never wants Company; for tho' he is not upon Duty himſelf, he is ſure to find ſome who are; ſo that if he be diſpoſed to take a Whet, a Nooning, an Evening's Draught, or a Bottle after Midnight, he goes to the Club, and finds a Knot of Friends to his Mind.

IT is a Maxim in this Club, That the Steward never dies; for as they ſucceed one another by way of Rotation, no Man is to quit the great Elbow-chair which ſtands at the upper End of the Table, till his Succeſſor is in a Readineſs

dineſs to fill it; inſomuch that there has not been a *Sede vacante* in the Memory of Man.

THIS Club was inſtituted towards the End (or, as ſome of them ſay, about the Middle) of the Civil Wars, and continued without Interruption till the Time of the *Great Fire*, which burnt them out, and diſpers'd them for ſeveral Weeks. The Steward at that Time maintained his Poſt till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring Houſe, (which was demoliſhed in order to to ſtop the Fire;) and would not leave the Chair at laſt, till he had emptyed all the Bottles upon the Table, and received repeated Directions from the Club to withdraw himſelf. This Steward is frequently talk'd of in the Club, and looked upon by every Member of it as a greater Man than the famous Captain mentioned in my Lord *Clarendon*, who was burnt in his Ship becauſe he would not quit it without Orders. It is ſaid, that towards the Cloſe of 1700, being the great Year of Jubilee, the Club had it under Conſideration whether they ſhould break up or continue their Seſſion; but after many Speeches and Debates, it was at length agreed to ſit out the other Century. This Reſolution paſſed in a general Club, *Nemine contradicente.*

HAVING given this ſhort Account of the Inſtitution and Continuation of the *Everlaſting Club*, I ſhould here endeavour to ſay ſomething of the Manners and Characters of its ſeveral Members, which I ſhall do according to the beſt Lights I have received in this Matter.

IT appears by their Books in general, that ſince their firſt Inſtitution they have ſmoked Fifty Tun of Tobacco, drank Thirty Thouſand Buts of Ale, One Thouſand Hogſheads of Red Port, Two hundred Barrels of Brandy, and a Kilderkin of Small-Beer; There has been likewiſe a great Conſumption of Cards. It is alſo ſaid, that they obſerve the Law in *Ben Johnſon*'s Club, which orders the Fire to be always kept in (*focus perennis eſto*) as well for the Convenience of lighting their Pipes, as to cure the Dampneſs of the Club-Room. They have an old Woman, in the Nature of a Veſtal, whoſe Buſineſs it is to cheriſh and perpetuate the Fire, which burns from Generation to Generation, and has ſeen the Glaſs Houſe Fires in and out above an Hundred times.

THE

THE *Everlaſting Club* treats all other Clubs with an Eye of Contempt, and talks even of the *Kit-Cat* and *October* as of a couple of Upſtarts. Their ordinary Diſcourſe (as much as I have been able to learn of it) turns altogether upon ſuch Adventures as have paſſed in their own Aſſembly; of Members who have taken the Glaſs in their Turns for a Week together, without ſtirring out of the Club; of others who have ſmoaked an hundred Pipes at a Sitting; of others who have not miſſed their Morning's Draught for Twenty Years together: Sometimes they ſpeak in Raptures of a Run of Ale in King *Charles*'s Reign; and ſometimes reflect with Aſtoniſhment upon Games at Whisk, which have been miraculouſly recovered by Members of the Society, when in all human Probility the Caſe was deſperate.

THEY delight in ſeveral old Catches, which they ſing at all Hours to encourage one another to moiſten their Clay, and grow immortal by drinking; with many other edifying Exhortations of the like Nature.

THERE are four general Clubs held in a Year, at which Times they fill up Vacancies, appoint Waiters, confirm the old Fire-Maker, or elect a new one, ſettle Contributions for Coals, Pipes, Tobacco, and other Neceſſaries

THE Senior Member has out-lived the whole Club twice over, and has been Drunk with the Grandfathers of ſome of the preſent ſitting Members. C

Nº 73. *Thurſday, May* 24.

——— *O Deæ certè!* Virg.

IT is very ſtrange to conſider, that a Creature like Man, who is ſenſible of ſo many Weakneſſes and Imperfections, ſhould be actuated by a Love of Fame: That Vice and Ignorance, Imperfection and Miſery ſhould contend for Praiſe, and endeavour as much as poſſible to make themſelves Objects of Admiration.

BUT

BUT notwithſtanding Man's Eſſential Perfection is but very little, his Comparative Perfection may be very conſiderable. If he looks upon himſelf in an abſtracted Light, he has not much to boaſt of, but if he conſiders himſelf with regard to others, he may find Occaſion of glorying, if not in his own Virtues, at leaſt in the Abſence of another's Imperfections. This gives a different Turn to the Reflections of the Wiſe Man and the Fool. The firſt endeavours to ſhine in himſelf, and the laſt to out-ſhine others. The firſt is humbled by the Senſe of his own Infirmities, the laſt is lifted up by the Diſcovery of thoſe which he obſerves in other Men. The Wiſe Man conſiders what he wants, and the Fool what he abounds in. The Wiſe Man is happy when he gains his own Approbation, and the Fool when he Recommends himſelf to the Applauſe of thoſe about him.

BUT however unreaſonable and abſurd this Paſſion for Admiration may appear in ſuch a Creature as Man, it is not wholly to be diſcouraged; ſince it often produces very good Effects, not only as it reſtrains him from doing any thing which is mean and contemptible, but as it puſhes him to Actions which are great and glorious. The Principle may be defective or faulty, but the Conſequences it produces are ſo good, that, for the Benefit of Mankind, it ought not to be extinguiſhed.

IT is obſerved by *Cicero*, that Men of the greateſt and the moſt ſhining Parts are the moſt actuated by Ambition; and if we look into the two Sexes, I believe we ſhall find this Principle of Action ſtronger in Women than in Men.

THE Paſſion for Praiſe, which is ſo very vehement in the fair Sex, produces excellent Effects in Women of Senſe, who deſire to be admired for that only which deſerves Admiration: And I think we may obſerve, without a Compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform Courſe of Virtue, but with an infinitely greater Regard to their Honour, than what we find in the Generality of our own Sex. How many Inſtances have we of Chaſtity, Fidelity, Devotion? How many Ladies diſtinguiſh themſelves by the Education of their Children, Care of their Families, and Love of their Huſbands, which are the great Qualities and Atchieve-

chievements of Womankind: As the making of War, the carrying on of Traffick, the Adminiſtration of Juſtice, are thoſe by which Men grow famous, and get themſelves a Name.

BUT as this Paſſion for Admiration, when it works according to Reaſon, improves the beautiful Part of our Species in every thing that is Laudable; ſo nothing is more Deſtructive to them when it is governed by Vanity and Folly. What I have therefore here to ſay, only regards the vain Part of the Sex, whom for certain Reaſons, which the Reader will hereafter ſee at large, I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the Name of *Idols*. An *Idol* is wholly taken up in the Adorning of her Perſon. You ſee in every Poſture of her Body, Air of her Face, and Motion of her Head, that it is her Buſineſs and Employment to gain Adorers. For this Reaſon your *Idols* appear in all publick Places and Aſſemblies, in order to ſeduce Men to their Worſhip. The Play-houſe is very frequently filled with *Idols*; ſeveral of them are carried in Proceſſion every Evening about the Ring, and ſeveral of them ſet up their Worſhip even in Churches. They are to be accoſted in the Language proper to the Deity. Life and Death are in their Power: Joys of Heaven and Pains of Hell are at their diſpoſal: Paradiſe is in their Arms, and Eternity in every Moment that you are preſent with them. Raptures, Tranſports and Extaſies are the Rewards which they confer: Sighs and Tears, Prayers and broken Hearts are the Offerings which are paid to them. Their Smiles make Men happy; their Frowns drive them to Deſpair. I ſhall only add under this Head, that *Ovid*'s Book of the Art of Love is a kind of Heathen Ritual, which contains all the Forms of Worſhip which are made uſe of to an *Idol*.

IT would be as difficult a Task to reckon up theſe different kinds of *Idols*, as *Milton*'s was to number thoſe that were known in *Canaan*, and the Lands adjoining. Moſt of them are worſhipped, like *Moloch*, in Fires and Flames. Some of them, like *Baal*, love to ſee their Votaries cut and ſlaſhed, and ſhedding their Blood for them. Some of them, like the *Idol* in the *Apocrypha*, muſt have Treats and Collations prepared for them every Night. It has indeed been known, that ſome of them have been uſed by their incenſed Worſhippers like the *Chineſe Idols*, who

are

are Whipped and Scourged when they refuſe to comply with the Prayers that are offered to them.

I muſt here obſerve, that thoſe Idolaters who devote themſelves to the *Idols* I am here ſpeaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of Idolaters. For as others fall out becauſe they worſhip different *Idols*, theſe Idolaters quarrel becauſe they worſhip the ſame.

THE Intention therefore of the *Idol* is quite contrary to the Wiſhes of the Idolater; as the one deſires to confine the *Idol* to himſelf, the whole Buſineſs and Ambition of the other is to multiply Adorers. This Humour of an *Idol* is prettily deſcribed in a Tale of *Chaucer*: He repreſents one of them ſitting at a Table with three of her Votaries about her, who are all of them courting her Favour, and paying their Adorations: She ſmiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's Foot which was under the Table. Now which of theſe three, ſays the old Bard, do you think was the Favourite? In troth, ſays he, not one of all the three.

THE Behaviour of this old *Idol* in *Chaucer*, puts me in mind of the Beautiful *Clarinda*, one of the greateſt *Idols* among the Moderns. She is worſhipped once a Week by Candle-light, in the midſt of a large Congregation generally called an Aſſembly. Some of the gayeſt Youths in the Nation endeavour to plant themſelves in her Eye, while ſhe ſits in Form with Multitudes of Tapers burning about her. To encourage the Zeal of her Idolaters, ſhe beſtows a Mark of her Favour upon every one of them before they go out of her Preſence. She asks a Queſtion of one, tells a Story to another, glances an Ogle upon a third, takes a Pinch of Snuff from the fourth, lets her Fan drop by accident to give the fifth an occaſion of taking it up. In ſhort, every one goes away ſatisfied with his Succeſs, and encouraged to renew his Devotions on the ſame Canonical Hour that Day Sevennight.

AN *Idol* may be Undeified by many accidental Cauſes. Marriage in particular is a kind of Counter-*Apotheoſis*, or a Deification inverted. When a Man becomes familiar with his Goddeſs, ſhe quickly ſinks into a Woman.

OLD Age is likewiſe a great Decayer of your *Idol*: The truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy Being than a Superannuated *Idol*, eſpecially when ſhe has contracted ſuch

ſuch Airs and Behaviour as are only Graceful when her Worſhippers are about her.

CONSIDERING therefore that in theſe and many other Caſes the *Woman* generally out-lives the *Idol*, I muſt return to the Moral of this Paper, and deſire my fair Readers to give a proper Direction to their Paſſion for being admired: In order to which, they muſt endeavour to make themſelves the Objects of a reaſonable and laſting Admiration. This is not to be hoped for from Beauty, or Dreſs, or Faſhion, but from thoſe inward Ornaments which are not to be defaced by Time or Sickneſs, and which appear moſt amiable to thoſe who are moſt acquainted with them. C

N° 74. *Friday, May* 25.

——*Pendent opera interrupta*—— Virg.

IN my laſt *Monday*'s Paper I gave ſome general Inſtances of thoſe beautiful Strokes which pleaſe the Reader in the old Song of *Chevy-Chaſe*; I ſhall here, according to my Promiſe, be more particular, and ſhew that the Sentiments in that Ballad are extreamly natural and poetical, and full of the majeſtick Simplicity which we admire in the greateſt of the ancient Poets: For which Reaſon I ſhall quote ſeveral Paſſages of it, in which the Thought is altogether the ſame with what we meet in ſeveral Paſſages of the *Æneid*; not that I would infer from thence, that the Poet (whoever he was) propoſed to himſelf any Imitation of thoſe Paſſages, but that he was directed to them in general by the ſame Kind of Poetical Genius, and by the ſame Copyings after Nature.

HAD this old Song been filled with Epigrammatical Turns and Points of Wit, it might perhaps have pleaſed the wrong Taſte of ſome Readers; but it would never have become the Delight of the common People, nor have warmed the Heart of Sir *Philip Sidney* like the Sound of a Trumpet; it is only Nature that can have this Effect, and pleaſe thoſe Taſtes which are the moſt unprejudiced

prejudiced or the moſt refined. I muſt however beg Leave to diſſent from ſo great an Authority as that of Sir *Philip Sidney*, in the Judgment which he has paſſed as to the rude Stile and evil Apparel of this antiquated Song; for there are ſeveral Parts in it where not only the Thought but the Language is majeſtick, and the Numbers ſonorous; at leaſt, the *Apparel* is much more *gorgeous* than many of the Poets made uſe of in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Time, as the Reader will ſee in ſeveral of the following Quotations.

WHAT can be greater than either the Thought or the Expreſſion in that Stanza,

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn
Earl Piercy *took his Way;*
The Child may rue that was unborn
The Hunting of that Day!

This way of conſidering the Misfortunes which this Battel would bring upon Poſterity, not only on thoſe who were born immediately after the Battel, and loſt their Fathers in it; but on thoſe alſo who periſhed in future Battels which took their Riſe from this Quarrel of the two Earls is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the Way of Thinking among the ancient Poets.

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rare juventus. Hor.

What can be more ſounding and poetical, or reſemble more the majeſtick Simplicity of the Ancients, than the following Stanzas?

The ſtout Earl of Northumberland
A Vow to God did make,
His Pleaſure in the Scottiſh *Woods*
Three Summer's Days to take.

With fifteen hundred Bowmen bold,
All choſen Men of Might,
Who knew full well, in Time of Need,
To aim their Shafts aright.

The Hounds ran ſwiftly thro' the Woods
The nimble Deer to take,
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales
An Eccho ſhrill did make.

——Vocat ingenti Clamore Cithæron
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

Lo, yonder doth Earl Dowglas *come,*
His Men in Armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish *Spears,*
All marching in our Sights.

All Men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the River Tweed, &c.

The Country of the *Scotch* Warriors, described in these two last Verses, has a fine romantick Situation, and affords a Couple of smooth Words for Verse. If the Reader compares the foregoing six Lines of the Song with the following Latin Verses, he will see how much they are written in the Spirit of *Virgil.*

Adversi campo apparent, hastasque reductis
Protendunt longè dextris; & spicula vibrant:
Quique altum Preneste viri quique arva Gabina
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, & roscida rivis
Hernica saxa colunt: —— qui rosea rura Velini,
Qui Tetrica horrentes rupes, montemque Severum,
Casperiamque colunt, Foruloscque & flumen Himellæ:
Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt. ——

But to proceed.

Earl Dowglas *on a milk white Steed,*
Most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the Company.
Whose Armour shone like Gold.

Turnus ut antevolans tardum precesserat agmen, &c.
Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
Aureus ——

Our English *Archers bent their Bows,*
Their Hearts were good and true:
At the first Flight of Arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots *they slew.*

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry Side,
No Slackness there was found;
And many a gallant Gentleman
Lay gasping on the Ground.

With

With that there came an Arrow keen
Out of an Engliſh *Bow,*
Which ſtruck Earl Dowglas *to the Heart*
A deep and deadly Blow.

Æneas was wounded after the ſame Manner by an unknown Hand in the Midſt of a Parly.

Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,
Ecce viro ſtridens alis allapſa ſagitta eſt,
Incertum quâ pulſa manu——

But of all the deſcriptive Parts of this Song, there are none more beautiful than the four following Stanzas, which have a great Force and Spirit in them, and are filled with very natural Circumſtances. The Thought in the third Stanza was never touched by any other Poet, and is ſuch an one as would have ſhined in *Homer* or in *Virgil*.

So thus did both theſe Nobles dye,
Whoſe Courage none could ſtain:
An Engliſh *Archer then perceiv'd*
The noble Earl was ſtain.

He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
Made of a truſty Tree,
An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long
Unto the Head drew he.

Againſt Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his Shaft he ſet,
The Grey-gooſe Wing that was thereon
In his Heart-blood was wet.

This Fight did laſt from break of Day
Till ſetting of the Sun;
For when they rung the Evening Bell
The Battel ſcarce was done.

One may obſerve likewiſe, that in the Catalogue of the Slain the Author has followed the Example of the greateſt ancient Poets, not only in giving a long Liſt of the Dead, but by diverſifying it with little Characters of particular Perſons.

And with Earl Douglas *there was ſlain*
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Carrel, *that from the Field*
One Foot would never fly:

Sir Charles Murrel *of* Ratcliff *too*,
His Sister's Son was he,
Sir David Lamb, *ſo well eſteem'd*,
Yet ſaved could not be.

The familiar Sound in theſe Names deſtroys the Majeſty of the Deſcription; for this Reaſon I do not mention this Part of the Poem but to ſhew the natural Caſt of Thought which appears in it, as the two laſt Verſes look almoſt like a Tranſlation of *Virgil*.

——*Cadit & Ripheus juſtiſſimus unus*
Qui fuit in Teucris & ſervantiſſimus æqui,
Dis aliter viſum eſt——

In the Catalogue of the *Engliſh* who fell, *Witherington*'s Behaviour is in the ſame Manner particularized very artfully, as the Reader is prepared for it by that Account which is given of him in the Beginning of the Battel; tho' I am ſatisfy'd your little Buffoon Readers (who have ſeen that Paſſage ridiculed in *Hudibras*) will not be able to take the Beauty of it: For which Reaſon I dare not ſo much as quote it.

Then ſtept a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington *was his Name*,
Who ſaid, I would not have it told
To Henry *our King for Shame*,

That e'er my Captain fought on Foot
And I ſtood looking on.

We meet with the ſame Heroic Sentiment in *Virgil*.

Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
Objectare animam? numerone an viribus æqui
Non ſumus——?

What can be more natural or more moving, than the Circumſtances in which he deſcribes the Behaviour of thoſe Women who had loſt their Husbands on this fatal Day?

Next Day did many Widows come
Their Husbands to bewail,
They waſh'd their Wounds in briniſh Tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their Bodies bath'd in purple Blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiſs'd them dead a thouſand Times,
When they were clad in Clay.

Thus

Thus we ſee how the Thoughts of this Poem, which naturally ariſe from the Subject, are always ſimple, and ſometimes exquiſitely noble; that the Language is often very ſounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical Spirit.

IF this Song had been written in the *Gothic* Manner, which is the Delight of all our little Wits, whether Writers or Readers, it would not have hit the Taſte of ſo many Ages, and have pleaſed the Readers of all Ranks and Conditions. I ſhall only beg Pardon for ſuch a Profuſion of *Latin* Quotations; which I ſhould not have made uſe of, but that I feared my own Judgment would have looked too ſingular on ſuch a Subject, had not I ſupported it by the Practice and Authority of *Virgil*. C

N° 75. *Saturday, May* 26.

Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color & ſtatus & res. Hor.

IT was with ſome Mortification that I ſuffered the Raillery of a Fine Lady of my Acquaintance, for calling, in one of my Papers, *Dorimant* a Clown. She was ſo unmerciful as to take Advantage of my invincible Taciturnity, and on that occaſion, with great Freedom to conſider the Air, the Height, the Face, the Geſture of him who could pretend to Judge ſo arrogantly of Gallantry. She is full of Motion, Janty and lively in her Impertinence, and one of thoſe who commonly paſs among the Ignorant, for Perſons who have a great deal of Humour. She had the Play of Sir *Fopling* in her Hand, and after ſhe had ſaid it was happy for her there was not ſo charming a Creature as *Dorimant* now living, ſhe began with a Theatrical Air and Tone of Voice to read, by way of Triumph over me, ſome of his Speeches. *'Tis ſhe, that lovely Hair, that eaſie Shape, thoſe wanton Eyes, and all thoſe melting Charms about her Mouth, which* Medley *ſpoke of; I'll follow the Lottery, and put in for a Prize with my Friend* Bellair.

In Love the Victors from the Vanquiſh'd fly;
They fly that wound, and they purſue that dye.

Then turning over the Leaves, ſhe reads reads alternately, and ſpeaks,

And you and Loveit *to her Coſt ſhall find*
I fathom all the Depths of Womankind.

Oh the Fine Gentleman! But here, continues ſhe, is the Paſſage I admire moſt, where he begins to Teize *Loveit*, and Mimick Sir *Fopling:* Oh the pretty Satyr, in his reſolving to be a Coxcomb to pleaſe, ſince Noiſe and Nonſenſe have ſuch powerful Charms.

I, that I may Succeſsful prove,
Transform my ſelf to what you Love.

Then how like a Man of the Town, ſo Wild and Gay is that!

The Wiſe will find a Difference in our Fate,
You Wed a Woman, I a good Eſtate.

IT would have been a very wild Endeavour for a Man of my Temper to offer any Oppoſition to ſo nimble a Speaker as my Fair Enemy is; but her Diſcourſe gave me very many Reflections, when I had left her Company. Among others, I could not but conſider, with ſome Attention, the falſe Impreſſions the generality (the Fair Sex more eſpecially) have of what ſhould be intended, when they ſay a *Fine Gentleman*; and could not help revolving that Subject in my Thoughts, and ſetling, as it were, an Idea of that Character in my own Imagination.

NO Man ought to have the Eſteem of the reſt of the World, for any Actions which are diſagreeable to thoſe Maxims which prevail, as the Standards of Behaviour, in the Country wherein he lives. What is oppoſite to the eternal Rules of Reaſon and good Senſe, muſt be excluded from any Place in the Carriage of a Well-bred Man. I did not, I confeſs, explain my ſelf enough on this Subject, when I called *Dorimant* a Clown, and made it an Inſtance of it, that he called the *Orange Wench, Double-Tripe:* I ſhould have ſhewed, that Humanity obliges a Gentleman to give no Part of Humankind Reproach, for what they, whom they Reproach, may poſſibly have in common with the moſt Virtuous and Worthy amongſt us. When a Gentleman ſpeaks Coarſly, he has dreſſed himſelf Clean to no purpoſe: The Cloathing of our Minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our Bodies. To betray in a Man's Talk a corrupted Imagination, is a much greater Offence againſt the Converſation of Gentlemen, than any Negli-

gence

gence of Dreſs imaginable. But this Senſe of the Matter is ſo far from being received among People even of Condition, that *Vocifer* paſſes for a Fine Gentleman. He is Loud, Haughty, Gentle, Soft, Lewd, and Obſequious by turns, juſt as a little Underſtanding and great Impudence prompt him at the preſent Moment. He paſſes among the Silly Part of our Women for a Man of Wit, becauſe he is generally in Doubt. He contradicts with a Shrug, and confutes with a certain Sufficiency, in profeſſing ſuch or ſuch a Thing is above his Capacity. What makes his Character the pleaſanter is, that he is a profeſſed Deluder of Women; and becauſe the empty Coxcomb has no Regard to any thing that is of it ſelf Sacred and Inviolable, I have heard an unmarried Lady of Fortune ſay, it is a Pity ſo fine a Gentlemen as *Vocifer* is ſo great an Atheiſt. The Crowds of ſuch inconſiderable Creatures, that infeſt all Places of Aſſembling, every Reader will have in his Eye from his own Obſervation; but would it not be worth conſidering what Sort of Figure a Man who formed himſelf upon thoſe Principles among us, which are agreeable to the Dictates of Honour and Religion, would make in the familiar and ordinary Occurrences of Life?

I hardly have obſerved any one fill his ſeveral Duties of Life better than *Ignatus*. All the Under-parts of his Behaviour, and ſuch as are expoſed to common Obſervation, have their riſe in him from great and noble Motives. A firm and unſhaken Expectation of another Life, makes him become this; Humanity and good Nature, fortified by the Senſe of Virtue, has the ſame Effect upon him, as the Neglect of all Goodneſs has upon many others. Being firmly Eſtabliſhed in all Matters of Importance, that certain Inattention which makes Mens Actions look eaſie, appears in him with greater Beauty: By a thorough Contempt of little Excellencies, he is perfectly Maſter of them. This Temper of Mind leaves him under no neceſſity of Studying his Air, and he has this peculiar Diſtinction, that his Negligence is unaffected.

HE that can work himſelf into a Pleaſure in conſidering this Being as an uncertain one, and think to reap an Advantage by its Diſcontinuance, is in a fair way of doing all Things with a graceful Unconcern, and Gentleman-like Eaſe. Such a one does not behold his Life as a ſhort, tranſient, perplexing State, made up of trifling Pleaſures

and great Anxieties; but ſees it in quite another Light; his Griefs are Momentary, and his Joys Immortal. Reflection upon Death is not a gloomy and ſad Thought of reſigning every Thing that he delights in, but it is a ſhort Night followed by an endleſs Day. What I would here contend for is, that the more Virtuous the Man is, the nearer he will naturally be to the Character of Genteel and Agreeable. A Man whoſe Fortune is Plentiful, ſhews an Eaſe in his Countenance, and Confidence in his Behaviour, which he that is under Wants and Difficulties cannot aſſume. It is thus with the State of the Mind; he that governs his Thoughts with the everlaſting Rules of Reaſon and Senſe, muſt have ſomething ſo inexpreſſibly Graceful in his Words and Actions, that every Circumſtance muſt become him. The Change of Perſons or Things around him do not at all alter his Situation, but he looks diſintereſted in the Occurrences with which others are diſtracted, becauſe the greateſt Purpoſe of his Life is to maintain an Indifference both to it and all its Enjoyments. In a word, to be a Fine Gentleman, is to be a Generous and a Brave Man. What can make a Man ſo much in conſtant good Humour and Shine, as we call it, than to be Supported by what can never fail him, and to believe that whatever happens to him was the beſt thing that could poſſibly befal him, or elſe he on whom it depends would not have permitted it to have befallen him at all? R

N° 76. *Monday, May* 28.

Ut tu Fortunam, ſic nos te, Celſe, feremus, Hor.

THERE is nothing ſo common, as to find a Man whom in the general Obſervation of his Carriage you take to be of an uniform Temper, ſubject to ſuch unaccountable Starts of Humour and Paſſion, that he is as much unlike himſelf, and differs as much from the Man you at firſt thought him, as any two diſtinct Perſons can differ from each other. This proceeds from the Want of forming ſome Law of Life to our ſelves, or fixing ſome Notion of things in general, which may affect us in ſuch Manner, as to create proper Habits both in our Minds and Bodies.

Bodies. The Negligence of this, leaves us expoſed not only to an unbecoming Levity in our uſual Converſation, but alſo to the ſame Inſtability of our Friendſhips, Intereſts, and Alliance. A Man who is but a mere Spectator of what paſſes around him, and not engaged in Commerces of any Conſideration, is but an ill Judge of the ſecret Motions of the Heart of Man, and by what Degrees it is actuated to make ſuch viſible Alterations in the ſame Perſon: But at the ſame Time, when a Man is no way concerned in the Effect of ſuch Inconſiſtences in the Behaviour of Men of the World, the Speculation muſt be in the utmoſt Degree both diverting and inſtructive; yet to enjoy ſuch Obſervations in the higheſt Reliſh, he ought to be placed in a Poſt of Direction, and have the dealing of their Fortunes to them. I have therefore been wonderfully diverted with ſome Pieces of ſecret Hiſtory, which an Antiquary, my very good Friend, lent me as a Curioſity. They are Memoirs of the private Life of *Pharamond* of *France*. '*Pharamond*, ſays my Author, was a Prince of 'infinite Humanity and Generoſity, and at the ſame time 'the moſt pleaſant and facetious Companion of his Time. 'He had a peculiar Taſte in him (which would have been 'unlucky in any Prince but himſelf,) he thought there could 'be no exquiſite Pleaſure in Converſation but among Equals; 'and would pleaſantly bewail himſelf that he always liv'ed in a Crowd, but was the only Man in *France* that 'could never get into Company. This Turn of Mind 'made him delight in Midnight Rambles, attended only 'with one Perſon of his Bed-chamber: He would in theſe 'Excurſions get acquainted with Men (whoſe Temper he 'had a Mind to try) and recommend them privately to 'the particular Obſervation of his firſt Miniſter. He gene'rally found himſelf neglected by his new Acquaintance 'as ſoon as they had Hopes of growing great; and uſed on 'ſuch Occaſions to remark, That it was a great Injuſtice 'to tax Princes of forgetting themſelves in their high For'tunes, when there were ſo few that could with Con'ſtancy bear the Favour of their very Creatures. My Author in their looſe Hints has one Paſſage that gives us a very lively Idea of the uncommon Genius of *Pharamond*. He met with one Man whom he had put to all the uſual Proofs he made of thoſe he had a Mind to know thoroughly, and found him for his Purpoſe: In Diſcourſe with him

one Day, he gave him Opportunity of ſaying how much would ſatisfie all his Wiſhes. The Prince immediately revealed himſelf, doubled the Sum, and ſpoke to him in this Manner. " Sir, *You have twice what you deſired, by the Fa-*
" *vour of* Pharamond; *but look to it that you are ſatisfied*
" *with it, for 'tis the laſt you ſhall ever receive. I from this*
" *Moment conſider you as mine; and to make you truly ſo, I*
" *give you my Royal Word you ſhall never be greater or leſs*
" *than you are at preſent. Anſwer me not,* (concluded the
" Prince ſmiling) *but enjoy the Fortune I have put you in,*
" *which is above my own Condition; for you have hereafter*
" *nothing to hope or to fear.*

HIS Majeſty having thus well choſen and bought a Friend and Companion, he enjoyed alternately all the Pleaſures of an agreeable private Man and a great and powerful Monarch: He gave himſelf, with his Companion, the Name of the merry Tyrant; for he puniſhed his Courtiers for their Inſolence and Folly, not by any Act of publick Diſfavour, but by humorouſly practiſing upon their Imaginations. If he obſerved a Man untractable to his Inferiors, he would find an Opportunity to take ſome favourable Notice of him, and render him inſupportable. He knew all his own Looks, Words and Actions had their Interpretations; and his Friend Monſieur *Eucrate* (for ſo he was called) having a great Soul without Ambition, he could communicate all his Thoughts to him, and fear no artful Uſe would be made of that Freedom. It was no ſmall Delight when they were in private, to reflect upon all which had paſſed publick.

PHARAMOND would often, to ſatisfie a vain Fool of Power in his Country, talk to him in a full Court, and with one Whiſper make him deſpiſe all his old Friends and Acquaintance. He was come to that Knowledge of Men by long Obſervation, that he would profeſs altering the whole Maſs of Blood in ſome Tempers, by thrice ſpeaking to them. As Fortune was in his Power, he gave himſelf conſtant Entertainment in managing the mere Followers of it with the Treatment they deſerved. He would, by a skilful Caſt of his Eye and half a Smile, make two Fellows who hated, embrace and fall upon each others Neck with as much Eagerneſs, as if they followed their real Inclinations, and intended to ſtifle one another. When he was in high good Humour, he would lay the Scene with

with *Eucrate*, and on a publick Night exerciſe the Paſſions of his whole Court. He was pleaſed to ſee an haughty Beauty watch the Looks of the Man ſhe had long deſpiſed, from Obſervation of his being taken Notice of by *Pharamond*; and the Lover conceive higher Hopes, than to follow the Woman he was dying for the Day before. In a Court, where Men ſpeak Affection in the ſtrongeſt Terms, and Diſlike in the fainteſt, it was a comical Mixture of Incidents to ſee Diſguiſes thrown aſide in one Caſe and encreaſed on the other, according as Favour or Diſgrace attended the reſpective Objects of Men's Approbation or Diſeſteem. *Pharamond* in his Mirth upon the Meaneſs of Mankind uſed to ſay, 'As he could take a-'way a Man's Five Senſes, he could give him an Hundred. 'The Man in Diſgrace ſhall immediately loſe all his na-'tural Endowments, and he that finds Favour have the 'Attributes of an Angel. He would carry it ſo far as to ſay, 'It ſhould not be only ſo in the Opinion of the low-'er Part of his Court, but the Men themſelves ſhall think 'thus meanly or greatly of themſelves, as they are out 'or in the good Graces of a Court.

A Monarch who had Wit and Humour like *Pharamond*, muſt have Pleaſures which no Man elſe can ever have Opportunity of enjoying. He gave Fortune to none but thoſe whom he knew could receive it without Tranſport: He made a noble and generous Uſe of his Obſervations; and did not regard his Miniſters as they were agreeable to himſelf, but as they were uſeful to his Kingdom: By this Means the King appeared in every Officer of State; and no Man had a Participation of the Power, who had not a Similitude of the Virtue of *Pharamond*. R

N° 77. *Tueſday, May* 29.

Non convivere licet, nec Urbe tota
Quiſquam eſt tam prope tam proculque nobis. Mart.

MY Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB is one of thoſe Sort of Men who are very often abſent in Converſation, and what the *French* call *a reveur* and *a diſtrait*. A little before our Club-time laſt Night we were walking together in *Somerſet* Garden, where WILL. had

picked up a ſmall Pebble of ſo odd a Make, that he ſaid he would preſent it to a Friend of his, an eminent *Virtuoſo*. After we had walked ſome time, I made a full ſtop with my Face towards the Weſt, which WILL. knowing to be my uſual Method of asking what's a Clock, in an Afternoon, immediately pulled out his Watch, and told me we had ſeven Minutes good. We took a turn or two more, when, to my great Surprize, I ſaw him ſquirr away his Watch a conſiderable way into the *Thames*, and with great Sedateneſs in his Looks put up the Pebble, he had before found, in his Fob. As I have naturally an Averſion to much Speaking, and do not love to be the Meſſenger of ill News, eſpecially when it comes too late to be uſeful, I left him to be convinced of his Miſtake in due time, and continued my Walk, reflecting on theſe little Abſences and Diſtractions in Mankind, and reſolving to make them the Subject of a future Speculation.

I was the more confirmed in my Deſign, when I conſidered that they were very often Blemiſhes in the Characters of Men of excellent Senſe; and helped to keep up the Reputation of that *Latin* Proverb, which Mr. *Dryden* has Tranſlated in the following Lines:

Great Wit to Madneſs ſure is near ally'd,
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide.

MY Reader does, I hope, perceive, that I diſtinguiſh a Man who is *Abſent*, becauſe he thinks of ſomething elſe, from one who is *Abſent*, becauſe he thinks of nothing at all: The latter is too innocent a Creature to be taken notice of; but the Diſtractions of the former may, I believe, be generally accounted for from one of theſe Reaſons.

EITHER their Minds are wholly fixed on ſome particular Science, which is often the Caſe of Mathematicians and other learned Men; or are wholly taken up with ſome violent Paſſion, ſuch as Anger, Fear, or Love, which ties the Mind to ſome diſtant Object; or, laſtly, theſe Diſtractions proceed from a certain Vivacity and Fickleneſs in a Man's Temper, which while it raiſes up infinite Numbers of *Ideas* in the Mind, is continually puſhing it on, without allowing it to reſt on any particular Image. Nothing therefore is more unnatural than the Thoughts and Conceptions of ſuch a Man, which are ſeldom occaſioned either by the Company he is in, or any of thoſe Objects

Objects which are placed before him. While you fancy he is admiring a beautiful Woman, 'tis an even Wager that he is ſolving a Propoſition in *Euclid*; and while you may imagine he is reading the *Paris Gazette*, it is far from being impoſſible that he is pulling down and rebuilding the Front of his Country-Houſe.

AT the ſame time that I am endeavouring to expoſe this Weakneſs in others, I ſhall readily confeſs that I once laboured under the ſame Infirmity my ſelf. The Method I took to Conquer it was a firm Reſolution to learn ſomething from whatever I was obliged to ſee or hear. There is a way of Thinking, if a Man can attain to it, by which he may ſtrike ſomewhat out of any thing. I can at preſent obſerve thoſe Starts of good Senſe and Struggles of unimproved Reaſon in the Converſation of a Clown, with as much Satisfaction as the moſt ſhining Periods of the moſt finiſhed Orator; and can make a ſhift to command my Attention at a *Puppet-Show* or an *Opera*, as well as at *Hamlet* or *Othello*. I always make one of the Company I am in; for though I ſay little my ſelf, my Attention to others, and thoſe Nods of Approbation which I never beſtow unmerited, ſufficiently ſhew that I am among them. Whereas WILL. HONEYCOMB, tho' a Fellow of good Senſe, is every Day doing and ſaying an hundred Things, which he afterwards confeſſes, with a well-bred Frankneſs, where ſomewhat *mal à propos*, and undeſigned.

I chanced the other Day to go into a Coffee-houſe, where WILL. was ſtanding in the midſt of ſeveral Auditors whom he had gathered round him, and was giving him an Account of the Perſon and Character of *Moll Hinton*. My Appearance before him juſt put him in mind of me, without making him reflect that I was actually preſent. So that keeping his Eyes full upon me, to the great Surprize of his Audience, he broke off his firſt Harangue, and proceeded thus,——'Why now there's my Friend (mentioning me by Name) he is a Fellow that thinks a great deal, but never opens his Mouth; I warrant you he is now thruſting his ſhort Face into ſome Coffe houſe about *'Change*. I was his Bail in the time of the *Popiſh Plot*, when he was taken up for a Jeſuit.' If he had looked on me a little longer, he had certainly deſcribed me ſo particularly, without ever conſidering what led him into it, that the whole Company muſt neceſſarily have

have found me out; for which Reaſon, remembring the old Proverb, *Out of Sight out of Mind*, I left the Room; and upon meeting him an Hour afterwards, was asked by him, with a great deal of good Humour, in what Part of the World I lived, that he had not ſeen me theſe three Days.

MONSIEUR *Bruyere* has given us the Character of *an abſent Man*, with a great deal of Humour, which he has puſhed to an agreeable Extravagance; with the Heads of it I ſhall conclude my preſent Paper.

'*MENALCAS* (ſays that excellent Author) comes 'down in a Morning, opens his Door to go out, but ſhuts 'it again, becauſe he perceives that he has his Night-cap 'on; and examining himſelf further finds that he is but 'half ſhaved, that he has ſtuck his Sword on his right 'Side, that his Stockings are about his Heels, and that 'his Shirt is over his Breeches. When he is dreſſed he 'goes to Court, comes into the Drawing-room, and 'walking bolt upright under a Branch of Candle-ſticks 'his Wig is caught up by one of them, and hangs dang-'ling in the Air. All the Courtiers fall a laughing, but '*Menalcas* laughs louder than any of them, and looks a-'bout for the Perſon that is the Jeſt of the Company. 'Coming down to the Court-Gate he finds a Coach, 'which taking for his own he whips into it; and the 'Coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his 'Maſter. As ſoon as he ſtops, *Menalcas* throws himſelf 'out of the Coach, croſſes the Court, aſcends the Stair-'caſe, and runs thro' all the Chambers with the greateſt 'Familiarity, repoſes himſelf on a Couch, and fancies 'himſelf at home. The Maſter of the Houſe at laſt comes 'in, *Menalcas* riſes to receive him, and deſires him to 'ſit down; he talks, muſes, and then talks again. The 'Gentleman of the Houſe is tired and amazed; *Menalcas* 'is no leſs ſo, but is every Moment in Hopes that his 'impertinent Gueſt will at laſt end his tedious Viſit. Night 'comes on, when *Menalcas* is hardly undeceived.

'WHEN he is playing at Backgammon, he calls 'for a full Glaſs of Wine and Water; 'tis his turn to 'throw, he has the Box in one Hand and his Glaſs in 'the other, and being extreamly dry, and unwilling to 'loſe Time, he ſwallows down both the Dice, and at 'the ſame time throws his Wine into the Tables. He 'writes a Letter, and flings the Sand into the Ink-bottle;

' he writes a ſecond, and miſtakes the Superſcription: A ' Nobleman receives one of them, and upon opening it ' reads as follows. *I would have you, honeſt* Jack, *immediately upon the Receipt of this, take in Hay enough to ſerve me the Winter.* His Farmer receives the other, and is ' amazed to ſee in it, *My Lord, I received your Grace's Commands with an entire Submiſſion to* —— If he is at an Entertainment, you may ſee the Pieces of Bread continually ' multiplying round his Plate. 'Tis true, the reſt of the ' Company want it, as well as their Knives and Forks, ' which *Menalcas* does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a Morning he puts his whole Family in an hurry, ' and at laſt goes out without being able to ſtay for his ' Coach or Dinner; and for that Day you may ſee him ' in every Part of the Town, except the very Place where ' he had appointed to be upon a Buſineſs of Importance. ' You would often take him for every thing that he is ' not; for a Fellow quite Stupid, for he hears nothing; ' for a Fool, for he talks to himſelf, and has an hundred ' Grimaces and Motions with his Head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud Man, for he looks full ' upon you, and takes no notice of your ſaluting him: ' The Truth on't is, his Eyes are open, but he makes no ' uſe of them, and neither ſees you, nor any Man, nor any thing elſe. He came once from his Country-houſe, ' and his own Footmen undertook to rob him, and ſucceeded: They held a Flambeau to his Throat, and bid ' him deliver his Purſe; he did ſo, and coming home told ' his Friends he had been robbed; they deſire to know ' the Particulars, *Ask my Servants*, ſays *Menalcas*, *for they were with me.* X

N° 78. *Wedneſday, May* 30.

Cum Talis ſis, Utinam noſter eſſes!

THE following Letters are ſo pleaſant, that I doubt not but the Reader will be as much diverted with them as I was. I have nothing to do in this Day's Entertainment, but taking the Sentence from the End of the

the *Cambridge* Letter and placing it at the Front of my Paper; to shew the Author I wish him my Companion with as much Earnestness as he invites me to be his.

SIR,

'I Send you the inclosed, to be inserted (if you think 'them worthy of it) in your SPECTATORS; in 'which so surprizing a Genius appears, that it is no Wonder if all Mankind endeavours to get somewhat into a 'Paper which will always live.

'AS to the *Cambridge* Affair, the Humour was really carried on in the Way I describe it. However, you have a 'full Commission to put out or in, and to do whatever 'you think fit with it. I have already had the Satisfaction of seeing you take that Liberty with some things I 'have before sent you.

'GO on, Sir, and prosper. You have the best Wishes of,

SIR, Your very Affectionate

and Obliged Humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Cambridge.*

'YOU well know it is of great Consequence to clear 'Titles, and it is of Importance that it be done in 'the proper Season: On which Account this is to assure 'you, that the CLUB OF UGLY FACES was instituted 'originally at *CAMBRIDGE* in the merry Reign of 'K——g *Ch——les* II. As in great Bodies of Men it is 'not difficult to find Members enow for such a Club, so '(I remember) it was then feared, upon their Intention 'of dining together, that the Hall belonging to *CLARE 'HALL*, (the ugliest *then* in the Town, tho' *now* the 'neatest) would not be large enough HANDSOMLY to 'hold the Company. Invitations were made to great Numbers, but very few accepted them without much Difficulty. ONE pleaded, that being at *London* in a Bookseller's Shop, a Lady going by with a great Belly longed to kiss him. HE had certainly been excused, but that Evidence appeared, That indeed one in *London* did pretend she longed to kiss him, but that it was only a *Pickpocket*, who during his kissing her stole away all his Mony. ANOTHER would have got off by a Dimple in his Chin; 'but it was proved upon *him*, that he had, by coming into

a Room, made a Woman miſcarry, and frightened two Children into Fits. A THIRD alledged, That he was taken by a Lady for another Gentleman, who was one of the handſomeſt in the Univerſity: But upon Enquiry it was found, that the Lady had actually loſt one Eye, and the other was very much upon the Decline. A FOURTH produced Letters out of the Country in his Vindication, in which a Gentleman offered him his Daughter, who had lately fallen in Love with him, with a good Fortune: But it was made appear that the young Lady was amorous, and had like to have run away with her Father's Coachman; ſo that 'twas ſuppoſed, that her Pretence of falling in Love with him was only in order to be well married. It was pleaſant to hear the ſeveral Excuſes which were made, inſomuch that ſome made as much Intereſt to be excuſed as they would from ſerving Sheriff; however, at laſt the Society was formed, and proper Officers were appointed; and the Day was fixed for the Entertainment, which was in *Vanſlo Staſſo*. A pleaſant Fellow of *King's College* (commonly called CRAB from his ſour Look, and the only Man who did not pretend to get off) was nominated for Chaplain; and nothing was wanting but ſome one to fit in the Elbow-Chair, by way of PRESIDENT, at the upper End of the Table; that there the Buſineſs ſtuck, for there was no Contention for Superiority *there*. This Affair made ſo great a Noiſe, that the K---g, who was then at *Newmarket*, heard of it, and was pleaſed merrily and graciouſly to ſay, HE COULD NOT BE THERE HIMSELF, BUT HE WOULD SEND THEM A BRACE OF BUCKS.

'I would deſire you, Sir, to ſet this Affair in a true Light, that Poſterity may not be miſ-led in ſo important a Point: For when *the wiſe Man who ſhall write your true Hiſtory* ſhall acquaint the World, That you had a DIPLOMA ſent from the *Ugly Club at* OXFORD, and that by vertue of it you were admitted into it; what a learned War will there be among *future Criticks* about the Original of that Club, which both Univerſities will contend ſo warmly for? And perhaps ſome hardy *Cantabrigian* Author may then boldly affirm, that the Word OXFORD was an Interpolation of ſome *Oxonian* inſtead of CAMBRIDGE. This Affair will be beſt adjuſted in your Life-Time; but I hope your Affection to

your

your Mother will not make you partial to your AUNT.

'TO tell you, Sir, my own Opinion: Tho' I cannot find any ancient Records of any Acts of the SOCIETY OF THE UGLY FACES, considered in a *publick* Capacity; yet in a *private* one they have certainly Antiquity on their Side. I am perſwaded they will hardly give Place to the LOWNGERS, and the LOWNGERS are of the ſame Standing with the Univerſity it ſelf.

'THO' we well know, Sir, you want no Motives to do Juſtice, yet I am commiſſioned to tell you, that you are invited to be admitted *ad eundem* at *CAMBRIDGE*; and I believe I may venture ſafely to deliver this as the Wiſh of our whole Univerſity.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

The humble Petition of WHO and WHICH,

Sheweth,

'THAT your Petitioners being in a forlorn and deſtitute Condition, know not to whom we ſhould apply our ſelves for Relief, becauſe there is hardly any Man alive who has not injured us. Nay, we ſpeak it with Sorrow, even YOU your ſelf, whom we ſhould ſuſpect of ſuch a Practice the laſt of all Mankind, can hardly acquit your ſelf of having given us ſome Cauſe of Complaint. We are deſcended of ancient Families, and kept up our Dignity and Honour many Years, till the Jackſprat THAT ſupplanted us. How often have we found our ſelves ſlighted by the Clergy in their Pulpits, and the Lawyers at the Bar? Nay, how often have we heard in one of the moſt polite and auguſt Aſſemblies in the Univerſe, to our great Mortification, theſe Words, *That THAT that noble L----d urged*; which if one of us had had Juſtice done, would have ſounded nobler thus, *That WHICH that noble L----d urged*. Senates themſelves, the Guardians of *Britiſh* Liberty, have degraded us, and preferred THAT to us; and yet no Decree was ever given againſt us. In the very Acts of Parliment, in which the utmoſt Right ſhould be done to every *Body*, *WORD*, and *Thing*, we find our ſelves often either not uſed, or uſed one inſtead of another. In the firſt and beſt Prayer Children are taught they learn to miſuſe us: *Our Father WHICH art in Heaven*, ſhould be, *Our Father*

WHO

'*WHO art in Heaven*; and even a CONVOCATION, after long Debates, refused to consent to an Alteration of it. In our *general Confession* we say,——*Spare Thou them, O God, WHICH confess their Faults*; which ought to be, *WHO confess their Faults*. What Hopes then have we of having Justice done us, when the Makers of our very Prayers and Laws, and the most learned in all Faculties, seem to be in a Confederacy against us, and our Enemies themselves must be our Judges?

'THE *Spanish* Proverb says, *Il sabio muda consejo, il necio no*; i. e. *A wise Man changes his Mind, a Fool never will*. So that we think YOU, Sir, a very proper Person to address to, since we know you to be capable of being convinced, and changing your Judgment. You are well able to settle this Affair, and to you we submit our Cause. We desire you to assign the Butts and Bounds of each of us; and that for the Future we may both enjoy our own. We would desire to be heard by our Council, but that we fear in their very Pleadings they would betray our Cause: Besides, we have been oppressed so many Years, that we can appear no other way, but in *forma pauperis*. All which considered, we hope you will be pleased to do that which to Right and Justice shall appertain.

R *And your Petitioners, &c.*

N° 79. *Thursday, May* 31.

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore. Hor.

I Have received very many Letters of late from my Female Correspondents, most of whom are very angry with me for Abridging their Pleasures, and looking severely upon Things, in themselves indifferent. But I think they are extreamly Unjust to me in this Imputation: All that I contend for is, that those Excellencies which are to be regarded but in the second Place, should not precede more weighty Considerations. The Heart of Man deceives him in spite of the Lectures of half a Life spent in Discourses on the Subjection of Passion; and I do not know why one may not think the Heart of Woman

man as Unfaithful to it self. If we grant an Equality in the Faculties of both Sexes, the Minds of Women are less cultivated with Precepts, and consequently may, without Disrespect to them, be accounted more liable to Illusion in Cases wherein natural Inclination is out of the Interests of Virtue. I shall take up my present Time in Commenting upon a Billet or two which came from Ladies, and from thence leave the Reader to judge whether I am in the right or not, in thinking it is possible Fine Women may be mistaken.

THE following Address seems to have no other Design in it, but to tell me the Writer will do what she pleases for all me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am Young, and very much inclined to follow the 'Paths of Innocence; but at the same time, as I 'have a plentiful Fortune, and am of Quality, I am unwilling to resign the Pleasures of Distinction, some little Satisfaction in being Admired in general, and much greater in being beloved by a Gentleman, whom I design to make my Husband. But I have a Mind to put off entring into Matrimony till another Winter is over my Head, which (whatever, musty Sir, you may think of the Matter) I design to pass away in hearing Musick, going to Plays, Visiting, and all other Satisfactions which Fortune and Youth, protected by Innocence and Virtue, can procure for,

SIR, Your most Humble Servant,

M. T.

'MY Lover does not know I like him, therefore 'having no Engagements upon me, I think to stay, and 'know whether I may not like any one else better.

I have heard WILL. HONEYCOMB say, *A Woman seldom writes her Mind but in her Postscript.* I think this Gentlewoman has sufficiently discovered hers in this. I'll lay what Wager she pleases against her present Favourite, and can tell her that she will Like Ten more before she is fixed, and then will take the worst Man she ever liked in her Life. There is no end of Affection taken in at the Eyes only; and you may as well satisfie those Eyes with seeing, as controul any Passion received by them only.

only. It is from Loving by Sight that Coxcombs so frequently succeed with Women, and very often a Young Lady is bestowed by her Parents to a Man who weds her (as Innocence it self,) tho' she has, in her own Heart, given her Approbation of a different Man in every Assembly she was in the whole Year before. What is wanting among Women, as well as among Men, is the Love of laudable Things, and not to rest only in the Forbearance of such as are Reproachful.

HOW far removed from a Woman of this light Imagination in *Eudosia*! *Eudosia* has all the Arts of Life and good Breeding with so much Ease, that the Virtue of her Conduct looks more like an Instinct than Choice. It is as little difficult to her to think justly of Persons and Things, as it is to a Woman of different Accomplishments, to move ill or look awkard. That which was, at first, the Effect of Instruction, is grown into an Habit; and it would be as hard for *Eudosia* to indulge a wrong Suggestion of Thought, as it would be to *Flavia*, the Fine Dancer, to come into a Room with an unbecoming Air.

BUT the Misapprehensions People themselves have of their own State of Mind, is laid down with much discerning in the following Letter, which is but an Extract of a kind Epistle from my Charming Mistress *Honoria*, who is above the Vanity of external Beauty, and is the better Judge of the Perfections of the Mind.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Write this to acquaint you, that very many Ladies, 'as well as my self, spend many Hours more than 'we used at the Glass, for want of the Female Library 'of which you promised us a Catalogue. I hope, Sir, 'in the Choice of Authors for us, you will have a parti'cular Regard to Books of Devotion. What they are, 'and how many, must be your chief Care; for upon the 'Propriety of such Writings depends a great deal. I have 'known those among us who think, if they every Morn'ing and Evening spend an Hour in their Closet, and 'read over so many Prayers in Six or Seven Books of De'votion, all equally soporifical, with a sort of Warmth, '(that might as well be raised by a Glass of Wine, or a 'Drachm of Citron) they may all the rest of their time 'go on in whatever their particular Passion leads them

'to.

to. The Beauteous *Philautia*, who is (in your Language) an *Idol*, is one of theſe Votaries; ſhe has a very pretty furniſhed Cloſet, to which ſhe retires at her appointed Hours: This is her Dreſſing-room, as well as Chappel; ſhe has conſtantly before her a large Looking-glaſs, and upon the Table, according to a very Witty Author,

Together lye her Prayer-Book and Paint,
As once t'improve the Sinner and the Saint.

IT muſt be a good Scene, if one could be preſent at it, to ſee this *Idol* by turns lift up her Eyes to Heaven, and ſteal Glances at her own dear Perſon. It cannot but be a pleaſant Conflict between Vanity and Humiliation. When you are upon this Subject, chuſe Books which elevate the Mind above the World, and give a pleaſing Indifference to little things in it. For want of ſuch Inſtructions, I am apt to believe ſo many People take it in their Heads to be ſullen, croſs and angry, under Pretence of being abſtracted from the Affairs of this Life, when at the ſame time they betray their Fondneſs for them by doing their Duty as a Task, and pouting and reading good Books for a Week together. Much of this I take to proceed from the Indiſcretion of the Books themſelves, whoſe very Titles of Weekly Preparations, and ſuch limited Godlineſs, lead People of ordinary Capacities into great Errors, and raiſe in them a Mechanical Religion, intirely diſtinct from Morality. I know a Lady ſo given up to this ſort of Devotion, that tho' ſhe employs ſix or eight Hours of the twenty four at Cards, ſhe never miſſes one conſtant Hour of Prayer, for which time another holds her Cards, to which ſhe returns with no little Anxiouſneſs till two or three in the Morning. All theſe Acts are but empty Shows, and, as it were, Compliments made to Virtue; the Mind is all the while untouched with any true Pleaſure in the Purſuit of it. From hence I preſume it ariſes that ſo many People call themſelves Virtuous, from no other Pretence to it but an Abſence of Ill. There is *Dulciana* is the moſt inſolent of all Creatures to her Friends and Domeſticks, upon no other Pretence in Nature but that (as her ſilly Phraſe is) no one can ſay Black is her Eye. She has no Secrets, forſooth, which ſhould make her afraid to ſpeak her Mind, and there-

fore

'fore she is impertinently Blunt to all her Acquaintance, 'and unseasonably Imperious to all her Family. Dear 'Sir, be pleased to put such Books in our Hands, as may 'make our Virtue more inward, and convince some of 'us that in a Mind truly virtuous the Scorn of Vice is 'always accompanied with the Pity of it. This, and 'other things, are impatiently expected from you by our 'whole Sex; among the rest by,

SIR, Your most humble Servant,

R B. D.

N° 80. *Friday, June* 1.

Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare Currunt. Hor.

IN the Year 1688, and on the same Day of that Year, were born in *Cheapside, London*, two Females of exquisite Feature and Shape; the one we shall call *Brunetta*, the other *Phillis*. A close Intimacy between their Parents made each of them the first Acquaintance the other knew in the World: They played, dressed Babies, acted Visitings, learned to Dance and make Curtesies, together. They were inseparable Companions in all the little Entertainments their tender Years were capable of: Which innocent Happiness continued till the Beginning of their fifteenth Year, when it happened that Mrs. *Phillis* had an Head-dress on which became her so very well, that instead of being beheld any more with Pleasure for their Amity to each other, the Eyes of the Neighbourhood were turned to remark them with Comparison of their Beauty. They now no longer enjoyed the Ease of Mind and pleasing Indolence in which they were formerly happy, but all their Words and Actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every Excellence in their Speech and Behaviour was looked upon as an Act of Emulation to surpass the other. These Beginnings of Disinclination soon improved into a Formality of Behaviour, a general Coldness, and by natural Steps into an irreconcilable Hatred.

THESE

THESE two Rivals for the Reputation of Beauty, were in their Stature, Countenance and Mein so very much alike, that if you were speaking of them in their Absence, the Words in which you described the one must give you an Idea of the other. They were hardly distinguishable, you would think, when they were apart, tho' extreamly different when together. What made their Enmity the more entertaining to all the rest of their Sex was, that in Detraction from each other neither could fall upon Terms which did not hit her self as much as her Adversary. Their Nights grew restless with Meditation of new Dresses to outvie each other, and inventing new Devices to recall Admirers, who observed the Charms of the one rather than those of the other on the last Meeting. Their Colours failed at each other's Appearance, flushed with Pleasure at the Report of a Disadvantage, and their Countenances withered upon Instances of Applause. The Decencies to which Women are obliged, made these Virgins stifle their Resentment so far as not to break into open Violences, while they equally suffered the Torments of a regulated Anger. Their Mothers, as it is usual, engaged in the Quarrel, and supported the several Pretentions of the Daughters with all that ill-chosen Sort of Expence which is common with People of plentiful Fortunes and mean Taste. The Girls preceded their Parents like Queens of *May*, in all the gaudy Colours imaginable, on every *Sunday* to Church, and were exposed to the Examination of the Audience for Superiority of Beauty.

DURING this constant Struggle it happened, that *Phillis* one Day at publick Prayers smote the Heart of a gay *West-Indian*, who appeared in all the Colours which can affect an Eye that could not distinguish between being fine and tawdry. This *American* in a Summer-Island Suit was too shining and too gay to be resisted by *Phillis*, and too intent upon her Charms to be diverted by any of the laboured Attractions of *Brunetta*. Soon after, *Brunetta* had the Mortification to see her Rival disposed of in a wealthy Marriage, while she was only addressed to in a Manner that shewed she was the Admiration of all Men, but the Choice of none. *Phillis* was carried to the Habitation of her Spouse in *Barbadoes*: *Brunetta* had the ill Nature to enquire for her by every Opportunity, and had the Misfortune

tune to hear of her being attended by numerous Slaves, fanned into Slumbers by ſucceſſive Hands of them, and carryed from Place to Place in all the Pomp of barbarous Magnificence. *Brunetta* could not endure theſe repeated Advices, but employed all her Arts and Charms in laying Baits for any of Condition of the ſame Iſland, out of a mere Ambition to confront her once more before ſhe died. She at laſt ſucceeded in her Deſign, and was taken to Wife by a Gentleman whoſe Eſtate was contiguous to that of her Enemy's Husband. It would be endleſs to enumerate the many Occaſions on which theſe irreconcileable Beauties laboured to excel each other; but in proceſs of Time it happened, that a Ship put into the Iſland conſigned to a Friend of *Phillis*, who had Directions to give her the Refuſal of all Goods for Apparel, before *Brunetta* could be alarmed of their Arrival. He did ſo, and *Phillis* was dreſſed in few Days in a Brocade more gorgeous and coſtly than had ever before appeared in that Latitude. *Brunetta* languiſhed at the Sight, and could by no Means come up to the Bravery of her Antagoniſt. She communicated her Anguiſh of Mind to a faithful Friend, who by an Intereſt in the Wife of *Phillis*'s Merchant, procured a Remnant of the ſame Silk for *Brunetta*. *Phillis* took Pains to appear in all publick Places where ſhe was ſure to meet *Brunetta*; *Brunetta* was now prepared for the Inſult, and came to a publick Ball in a plain black Silk Mantua, attended by a beautiful Negro Girl in a Petticoat of the ſame Brocade with which *Phillis* was attired. This drew the Attention of the whole Company, upon which the unhappy *Phillis* ſwooned away, and was immediately conveyed to her Houſe. As ſoon as ſhe came to her ſelf ſhe fled from her Husband's Houſe, went on board a Ship in the Road, and is now landed in inconſolable Deſpair at *Plymouth*.

POSTSCRIPT.

AFTER the above melancholy Narration, it may perhaps be a Relief to the Reader to peruſe the following Expoſtulation.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

The juſt Remonſtrance of affronted THAT.

'THO' I deny not the Petition of Mr. *Who* and *Which*, 'yet You ſhould not ſuffer them to be rude and to

call,

'call honeſt People Names: For that bears very hard on 'ſome of thoſe Rules of Decency, which you are juſtly 'famous for eſtabliſhing. They may find Fault, and cor-'rect Speeches in the Senate and at the Bar: But let them 'try to get *themſelves* ſo *often* and with ſo much *Eloquence* 'repeated in a Sentence, as a great Orator doth frequent-'ly introduce me.

'MY Lords! (ſays he) with humble Submiſſion, *That* 'that I ſay is this: that, *That* that, that Gentleman has 'advanced, is not *That*, that he ſhould have proved to 'your Lordſhips. Let thoſe two queſtionary Petitioners 'try to do thus with their *Who*'s and their *Whiches*.

'WHAT great Advantage was I of to Mr. *Dryden* in 'his *Indian Emperour*,

'You force me ſtill to anſwer You in *That*,
'to furniſh out a Rhime to *Morat?* And what a poor Fi-'gure would Mr. *Bayes* have made without his *Egad and* 'all That? How can a judicious Man diſtinguiſh one thing 'from another, without ſaying *This here*, or *That there?* 'And how can a ſober Man, without uſing the *Expletives* 'of Oaths (in which indeed the Rakes and Bullies have a 'great Advantage over others) make a Diſcourſe of any 'tolerable Length, without *That is*; and if he be a very 'grave Man indeed, without *That is to ſay?* And how in-'ſtructive as well as entertaining are thoſe uſual Expreſſi-'ons in the Mouths of great Men, *Such things as That*, 'and *The like of That*.

'I am not againſt reforming the Corruptions of Speech 'You mention, and own there are proper Seaſons for the 'Introduction of other Words beſides *That*; but I ſcorn 'as much to ſupply the Place of a *Who* or a *Which* at eve-'ry Turn, as they are *unequal* always to fill mine; and I 'expect good Language and civil Treatment, and hope to 'receive it for the future: *That*, that I ſhall only add is, 'that I am,

Yours,

R THAT.

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